

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 2.

ASHLAND, THE HOME OF HENRY CLAY.



AMONG the rolling hills of the far-famed blue-grass region of Kentucky, in the midst of a park of fine old forest trees,—ash, oak, and walnut,—Henry Clay built his home and called it Ashland, from the number of trees of that species, and possibly, too, in tender memory of his boyhood home in Virginia, where the "Mill-boy of the Slashes," the son of an impoverished preacher, first lived the life that he was to make so famous.

In 1797, Clay, then only twenty years of age, left the law office of Francis Brooke, Attorney-General of Virginia, and afterwards Governor, and went to Kentucky, to which State his mother, since her second marriage, had already removed. Lexington, at that time the most considerable town west of the Alleghanies, was the place chosen for location, and here he made his first speech before a debating society, electrifying his hearers, and giving a promise afterwards so brilliantly fulfilled. He soon, to use his own words, "rushed into a lucrative practice," and was successively elected to the State Legislature and the Senate of the United States.

Thus successful, he was enabled to purchase early in the new century a tract of land a few miles south-east of Lexington, beautifully situated and very fertile. Here, about the year 1809, he erected a handsome brick dwelling-house, which ever afterwards remained to him a beloved retreat from the cares and fatigue of a most energetic public life. In the midst of the stirring scenes in which he was

so conspicuous an actor, his thoughts ever reverted tenderly to his country home and the delights of rural life; and in his private correspondence are found frequent allusions to farm matters—the expression of an eager desire to return to Ashland and devote himself to agricultural pursuits, to test some favorite theory of fertilization, to superintend the rearing of recently imported stock.

The situation selected for the house is a slight elevation, from which the blue-grass slopes stretch in gentle undulations down to the city, some two miles distant, and in full view. In the rear lies an extensive woodland, a remnant of the virgin forest, devoid of undergrowth. The mansion, as originally erected, consisted of a main building two stories and a half in height, flanked on either side by wings the full breadth of the house, though but a single story high, to which are attached L's, projecting to the front. The present mansion does not depart materially from the original plan. The general effect is odd, but not unpleasing; and the numerous gables and chimney-tops are delightfully suggestive of that hospitality for which Ashland has ever been renowned.

The interior arrangement of the house is peculiar, though singularly convenient and charming. The entrance is into a lofty octagonal hall, to the left of which is a small room used by Clay as an office. On the right is the staircase, and directly opposite the front entrance are doors leading into the drawing-room and dining-room, the two apartments connected by a wide, arched doorway. In the northern wing on each side are narrow halls running its entire length, between which is the library, a beautiful octagonal room with a dome ceiling, finished with panels of ash and walnut, and lighted from above. Beyond

the library are a billiard-room and sleeping apartments.

The entire woodwork of the interior is highly polished walnut and ash cut upon the place. In the billiard-room, drawing-room, and the hall behind the library, the windows open to the floor out upon a broad terrace of brick and stone; and in the dining-room and drawing-room, into a large conservatory, beyond which extends a richly turfed lawn, now laid out in a series of tennis courts. The southern extension of the house is devoted entirely to domestic uses.

After Clay's return from Europe, whither he had gone as commissioner plenipotentiary to the Council of Ghent, he bestowed much attention to beautifying the grounds about Ashland, putting into practical use observations made while abroad. His model seems to have been an English country-seat. Owing to the peculiar natural attractions of the place, the intervention of art was but slightly necessary. A park of superb forest trees, sloping lawns, sheeted with the luxuriant blue-grass, which retains its freshness and velvety softness throughout the winter, and a wide-reaching view of the surrounding country

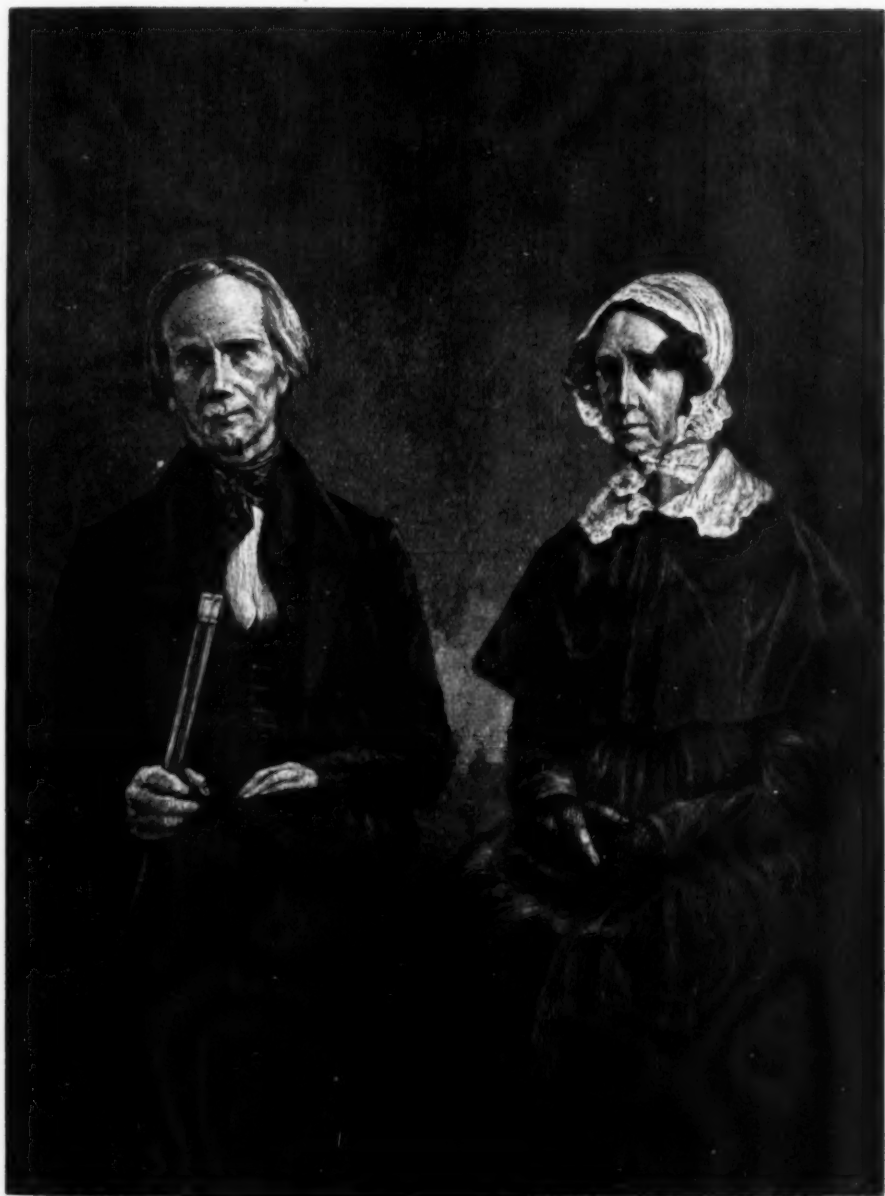
were supplied by nature; so that all remaining for the hand of man was to lay out the grounds and make use of the material so lavishly placed at his command. This was done with great taste and elegant simplicity. From the mountains were transplanted dogwoods, redbuds, pines, hollies, and other flowering and ornamental trees; and handsome shrubs, not indigenous to the country, were dotted about the lawns. Tan-bark walks were laid, heavily shaded by avenues of hemlocks, ashes, and walnuts, their delicate foliage interlacing overhead.

Clay's attendance upon Congress, necessitating long and frequent absences from Kentucky, rendered this work of improvement and adornment very gradual, as he delighted to give to it his personal supervision. But at the close of the session of 1821 he retired from Congress and resumed the practice of his profession, devoting much time to his private affairs, which had become impaired during his long public service. Two years later he returned to Congress.

At the close of Adams's administration Clay once more retired from public life to the shades of Ashland. In a letter to a friend he writes:



ASHLAND.



Engraved by T. Johnson.

After a photograph in possession of Louis E. Levy, Esq.

HENRY CLAY AND HIS WIFE.



HENRY CLAY'S BED, USED BY HIM FOR FIFTY YEARS.

"My journey has been marked by every token of warm attachment and cordial demonstrations. I never experienced more testimonials of respect and confidence, nor more enthusiasm. Dinners, suppers, balls, etc. I have had literally a free passage. Taverns, stages, toll-gates have been generally thrown open to me, free from all charge. Monarchs might be proud of the reception with which I have been everywhere honored."

Notwithstanding this expression of public sentiment towards him, he joyfully returned to his peaceful home and the rural life, to him so full of delights. A month later we find him writing to his old instructor, Governor Brooke:

"I have been much occupied, since my return, with repairs to my house, grounds, and farm. . . . I have not determined to return to the practice of my old profession, and nothing but necessity will compel me to put on the harness again."

Throughout the active correspondence with Governor Brooke, which is of the most intimate character, are found frequent allusions to this subject. April 19, 1830, he writes from Ashland:

"I assure you most sincerely that I feel myself more and more weaned from public affairs. My attachment to rural occupation every day acquires more strength, and if it continues to increase another year as it has the last, I shall be fully prepared to renounce forever the strifes of public life. My farm is in fine order, and my preparations for the crop of the present year are in advance of all my neighbors. I shall make a better farmer than a statesman. And I find in the business of cultivation, gardening, grazing, and the rearing of various descriptions of domestic animals, the most agreeable resources."

Again, a few days later, having been urged to make a political journey to the North, and feeling some desire to do so, he writes to the same gentleman:

"But I believe I shall resist it and remain in Kentucky, where (will you believe it?) I am likely to make an excellent farmer. I am almost tempted to believe that I have heretofore been altogether mistaken in my capacity, and that I have, though late, found out the vocation best suited to it."

Thus it is throughout his entire correspondence, though more particularly in this free, untrammelled intercourse with his beloved instructor. In the midst of the most heated discussions of

the stirring political questions of the day, when his fiery spirit is roused to the utmost, comes the same refrain in clear undertone: "I shall remain more than ever at Ashland, the occupations of which I relish more than ever."

Through this charming medium we catch glimpses of the domestic side of a great man's character, ever most interesting, for in it we trace the kinship of humanity.

In the autumn of 1831 he writes: "I am strongly urged to go to the Senate, and I am now considering whether I can subdue my repugnance to the service." After some hesitation, he finally obeyed the clamorous appeals of his constituents and the dictates of public duty, and in the following winter once more took his place in the councils of the nation, where he remained until the spring of 1842.

During this long period of political activity, a period fraught with questions and issues of the most exciting character, in his private correspondence we continue to read of his attachment to Ashland and the life of a farmer. "Since my return from Washington," he writes to Governor Brooke, May 30, 1833, "I have been principally occupied with the operations of my farm, which have more and more interest for me. There is a great difference, I think, between a farm employed in raising dead produce for market, and one which is applied, as mine is, to the rearing of all kinds of live stock. I have the Maltese ass, the

Arabian horse, the merino and Saxe merino sheep, the English Hereford and Durham cattle, the goat, the mule, and the hog. The progress of these animals from their infancy to maturity presents a constantly varying subject of interest, and I never go out of my house without meeting with some of them to engage agreeably my attention. Then our fine greensward, our natural parks, our beautiful undulating country, everywhere exhibiting combinations of grass and trees, or luxuriant crops, all conspire to render home delightful."

This inventory of live stock upon the Ashland farm renders it almost unnecessary to state that this region of Kentucky, despite its great fertility, is more eminently fitted for the rearing of live stock, owing to the native blue-grass covering its hills with a rich carpet of perpetual verdure. To this branch of agricultural employment Clay devoted himself, more especially during the intermissions of his public career. Among other importations was a very interesting Spanish ass, Don Manuel by name, shipped from Bordeaux in 1835 by Henry Clay, Jr. Don Manuel is represented as a very fine and handsome animal, and as gentle as a dog. His picture is still carefully preserved in the family. Young Clay while abroad also purchased for his father fine breeds of cattle and horses in England, and made an expedition to the Hautes-Pyrénées for the purpose of procuring more animals of that species to which Don Manuel belonged, a species of ass not generally known in America. Thus Ashland became one of the most finely stocked farms in the whole blue-grass district.

While paying special attention to stock-raising, Clay did not neglect the cultivation of the soil. Experiments in agriculture ever possessed interest for him, particularly in the way of fertilization. Hemp, in the production of which Kentucky stands foremost among the States of the Union, also received much of his care; and he wrote a pamphlet upon the subject of its cultivation.

"How did Mr. Clay rank among the farmers of the neighborhood?" inquired the present writer of an old gentleman who was Clay's intimate personal friend and his executor, though his political opponent.

"Oh, none ranked higher," was the instantaneous reply — "except his wife."

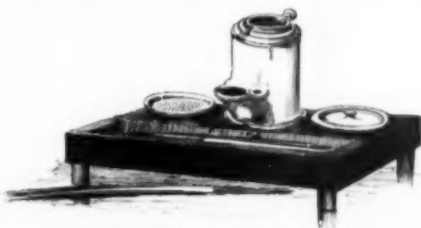
This estimable woman, during her husband's long and frequent absences at the seat of government, literally took the reins into her own hands, made a practical study of agriculture, oversaw the overseer, and became an oracle among the farmers of the vicinity. The garden and dairy, which enjoyed her special supervision, were made alone to meet the expenses

of the establishment. And a quaint, delightful spot it is, this old garden, where every spring the daffodils and snowdrops come up and blossom demurely in the first warm days, and the musk-roses flaunt their bright heads the summer long, quite as if they had not been superseded by daintier beauties years ago. It is also related of Mrs. Clay that preparatory to her husband's departure from home she invariably received from him a handsome check, which she as regularly restored to him upon his return, with the laconic remark that she had found no use for it.

At last, in the spring of 1842, Clay executed his long-cherished purpose of retiring from the public service to spend the remainder of his brilliant life amid the peaceful shades of Ashland. With this intention he resigned his seat in the Senate, and the voice of "the old man eloquent" sounded for the last time, as he thought, in the halls whose echoes had been so frequently awakened by its magic. But his devoted people, inconsiderate in their enthusiasm, would not resign him to the tranquillity of private life; and so, ten years later, broken in health, with the snows of three-score years and ten thick upon his brow, he went back to die amid the scenes of his former triumphs.

During the years of his retirement Ashland was, as indeed it had ever been, the shrine toward which many a pilgrim bent his steps. Its doors were thrown open with the most profuse though unostentatious hospitality. Every one went away as much impressed by the simplicity and elegance of the man as by his greatness. After dinner, guests were usually taken out to examine the fine stock, to see some newly imported animal or improved breed of cattle, or to note the result of agricultural experiments — all of which to him were replete with the keenest interest and enjoyment.

Many distinguished persons have been the recipients of the hospitality of Ashland. Lafayette, when in this country in 1824, paid his respects to its hospitable lord, between whom and himself an unbroken correspondence was maintained through many years. Harriet



HENRY CLAY'S INKSTAND.

Martineau also was a guest here, as were many other distinguished foreigners, among them being Lord Morpeth, His Excellency Baron de Maréchal, at one time Austrian Minister at Washington, and Count Bertrand.

On the occasion of Count Bertrand's visit, while sitting at the dinner-table he noticed on

the wall an engraving depicting a domestic scene at Mount Vernon, in which Washington was represented as tracing his campaigns upon a map for the entertainment of his wife. Bertrand instantly instituted a comparison between the American general and Napoleon, saying that neither could have accomplished the feats of the other had they changed places; but at the same time inclining decidedly toward the superiority of Napoleon. "Ah, Count," said Clay, in a quiet tone, touching his heart with his forefinger, "but the *morale*."

Many other celebrated characters, foreign and American, accepted the hospitality of Ashland. Among them may be mentioned the novelist Captain Marryat, Daniel Webster, and General Harrison. The visit of Harrison, which took place some time during the period between his nomination to the Presidency and his inauguration, gave rise to no little scandal in political circles, which was afterwards proved to be utterly without foundation.

After Clay's death Ashland passed into the hands of his son, Mr. James B. Clay, some time *chargé d'affaires* at Lisbon. On the decease of the latter it was purchased for the use of the Kentucky University; but in the last few years it has again come into the family, the present owner being Mr. Henry Clay McDowell, whose wife is a daughter of Henry Clay, Jr., the gallant officer who fell, in the prime of his manhood, at the battle of Buena Vista.

During the occupancy of the house by Mr. James B. Clay, it became necessary to tear it down on account of some defect in the masonry. It was immediately rebuilt on the same plan, the old material being again utilized for the purpose as far as practicable; so the more recent



The Home
of Ashland.



THE PARK, ASHLAND.

mansion stands an almost exact counterpart of the original. The room formerly used by Clay as an office was restored in the minutest detail.

Since its reacquisition by the family, Ashland has once more taken on its pristine state. Old traditions are tenderly fostered, and the whole place is delightfully redolent of the great man, its founder. His favorite promenade, a serpentine walk wandering along beneath an avenue of pines and cedars, with here and there a redbud or dogwood, where he delighted to stroll in moments of reflection, has been preserved intact; and many other spots are pleasantly associated with his name. His portrait, made when he was a young man, by the celebrated Kentucky artist, Matthew Jouett, hangs in the hall, and another representing him in later life, done by a member of the family, adorns the wall of the drawing-room; while in the library is placed a bust taken from Hart's statue.

The present owner of Ashland has once more converted it into a farm for the rearing of blooded stock, and in its stables may be seen some of the finest trotters in the State. We saw the beautiful creatures as they came home from the fall trotting races, bearing their

blue ribbons along with them, and — but it may have been a fancy — they seemed to carry their graceful heads more proudly since they wore the badges of new victories.

From the front lawn is commanded a fine and extended view of the surrounding country, the domes and spires of the city standing out prominently against the sky, the whole prospect closed within a frame of branching walnut-trees. Slightly to the left of the picture rises a lofty column surmounted by a statue, the outline of which is scarcely visible. This is the Clay monument, erected to the memory of the great statesman by his admirers in the State of his adoption. In the base of the monument are placed two handsome marble sarcophagi, containing the remains of himself and his wife.

The great number of trees about the place, indigenous and exotic, evergreen and deciduous, illustrate Clay's fondness and taste for arboriculture. Lofty pines transplanted from the Kentucky mountains rear their heads majestically. Numerous chestnuts, cedars, hollies, and flowering dogwoods and redbuds, all brought from the mountains, and hemlocks, Norway spruces, larches, and catalpas, combine with the native ash and walnut in



WILLOW SPRING, IN THE PASTURE.

forming umbrageous avenues and small groves about the lawn, the air being fragrant with their resinous odors.

Ashland was indeed the picture of an ideal country-seat, as we saw it when the frost had come and, like a magician, transformed the summer green of its park into a mass of more gorgeous colors, while the crimson and yellow autumn leaves drifted down—perhaps a trifle sorrowfully, for all their brilliant hues—and lay glittering on the soft, blue-tinged sward beneath; and the sleek-coated trotters cropped the grass and formed themselves into

picturesque groups, in harmony with the warm, richly glowing October landscape.

From the neighboring turnpike—and let me say a word in praise of Kentucky highways—Ashland presents no other appearance than that of solid comfort and simple elegance; a place well kept up by people of culture and refinement. Its wide-reaching lawns and woodlands, all in perfect trim, its many gables, and chimney-tops, and outstretched wings, are pleasantly suggestive of that hospitality which has ever reigned within its doors.

Chas. W. Coleman, Jr.

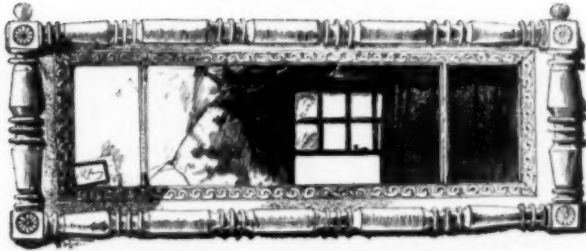
HENRY CLAY.

REMINISCENCES BY HIS EXECUTOR.*

IF it gives an old man any pleasure to recall even the trifles that were of interest to him when the world and its ways were new and

* The following reminiscences of Henry Clay, by his only surviving executor, were written without any view to their publication, and were intended solely for the perusal of the author's descendants,—in the belief that it would interest them to know something of the confidential relations which existed between Mr. Clay

fresh to him, my descendants, I am sure, will not regret that I have here recorded some of them for their entertainment. I feel that I and the author. Especially it was the wish of the latter to convey to them the impression made upon him by his distinguished friend. It was with difficulty that we were able to convince Mr. Harrison that the world at large would place value upon these authentic and affectionate memorials.—THE EDITOR.



MIRROR FROM ASHLAND, NOW IN POSSESSION OF JOHN M. CLAY, ESQ.

can talk to them of trifles which I would not speak of to the outside world. My chief purpose is to give my recollections of my intercourse with Mr. Clay, which for some years before his death was very intimate and confidential, and exceedingly agreeable to me, and also to give the impressions he made upon me.

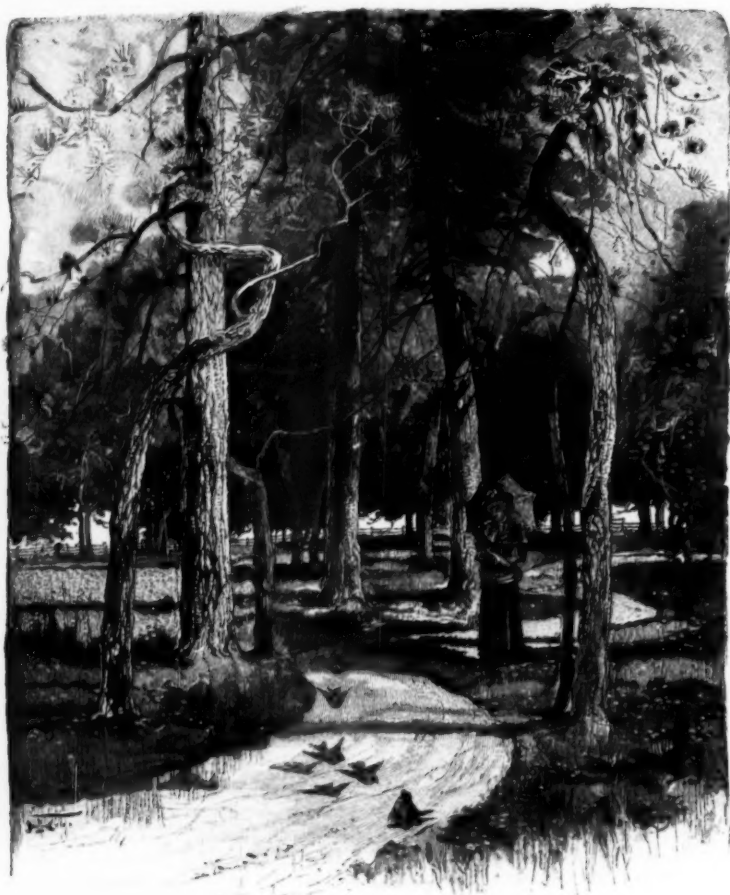
My first recollection of Mr. Clay goes back to the fall of 1820; I was then in my seventeenth year, and a member of the junior class in the academical department of Transylvania University, now known as the Kentucky University. Court was in session, and led by curiosity I entered the crowded room. There stood Mr. Barry addressing the jury, and soon afterwards another gentleman behind the bar filled a glass tumbler with claret, and during a pause in Mr. Barry's argument handed it to him, saying as he did so, in a very cheery tone of voice, "I'll treat you, though you are against me." That gentleman was Mr. Clay. Mr. Barry, without manifesting any surprise, drank the claret just as if it were an ordinary occurrence, and went on with his argument. This incident is all that I remember of the whole case, and it fixed itself in my memory because it was something altogether new to me. I had never seen anything of the sort in the courts at home, with which I was

pretty familiar, my father being the clerk of these courts. Mr. Barry, a rare orator, was then the leader of the "fierce Democracy" of Kentucky.

I again saw Mr. Clay in December of the same year, a day or two before Christmas. Being still at school in Lexington, and there being no public conveyance between it and Mount Sterling, my father had come to take me home for the holidays. We were by the fire in the hall of the hotel, when Mr. Clay came in, and seeing my father, he greeted him at once with the familiar air and tone of an old friend, grasped him by the hand, and addressing him by his given name inquired about his health. I was somewhat startled, because I had never before heard any one call my father by his given name; but Mr. Clay's manner and the tones of his voice were so impressive, so natural, and apparently so sincere that my surprise was soon lost in my admiration of the man, and especially as my father seemed to be as much gratified by the meeting as Mr. Clay himself. After some friendly chat Mr. Clay urged my father to spend the night at Ashland, inasmuch as he had much to say to him. My father declined the invitation because, as the roads were in very bad condition and the days short, he



ICE-HOUSE, ASHLAND.



CLAY'S WALK.

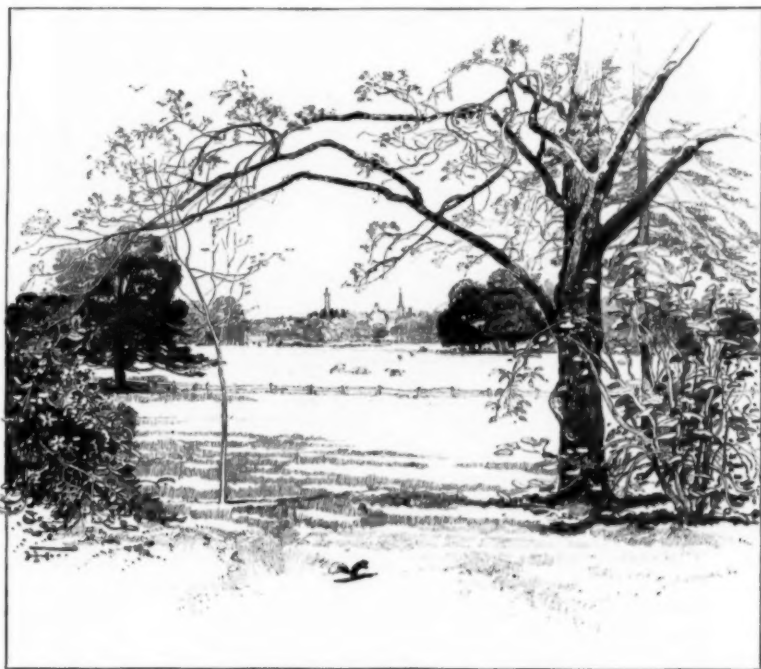
would not be able to reach home before dark unless he got an early start in the morning. Then said Mr. Clay, "You of course must have breakfast before starting, and therefore you will lose no time by starting from the hotel at daybreak, and taking your breakfast at Ashland; you know Ashland is directly on your route home." My father accepted the invitation, and though we were at Ashland at an early hour the next morning, we found everything ready to receive us. No one was at the breakfast but Mr. and Mrs. Clay, my father and myself. The subjects talked of were the state of his health, which was not good, and that of his private affairs, which had suddenly become heavily embarrassed by his suretyship for a large amount, which, according to my recollection, he mentioned as being

\$40,000. He said that though he had been absent from Congress during its then session, yet as his health had somewhat improved, and he had succeeded in putting the surety debt on a basis as satisfactory to himself as he had any reason to expect, he hoped to be able to leave for Washington immediately after the holidays, and to be in his seat in the House of Representatives in time to take part in the debate on the question as to the admission of Missouri into the Union as a slave State.

In speaking of this heavy debt and of the uncertain state of his health, and indeed of the general pressure, public and private, then on him, he uttered no complaint and manifested neither despondency nor gloom; on the contrary, he was as bright and as cheery and as buoyant at that early breakfast as he was

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THE CLAY MONUMENT, FROM ASHLAND LAWN.

the evening before; and when long years afterwards I got to know him well, I found this hopefulness and buoyancy of temperament were among his most marked and enduring characteristics. They were not only prominently displayed throughout the most stormy and anxious period of his life, say from 1825 to 1842, when he made his farewell address, but they gave a cheering glow to his conversation even when drooping under the heaviness of old age.

My own conjecture is that the large sum of about \$25,000 paid to the Northern Bank in Lexington, many years afterwards, by his friends, and without his knowledge, was in part at least the residue of that surety debt above referred to. Mr. John Tilford, president of that bank, in a published letter now before me, of date Lexington, May 20, 1845, says: "Within the last two months I have received, from various sections of the United States, letters to my address containing money which I was requested to apply to the payment of the Hon. H. Clay's debts, with no other information than that it was a contribution by friends who owed him a debt of gratitude for services he had rendered his country, etc. The amount so received was \$25,750."

"Who did this?" inquired Mr. Clay, with tears in his eyes and in his voice; to which Mr. Tilford replied, "I do not know; it is sufficient to say that it was not done by your enemies."

As Mr. Clay was occupied by his public duties as Secretary of State at Washington, he was at home but seldom between 1825 and 1829; but, on his several visits, the ordinary courtesies between him and myself were observed, and I am gratified by being able to say that my admiration increased with my better acquaintance with him. It is not surprising, therefore, that I took especial care to be present whenever he addressed his constituents, the jury, or the court.

On my marriage, in 1830, Mr. and Mrs. Clay gave the bride and the groom a handsome entertainment. I, however, ascribed the compliment to the fact that the bride was a favorite niece of Mrs. Clay, and that fact no doubt contributed to bring us socially more frequently and more closely together until my removal to Vicksburg in 1835; but after my return from Vicksburg in 1840, and especially after I began housekeeping in 1841, and resumed the practice of law in Lexington in 1842, the social intercourse was renewed not only between our respective families, but



THE HALL.

between Mr. Clay and myself, until, at last, and for several years preceding his death, it ripened into an intercourse of rare confidence and trust, without any special effort on my part to bring it about. Indeed, it came about so naturally that I was never conscious of the precise time of its beginning. It was well known to the public, for instance, that I was never a member of his political party, and about as well known that I always entertained the highest respect and admiration for him; and he was as fully aware of these facts as any of the public. I could say more on this subject, and to the same effect, but probably what I have said is enough to satisfy my descendants that, throughout my whole personal intercourse with him, I maintained my own self-respect by a frank though civil and gentlemanly adherence to the principles of the Democratic party as I understood them. I must say, however, that

when I came to the conclusion, as I did, that General Jackson indorsed, even if he did not originate, the foul calumny of bargain and intrigue between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, by which the one secured the Presidency and the other the office of Secretary of State, I was placed by that conviction in a predicament very painful to myself. I, however, after due reflection, kept that matter to myself, and though the General had thereby lost his hold on my personal respect, yet I quietly moved on with the great body of the Democratic party; for I was a Democrat by birth and conviction.

Mr. Clay for several years prior to his death seldom came to town without calling at my office; the fact was indeed so well known that strangers wishing to pay him their respects were often referred to my office, and farmers in the county would often bring to its door a fine horse or a fine colt to exhibit to him.

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They knew that he was a breeder of thorough-bred stock of every kind, from the shepherd dog to the high-mettled race-horse; was an excellent judge of all such stock, and as much at home with the horse and horsemen as with senators and in the Senate.

An application to Mr. Clay, made by me in behalf of my son as a candidate for the Naval Academy, was the only personal favor I ever asked at his hands; and had he given me no other evidence of his regard but this, I should feel under lasting obligation to him. I have, however, occasionally made personal appeals to him in behalf of others with whom I had no connection except personal regard, and in such cases I never failed to secure what I applied for.

I never wrote to him in regard to such a matter but once. The post-office in this place became vacant in January, 1852, by the death of the incumbent, a personal and political friend of Mr. Clay. The chief clerk at that time was a Democrat, without being a partisan, and desired to succeed to the place. He was in all respects competent, and had made himself very popular by his conduct in the office. He desired a letter from me to Mr. Clay, recommending him, and I was anxious that he should get the place. I felt, however, that I had no right to press a Democrat upon Mr. Clay. I, however, wrote to him upon the subject, stating the fact of the vacancy, and giving the names of the applicants, all of whom, I said, were his political friends except this gentleman. I said, further, that he had been chief clerk, was in every way competent, and if the question was submitted to the popular vote, he would, as I believed, receive a decided majority over any of his competitors.

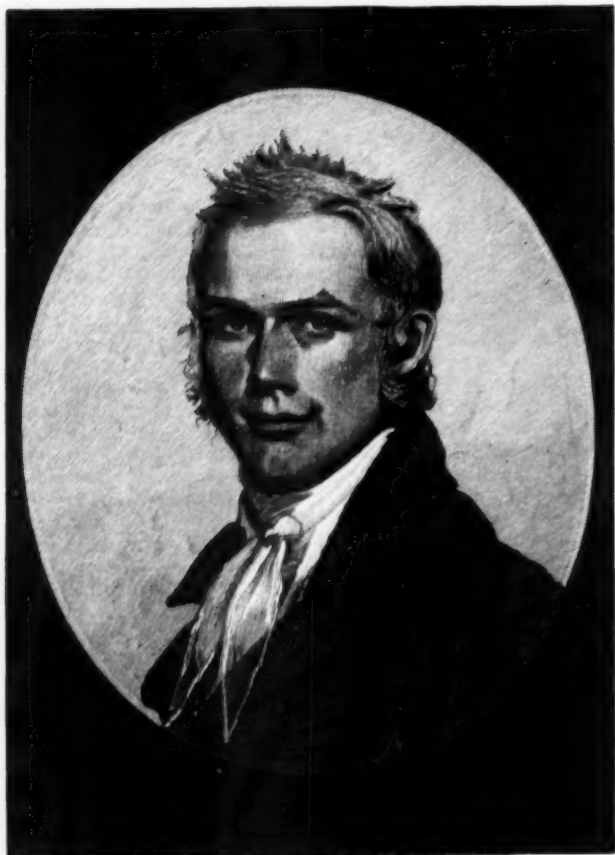
Mr. Clay, by his letter of January 26, 1852, informed me that he had conferred with the Postmaster-General, and advised him to appoint my friend, which he had no doubt already had been, or shortly would be, done. On the next day after receiving this letter the commission arrived. This letter was written by an amanuensis, Mr. Clay being then in very feeble health. His signature indicates considerable physical weakness.

My last interview with Mr. Clay was at Ashland, in the fall of 1851, on the day before his departure on his last trip to Washington. I was accompanied on that visit by General John C. Breckinridge and Major M. C. Johnson, then, as now, president of the Northern Bank at Lexington. The day was damp, chilly, and cloudy, and the visit, though very pleasant, was a gloomy one to us all. Mr. Clay was very feeble, though he remained in the parlor with us and accompanied us to the front door, where we bade him good-bye.

He was evidently affected, and, as if feeling, as we all felt, that we would never see him alive thereafter, before leaving the door he touched me on the shoulder, and stepping back a few paces, said in a very quiet voice, "Remember that my will is in the custody of my wife." I was one of the executors of that will. The other two were his wife, Mrs. Lucretia Hart Clay, and the Honorable Thomas A. Marshall, then, and for many years, Judge and Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky. He was a nephew of John Marshall, the great Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and one of the purest gentlemen I have ever known. As the testator had requested that no security should be required of us, we all qualified as executors without security. Mr. Clay's health for some months at Washington continued to be about the same as when he left home; but in the spring of 1852 he began to grow daily weaker from a cough which it was impossible to relieve. On the 28th of April, 1852, I received a telegram from him in these words: "Tell Thomas to come as soon as he can."

His son Thomas, of course, immediately left for Washington, and remained there in attendance on his father until his death, on the 29th of June following. Among Mr. Clay's last words, if not his very last, as reported to me by his son, were, "Thomas, I am dying; telegraph Mr. Harrison." That dispatch was received by me a few minutes after his death, and delivered to Mrs. Clay. That I secured the confidence of this illustrious man, and under circumstances somewhat peculiar retained it to his dying hour, is among the most pleasant memories of my long and somewhat eventful life. Though aware of my political status, yet he never attempted to influence my vote or to change in any way my political convictions.

Surprise has occasionally been expressed by strangers that some of Mr. Clay's family were not with him during his long illness at Washington. There was no occasion for any such surprise; he was devoted to his family, and they to him. His affection for them made him unwilling to call any of them from their homes when he did not need them, and therefore in his letters to them, some of which I have seen, he entreated them to remain where they were until he should need their services, when they would be notified; he said also that he was carefully attended to, all his wants were actually anticipated by his attendants, and that he was as comfortable as he could be at his own home. He had his own hired servant, James G. Marshall, whom I met after his death, and who by his intelli-



(Engraved by D. Nichols, from a miniature in possession of John M. Clay, Esq.)

HENRY CLAY, BETWEEN THIRTY AND FORTY.

gence and gentlemanly manner made a most favorable impression on me.

Mr. Clay knew that his son James was then upon his farm near St. Louis, and that the elder brother Thomas, residing near Lexington, could leave home with less inconvenience than any other member of the family, but he preferred that none of them should come until requested by him. Thomas was called for by the dispatch, and he left for Washington immediately upon receiving it.

Thomas returned with the funeral cortège, and some time after probate of the will handed me the document marked "Memoranda of H. Clay." It has no date, but is probably the last document ever signed by Mr. Clay. It was written by Thomas from his father's dictation, and but a few days before his death, as Thomas informed me. I have the original now in my scrap-book. It is as follows:

"MEMORANDA OF H. CLAY.

"I leave with you a check on Messrs. Corcoran & Riggs for any balance standing to my credit in the books of their bank at the time you present the check. The balance now is about \$1600, but it may be diminished before you have occasion to apply for it.

"Mr. Underwood will draw from the secretary of the Senate any balance due to me there for my services, and pay it over to you.

"Out of these funds I wish you to pay Dr. Hall's bill, the apothecary's bill, and Dr. Francis Jackson's bill of Philadelphia.

"Whatever may be necessary to pay those debts, and may be necessary to bear your expenses to Kentucky, had better be appropriated and reserved accordingly, and the balance to be converted in a bank check on New York, which will be safer to carry and more valuable in Kentucky.

"I have settled with James G. Marshall, my servant, and at the end of this month he will have paid me all that I have advanced him, and I shall owe him two dollars. The deed for his lot in Detroit, which he assigned to me as security for being his indorser on a note in bank, is in my little trunk in your mother's

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room, in the bundle marked 'Notes and valuable papers.' I wish the deed taken out and delivered to James, as the matter is settled.

"The Messrs. Hunter, who have bought my Illinois land, have been very punctual in paying me the purchase money as it became due heretofore. The last payment of \$2000 is due at Christmas. They have written to me that they will come over and pay it, and at the same time receive a pair of Durham calves as a present which I promised them. I wish that promise fulfilled. The heifer I bought of Mr. Hunt, being a descendant of the imported cow Lucretia, I designed for one of the animals to be presented.

"There is a note of upwards of \$1000 among my papers in the pocket-book, well secured and payable in New Orleans next November. My executors ought to send it down there for collection.

"H. CLAY."

I reproduce this document to illustrate some of Mr. Clay's personal traits, which it does more distinctly and completely than any other paper I have seen. It does not illustrate him as the great orator or statesman, or as the greater leader of men, but illustrates the man just as he had been, and was, in his daily intercourse with the world. In all his dealings he was as exact and as watchful of his personal credit as a banker should be. In his last moments he displayed in this document the particularity and exactness that had characterized him in all his business transactions, and in the same document he displayed his sense of justice by specifying the debts to be paid out of his means then in Washington, and by specifying the rights of the colored servant, James G. Marshall, with such particularity that he would have no difficulty in the assertion of his own rights. And, lastly, who but Henry Clay would, in that extreme hour, have recollected a voluntary promise in regard to the gift of a pair of calves, made probably a year or so before? "I wish," said he, "that promise fulfilled"; and it was fulfilled. I was somewhat curious to see the man whom Mr. Clay recollected at such a time, and in connection with such a promise. I saw him when he came for and took the calves home; he was a plain, uneducated, and obscure man, whose hard hands proved that his life had been a hard one.

As I was the youngest of the three executors, the active duties and general administration of the assets devolved chiefly upon me; though no important step was taken unless approved by the three, and by the sons, especially Thomas and James, who, or whose families, were the residuary devisees. Although the whole of the estate, including the two hundred acres, part of the Ashland tract, devised to his son John M. Clay, and a tract of about one hundred and twenty-five acres known as Mansfield, and devised to the family of his son Thomas H. Clay, was of the value of about \$100,000, yet there was but little

trouble in the administration: first, because the estate was unembarrassed, and secondly, because his sons cheerfully gave me all the assistance in their power, and they were much more familiar with the assets than I was.

The final settlement of our trust as executors was made at the October term of court in 1860, and was satisfactory to the family as well as to ourselves. It was approved by the court, and the executors were released from further responsibility. At this time the estate was not entirely distributed as directed by the will, and could not be until Mrs. Clay's death, which occurred about three or four years afterwards. My reason for making this settlement, and applying for my discharge, was that I was about to remove to New Orleans, and knew that I could no longer perform personally my duties as executor. The other executors were unwilling to act without me; they therefore joined in the settlement and in the application to be discharged, and thereupon the estate passed into other hands.

It may be proper for me to make some reference to the children of Mr. Clay, whom I knew intimately, and towards some of whom I sustained very confidential relations. James B. Clay was appointed by General Taylor, in 1849, *chargé d'affaires* to Portugal, and so far as I know, or believe, discharged the duties of that trust to the satisfaction of the Government. His father, I know, was gratified by the belief that his son had performed those duties to the satisfaction of Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State. In 1857 he was nominated by the Democratic convention for the Ashland district as its candidate for Congress, and was elected, after a heated and bitter contest, over his able Whig competitor, Roger W. Hanson, by a small majority; but for him to have been elected as a Democrat from that district, by even a small majority, was in itself a great triumph. He died in Canada during our civil war, having fled there with his family as to a place of refuge during those troublous times. Had he survived the war, he would doubtless have been crowned with even more exalted honors. Roger Hanson, his competitor, went South, and joining his fortune with the Confederacy rose to eminence, becoming a brigadier-general in the army, and died a few days after the battle of Stone River, from a wound received in that action.

The son T. H. Clay was elected to the Legislature from Fayette County, Ky., during the war, and was afterwards appointed by Mr. Lincoln Minister to Nicaragua; which position he filled to the satisfaction of the Government, so far as I know or have heard. He died at his home several years after his return from that mission.

His son Henry was graduated from West Point, and during the war with Mexico was lieutenant-colonel of a Kentucky regiment, of which W. R. McKee was colonel. Both were mortally wounded at the great battle of Buena Vista while leading their regiment in a charge upon the enemy. And thus three of the sons of Mr. Clay have passed with honors into the history of their country.

The youngest son, John M. Clay, is yet living on part of the old homestead, and is one of the best farmers in the county. He has never held public office, nor indeed sought to hold any, having no ambition in that direction, but is one of our most respectable and respected citizens, and one of my best friends.

Ashland, so memorable as the home of Henry Clay, is now in possession of two of his descendants. His son John M. Clay still owns the two hundred acres devised him by his father's will, and from his front door the monument erected to his father is distinctly visible, though two miles distant. The residue, about three hundred and twenty-five acres, is occupied and owned by Colonel H. C. McDowell, who married the daughter and only surviving child of Colonel Henry Clay. And thus a long-cherished hope of the illustrious father and grandfather has been realized. His beloved Ashland is owned and occupied by some of his own descendants, and I trust that it may pass from one generation of them to the next while the world stands.

Though I have given to some extent some of the traits of Mr. Clay, and though I am now past my eightieth year, yet I feel that I must attempt to make the picture of him somewhat more complete and accurate.

Mr. Clay was tall and broad-shouldered without being bulky or fleshy, and when at all excited was of stately and commanding presence. Though his long limbs were loosely put together, yet his manner was neither awkward nor uncouth, nor ever embarrassed; on the contrary, it was easy and natural, and wholly unpretentious; it was the easy, nonchalant air of a man accustomed to the ways of the world, and conscious that he was at least the peer of the foremost in every crowd in which he happened to be. Indeed, my own opinion is that he was never in the slightest degree, even in his early youth, awed by the presence of any one; he never seemed to feel, and my belief is he never felt, that he was ever at any time in the presence of any one superior to himself. And therefore he was not only strikingly at ease, but at home, wherever he was, whether among his neighbors or strangers, whether at a social gathering, or at the bar, or as the Speaker of the House of Representatives, or on the floor of the Senate;

and in my judgment he would have felt equally at home at a conference with kings and emperors. He seemed to have not only an instinctive consciousness of his own strength, but of his own special capacity for leadership. Therefore he would take the lead to himself as if unconsciously, whatever the occasion, and as naturally and as gracefully as if it were his birthright; and few there were, if any, who ever seemed to be surprised that he had taken the place for which nature appeared to have designed him. Indeed, without any appearance of self-assertion on his part, and as if unconsciously to himself, there was a something in his presence and his manner that gave to him an authoritative air, and made him for the time the central, the commanding figure of the group about him. Persons who never saw him, and who of course never felt the potency of his presence and manner, can hardly understand the sort of impression made on others by what was called the magnetism of the man. They would probably infer from my general account of him that there must have been in his presence and manner some manifestation of arrogance and vanity; there was, however, in his general intercourse no manifestation of either. I think he was as free from vanity as any one I ever knew. Though often with him, I never knew him to make himself the hero of his own story; and when questioned, as he occasionally was by me and by others in my presence, in regard to any matter in which he had taken a prominent part, he would merely state the facts, the several steps by which results were reached, and then the naked results, just as if there was nothing remarkable in the part he had taken. But whatever the occasion or his mood, and whatever the company or the subject of the conversation, there was a something in his self-poised presence and manner that impressed those around him that within his personality and beneath that manner there was a power, a force of character, to be respected, feared, followed, and honored. Had this quiet force been arrogantly or ostentatiously displayed, it would have broken the charm that made him so attractive and at the same time so commanding. I never saw any approach to any such display, unless possibly in some stormy debate, when with a monarch's voice and in an attitude of lofty defiance he would spurn assaults, whether direct or indirect, upon his principles, his consistency, or his honor.

Probably the idea I have attempted above to describe would be more readily seen by an illustration than by my description of it. Though we were often together, and though we talked of any matter, however unimportant, that casually came up, yet I was never with

him, whether alone or in company, without feeling that I was in the presence of a great man. My supposition was that this feeling on my part was the result of my personal admiration, or possibly of some peculiarity in my own temperament; but on inquiry of others less emotional than myself, I found that in every instance the impression made on them by his presence and manner was identical with that made on me.

Mr. Clay's complexion was very fair; so fair, indeed, that I had supposed that his hair, when a young man, must have been of a sandy or yellowish tint; and on expressing that opinion to Mrs. Clay several years after his death, I was greatly surprised by her prompt reply, "You were never more mistaken; he had when a young man the whitest head of hair I ever saw."

His eyes were gray, and when excited were full of fire; his forehead high and capacious, with a tendency to baldness; his nose prominent, very slightly arched, and finely formed. His mouth was unusually large without being disfiguring. It, however, was so large as to attract immediate notice; so large, indeed, that, as he said, he "never learned how to spit"; he had learned to snuff and smoke tobacco, and but for his unmanageable mouth he would probably have learned to chew also.

His chief physical peculiarity, however, was in the structure of his nervous system; it was so delicately strung that a word, a touch, a memory would set it in motion. But though his nervous system was thus sensitive, yet his emotions, however greatly excited, were of themselves never strong enough to disturb the self-poise of his deliberate judgment. His convictions were fixed as fate, and yet, as I thought, he was the most emotional man I ever knew. I have seen his eyes fill instantly on shaking the hand of an old friend, however obscure, who had stood by him in his early struggles, and whom after a long interval he had suddenly met. I have seen the letter of a grandchild, then residing in a distant State, drop from his hand when he was reading it aloud to some members of his family. His eyes were too full of tears to see, and his speech too full of emotion to utter the touching words of the child. I read the letter: there was not even a suggestion in it to give pain; it was only a loving letter of a child, full of tender messages to her grandmother and to him.

His sympathies were wide as human nature, and were alive not only to its struggles and its virtues, but even to its infirmities; and, in case of any great affliction in the family of a friend or neighbor, his condolence was ever ready, and in a manner and tone of voice as

tender and touching and as natural as if the affliction were his own.

This emotional quality so natural to him, and always so naturally shown, was a marked characteristic and a great element of his power over the heart. His magnetic power was a natural result of the lofty, the unmistakable and generously tempered manliness of the man.

The muscles of his face, even in his old age, never had any of the rigidity or leathery appearance or toughness which sometimes accompanies old age; on the contrary, his features even then were apparently as tender and as flexible as a child's, and expressed as naturally and as readily as the features of a child the emotion of the moment, whatever that emotion was; and when in high debate his every muscle, his whole physical structure, would be alive with the lofty passion that was giving fire and force to every thought he uttered. I have never seen any one but himself whose entire physical structure so readily and so naturally responded to its own emotions and passions; nor ever heard any voice but his own that so harmonized with whatever he felt and uttered. Indeed, when there would seem to be no occasion for any great emotion or for the display of it, yet if the subject presented issues of great concern to his client, to the public, or to himself, his heart, full of the subject, and as if impressed with its responsibility, would manifest its emotion not only in the preliminary outlines of the facts to be considered, but frequently even before he had uttered a word. You would see the emotion in his whole person as he slowly rose to his feet; you would see it in his drooping posture, in the deathly pallor of his face, in his brimful eye, in the spasmodic twitching of his under lip; and upon the utterance of the first sentence you would hear it in the touching tones of his magnetic voice. These all harmonized naturally and without effort with the passions and utterances of the moment. It was nature visibly at work, and bringing into harmonious action before your eyes all the great elements, mental, moral, and physical; and this rare combination of forces actively at work, in high debate, gave to his eloquence a naturalness, a concentrated earnestness and impetuosity that for the time was overwhelming. It awed men even when they were not convinced by him.

Mr. Clay's father, a Baptist preacher in humble circumstances, and with a large family, was himself somewhat distinguished in his day for eloquence. I have seen a letter written more than sixty years ago by a gentleman in Virginia who knew Mr. Clay's father, in which he states that crowds would come to hear him

when it was known that he would preach. This letter was written to Mr. Clay and found among his papers. He died in 1781, when the son Henry was between four and five years old, and thereupon the widow took charge of the small estate and seven fatherless children. It was a heavy burden, but Providence had thrown it on her, and she proved equal to it; at least so thought her illustrious son. He always paid to her the most loving attention until her death in 1827, and never mentioned her but with reverence, gratitude, and love. A tasteful but modest monument placed by him over her grave now stands near the conspicuous shaft afterwards erected by the public to his own memory.

The widow did what she could for all her children, though she could do but little towards their school education. She sent Henry to a common country school in the Slashes of Hanover, where he learned to read, write, and cipher. Thereupon his school education ended forever. When not at school he aided in the family maintenance by such labor as a boy could do on the small farm. This was the daily routine, until in 1792 his stepfather, Captain Watkins, who seems to have felt a special interest in this stepson, made an arrangement with the clerk of the High Court of Chancery of Richmond, Virginia, by which this country boy, this uneducated orphan, secured not only employment as deputy clerk, but maintenance while so employed.

Present occupation and present maintenance were matters of first necessity to him, and these being for the time secure, his mother and stepfather removed to Kentucky, and left the impulsive, penniless boy at the age of fifteen, amid the temptations of city life, to his own guidance; and yet this uneducated orphan, without money or any especial friends to superintend his associations or his habits, apparently alone in the world, became in after years and at an early period of his long life the observed of all observers, not only as the most commanding speaker the National House of Representatives ever had, but as the most commanding orator and the lordliest leader of his day. There was not a crisis during his public career to which he was unequal, nor a storm threatening to wreck the Union in which he was not the pilot who weathered that storm. His faith in his own strength and in his own capacity to hold the helm and guide the ship was unflinching, and he had the happy gift of inspiring his friends with a like confidence in his capacity and strength. "Who sails with me comes safe to land" was alike his faith and their faith, and had he been alive in 1860 and 1861, every

heart and every eye would have turned to him to take the helm again.

How do I account for a career so remarkable, when its beginning was under circumstances apparently so unpropitious? In the first place, nature had endowed him with great possibilities, which, naturally developed and matured, were bound to fit him for a great career. In other words, greatness in his case was inevitable, unless his elementary forces, mental, moral, and physical, were dwarfed or perverted by some unnatural or unpropitious training in his childhood and youth. Second, that fortunately for him his innate faculties, his possibilities, were neither in his childhood nor in his boyhood nor in his early manhood subjected to any narrow or unnatural training; on the contrary, all his surroundings in his infancy and until he could walk alone, a man among men, were by the chances of life or by the hand of Providence the very surroundings of all others, then within his reach, the most likely to develop naturally and to their full completeness, the peculiar faculties with which nature had endowed him.

Fortunately Mr. Clay's real education, that sort of education which aroused and stimulated into activity his elementary faculties, neither began nor ended at the country school in the Slashes of Hanover. What he learned at that country school was, to be sure, of service to him, but of service only as a humble instrument in the hands of the boy. Had he, however, learned nothing else, had his whole education been limited to the little he learned at that school, his great possibilities would never have been developed, and he no doubt would have lived and died in obscurity, unhonored and unsung. Nature, however, did not lose sight of the orphan son of the Baptist preacher, though tossed as he had been into the big world at the age of fifteen, apparently alone and dependent upon his daily labor for his daily bread. The world is a hard school and full of hazard to an impulsive boy, even when guided by the watchful eye of the parent. But however hard and hazardous the world may be to an impulsive boy, thrown into it at the age of fifteen, and on his own resources, yet in his case, and by a fortunate succession of circumstances unexpected and apparently of but little importance at the time, the arrangement under which he was left at that age and to his own guidance, amid the temptations of the city of Richmond, was not only the most fortunate event of his life, but probably the very best arrangement for the natural development of all powers.

I, however, am not writing the biography of Mr. Clay. Those who expect to see in this sketch the particulars of his life will be disap-

pointed. My sole purpose in undertaking this labor in the eighty-first year of my age was to preserve in a family scrap-book, for my descendants, the letters written by him to me, as well as other original papers of some interest bearing his signature; and while engaged in that work it occurred to me that it would add to the interest of the autographs were I to give my personal recollections of him, and the impression he had made on me. I regret that the same idea did not occur to me at an earlier day, before time and toil and the troubles incident to a long life had worn me out. I ought to have begun the work, if at all, twenty years ago, when my mind was more active and my memory fresher. But as I did not undertake it for the public, but wholly for the entertainment of my descendants, I do not regret, and am sure they will not regret, that I, even in my old age, undertook on their account to do what I have done, however meager my reminiscences may seem, or however inartistic the style and the manner in which those reminiscences have been presented. Having completed a task I set for myself, and as well as under the circumstances I could, I now bring it to a close by annexing a few facts and anecdotes which tend to throw some light on the character of Mr. Clay.

In a conversation in regard to General Washington, an inquiry was made of Mr. Clay as to his information in regard to certain vices imputed to the General by tradition. "Ah," said Mr. Clay, "General Washington was so good and great a man that no tradition to his disparagement should be remembered or repeated."

About the time of General Taylor's nomination by the Whig convention as its candidate for the presidency, there was believed to be an estrangement between Mr. Clay and Mr. Crittenden. It was the more noticed because the two had been known as life-long friends, both personal and political. Yet I never heard Mr. Clay speak of it, though I have heard the matter discussed in his presence while he was reading a newspaper. During this estrangement I read a letter from Mr. Clay to his wife, containing a message to me, saying that President Fillmore had consulted him in regard to the appointment of Attorney-General, and that he had advised him to appoint Mr. Crittenden to that office. In the same letter he expressed the wish that his family should be kind to Mr. Crittenden. As to any real reconciliation between the two, I have no knowledge, but I have strong doubts.

During the administration of General Jackson, the public was startled by the rumor of a defalcation in the Post-Office Department,

the Hon. W. T. Barry of Lexington city being the Postmaster-General. Mr. Clay, then in the Senate, was leader of the opposition to General Jackson and to his administration. The party struggle was fierce and bitter, and, besides, Mr. Barry was a decided partisan of General Jackson, in whose cabinet he was, and had led the opposition in Kentucky to Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams. Under the circumstances Mr. Barry had no right to expect liberal treatment at the hands of Mr. Clay. Yet when the matter was in some way before the Senate, Mr. Clay took occasion to say in substance that the rumored defalcation might be true, but even if true he was sure that Mr. Barry had no personal connection with it; that he had known Mr. Barry many years, and vouched for the integrity of the man. Mr. Barry on the next day paid his personal respects to Mr. Clay, and from that time on their former pleasant intercourse was resumed.

During the many years of my intimacy with Mr. Clay, there was only one occasion on which I ever heard him speak harshly of any public man of his time, and that was in allusion to Mr. Seward. Though open as day on every public question, and though in fierce debate never afraid to throw a thunderbolt whenever in his opinion the occasion called for it, yet in his usual intercourse he was exceedingly reserved in his criticism of other public men.

Mr. Clay was very fond of pleasantries and occasionally indulged in a sort of persiflage, and when in the humor could say things without giving offense which, but for his peculiar manner and tone of voice and the pleasant twinkle of his eye, would have been somewhat offensive to a "touchy" person.

The following instance illustrates what I mean. It is well known that there were occasionally very unpleasant encounters in the Senate between Colonel Benton and Mr. Clay. To say the least, there was no love between the two. Colonel Benton, however, and Mrs. Clay were cousins, and the Colonel, notwithstanding the unpleasant passes between Mr. Clay and himself, was in the habit of calling at Ashland to pay his personal respects to her; and she on such occasions was always glad to see him, for she was somewhat proud of her Hart blood, of which family Colonel Benton was a member, his mother being a Hart. On one of these occasions my wife called at Ashland and found Colonel Benton and Mr. Clay in the parlor together. In a few moments Mrs. Clay made her appearance, and as she entered Mr. Clay, in a tone of charming banter and with a sort of mischievous humor in his eye, rose, and pointing to her said, "There, Colonel, is a member of my

family who never abused you." The effect was irresistible. All caught the idea and joined in a hearty laugh, and no one seemed to enjoy the very suggestive allusion more than the Colonel himself.

The following incident, however, was tinged with no such attempt at humor. It is well known that Mr. Tyler signalized his administration by betraying the confidence of the Whig party, by which he had been elected Vice-President. Suspicions and rumors were soon afloat that Mr. Tyler would not be true to the platform on which he was elected, and before these suspicions were absolutely confirmed by his own subsequent action, Mr. Clay, the leader of the Whig party, made a morning call on the President at the White House, and on entering the room said to Mr. Tyler, "Am I to understand that the two gentlemen I met as I came up the steps to your room are the advisers of the President?" The two gentlemen referred to were Mr. Cushing of Massachusetts and Governor Wise of Virginia. Both these gentlemen were Democratic politicians, and leaders of what was known then as the "Corporal's Guard." They had been closeted with Mr. Tyler just before Mr. Clay came, and he evidently understood the purport of their visit. Mr. Clay's remark was made in a very stately though civil manner. Mr. Tyler's face flushed up very quickly, but what his reply was I do not now remember. This incident was told me by a gentleman who was present, and I am satisfied of its correctness.

On the morning of the day when President

Harrison was expected to send to the Senate the names of the members of his Cabinet, some one remarked, in the presence of Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, and several other members of Congress, that Mr. Webster was to be Secretary of the Treasury. "Oh, no," said Mr. Clay, "Mr. Webster is to take the Department of State." "That," said the first speaker, "was the original programme, but as Mr. Webster prefers the Treasury Department the President has consented to appoint him to the Treasury." Instantly and in his most impassioned manner Mr. Clay replied, "I will oppose it; I will denounce it in open Senate. The State Department is the proper place for Mr. Webster." This incident was communicated to me by the Hon. Richard Hawes, who at the time it occurred, in 1841, was a member of Congress from the Ashland district, and was present at the conversation. It is enough to say that Mr. Webster was nominated and confirmed Secretary of State, and Mr. Clay was satisfied.

It may not be amiss to say in conclusion that though he was not a scholar, though he had no knowledge of the metaphysics or rhetoric or logic of the schools, and in fact had a hearty contempt for all three of them, yet Mr. Clay's knowledge was always equal to the demands of his great career. In what debate did he ever fail to reach "the height of the great argument" the occasion called for? Or in what debate did any competitor because of his ripe scholarship pluck the laurel from his brow?

J. O. Harrison.

IDYLLS.

CREUSA, in those idyll lands delaying,
Forever hung with mellow mists of gold,
We find but phantoms of delights long cold.
We listen to the pine and ilex swaying
Only in echo; to the players playing,
On faint, sweet flutes, lost melodies of old.
The beauteous heroes are but stories told;
Vain at the antique altars all our praying.
Oh, might we join, in vales unknown to story,
On shores unsung, by Western seas sublime,
The spirit of that loveliness and glory
Hellenic, with these hearts of fuller time,
Then to our days would sunnier joys belong
Than thrill us now in old idyll song.

Henry Tyrrell.


THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XXXII.

EWELL returned to town for the last time in the third week of September, bringing his family with him.

This was before the greater part of his oddly assorted congregation had thought of leaving the country, either the rich cottagers whose family tradition or liberal opinions kept them in his church, or the boarding and camping elements who were uniting a love of cheapness with a love of nature in their prolonged sojourn among the woods and fields. Certain families, perhaps half of his parish in all, were returning because the schools were opening, and they must put their children into them; and it was both to minister to the spiritual needs of these and to get his own children back to their studies that the minister was at home so early.

It was, as I have hinted already, a difficult and laborious season with him; he himself was always a little rusty in his vocation after his summer's outing and felt weakened rather than strengthened by his rest. The domestic machine started reluctantly; there was a new cook to be got in, and Mrs. Sewell had to fight a battle with herself, in which she invited him to share, before she could settle down for the winter to the cares of housekeeping. The wide skies, the dim mountain slopes, the long, delicious drives, the fresh mornings, the sweet, silvery afternoons of their idle country life, haunted their nerves and enfeebled their wills.

One evening in the first days of this moral disability, while Sewell sat at his desk trying to get himself together for a sermon, Barker's name was brought up to him.

"Really," said his wife, who had transmitted it from the maid, "I think it's time you protected yourself, David. You can't let this go on forever. He has been in Boston nearly two years now; he has regular employment, where, if there's anything in him at all, he ought to prosper and improve without coming to you every other night. What *can* he want now?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the minister, leaning back in his chair, and passing his hand wearily over his forehead.

"Then send down and excuse yourself. Tell him you're busy, and ask him to come another time!"

"Ah, you know I can't do that, my dear."

"Very well, then; I will go down and see him. You sha'n't be interrupted."

"Would you, my dear? That would be very kind of you! Do get me off some way; tell him I'm coming to see him very soon." He went stupidly back to his writing without looking to see whether his wife had meant all she said; and after a moment's hesitation she descended in fulfillment of her promise; or, perhaps rather it was a threat.

She met Lemuel not unkindly, for she was a kind-hearted woman; but she placed duty before charity even, and she could not help making him feel that she was there in the discharge of a duty. She explained that Mr. Sewell was very unusually busy that evening, and had sent her in his place, and hoped soon to see him. She bade Lemuel sit down, and he obeyed, answering all the questions as to the summer and his occupations and health, and his mother's health, which she put to him in proof of her interest in him; in further evidence of it, she gave him an account of the Sewell family's doings since they last met. He did not stay long, and she returned slowly and pensively to her husband.

"Well?" he asked, without looking round.

"Well, it's all right," she answered, with rather a deep breath. "He didn't seem to have come for anything in particular; I told him that if he wished specially to speak with you, you would come down."

Sewell went on with his writing, and after a moment his wife said, "But you must go and see him very soon, David; you must go to-morrow."

"Why?"

"He looks wretchedly, though he says he's very well. It made my heart ache. He looks perfectly wan and haggard. I wish," she burst out, "I wish I had let you go down and see him!"

"Why—why, what was the matter?" asked

Sewell, turning about now. "Did you think he had something on his mind?"

"No, but he looked fairly sick. Oh, I wish he had never come into our lives!"

"I'm afraid he hasn't got much good from us," sighed the minister. "But I'll go round and look him up in the morning. His trouble will keep overnight, if it's a real trouble. There's that comfort, at least. And now, do go away, my dear, and leave me to my writing."

Mrs. Sewell looked at him, but turned and left him, apparently reserving whatever sermon she might have in her mind till he should have finished his.

The next morning he went to inquire for Lemuel at Mr. Corey's. The man was sending him away from the door with the fact merely that Lemuel was not then in the house, when the voice of Mr. Corey descending the stairs called from within: "Is that you, Sewell? Don't go away! Come in!"

The old gentleman took him into the library, and confessed in a bit of new slang, which he said was delightful, that he was all balled up by Lemuel's leaving him, and asked Sewell what he supposed it meant.

"Left you? Meant?" echoed Sewell.

When they got at each other it was understood that Lemuel, the day before, had given up his employment with Mr. Corey, expressing a fit sense of all his kindness and a fit regret at leaving him, but alleging no reasons for his course; and that this was the first that Sewell knew of the affair.

"It must have been that which he came to see me about last night," he said with a sort of anticipative remorse. "Mrs. Sewell saw him—I was busy."

"Well! Get him to come back, Sewell," said Mr. Corey, with his whimsical imperiousness; "I can't get on without him. All my moral and intellectual being has stopped like a watch."

Sewell went to the boarding-house where Lemuel took his meals, but found that he no longer came there and had left no other address. He knew nowhere else to ask, and he went home to a day of latent trouble of mind, which whenever it came to the light defined itself as helpless question and self-reproach in regard to Barker.

That evening as he sat at tea, the maid came with the announcement that there was a person in the reception-room who would not send in any name, but wished to see Mr. Sewell, and would wait.

Sewell threw down his napkin, and said, "I'll bring him in to tea."

Mrs. Sewell did not resist; she bade the girl lay another plate.

Sewell was so sure of finding Lemuel in

the reception-room, that he recoiled in dismay from the girlish figure that turned timidly from the window to meet him with a face thickly veiled. He was vexed too; here, he knew from the mystery put on, was one of those cases of feminine trouble, real or unreal, which he most disliked to meddle with.

"Will you sit down?" he said as kindly as he could, and the girl obeyed.

"I thought they would let me wait. I didn't mean to interrupt you," she began, in a voice singularly gentle and unaffected.

"Oh, no matter!" cried Sewell. "I'm very glad to see you."

"I thought you could help me. I'm in great trouble—doubt——"

The voice was almost childlike in its appealing innocence.

Sewell sat down opposite the girl and bent sympathetically forward. "Well?"

She waited a moment. Then, "I don't know how to begin," she said hoarsely, and stopped again.

Sewell was touched. He forgot Lemuel; he forgot everything but the heartache which he divined before him, and his Christ-derived office, his holy privilege, of helping any in want of comfort or guidance. "Perhaps," he said, in his loveliest way,—the way that had won his wife's heart, and that still provoked her severest criticism for its insincerity, it was so purely impersonal,—“perhaps that isn't necessary, if you mean beginning at the beginning. If you've any trouble that you think I can advise you in, perhaps it's better for both of us that I shouldn't know very much of it.”

"Yes?" murmured the girl, questioningly.

"I mean that if you tell me much, you will go away feeling that you have somehow parted with yourself, that you're no longer in your own keeping, but in mine; and you know that in everything our help must really come from within our own free consciences."

"Yes," said the girl again, from behind the veil which completely hid her face. She now hesitated a long time. She put her handkerchief under her veil; and at last she said, "I know what you mean." Her voice quivered pathetically; she tried to control it. "Perhaps," she whispered huskily, after another interval, "I can put it in the form of a question."

"That would be best," said Sewell.

She hesitated; the tears fell down upon her hands behind her veil; she no longer wiped them. "It's because I've often—heard you; because I know you will tell me what's true and right——"

"Your own heart must do that," said the minister, "but I will gladly help you all I can."

She did not heed him now, but continued as if rapt quite away from him.

"If there was some one—something—if there was something that it would be right for you to do—to have, if there was no one else; but if there were some one else that had a right first——" She broke off and asked abruptly, "Don't you think it is always right to prefer another—the interest of another to your own?"

Sewell could not help smiling. "There is only one thing for us to do when we are in any doubt or perplexity," he said cheerily, "and that is the unselfish thing."

"Yes," she gasped; she seemed to be speaking to herself. "I saw it, I knew it! Even if it kills us, we must do it! Nothing ought to weigh against it! Oh, I thank you!"

Sewell was puzzled. He felt dimly that she was thanking him for anguish and despair. "I'm afraid that I don't quite understand you."

"I thought I told you," she answered, with a certain reproach and a fall of courage in view of the fresh effort she must make. It was some moments before she could say "If you knew that some one—some one who was—everything to you—and that you knew—believed——"

At fifty it is hard to be serious about these things, and it was well for the girl that she was no longer conscious of Sewell's mood.

"—Cared for you; and if you knew that before he had cared for you, there had been some else—some else that he was as much to as he was to you, and that couldn't give him up, what—should you——"

Sewell fetched a long sigh of relief; he had been afraid of a much darker problem than this. He almost smiled.

"My dear child,"—she seemed but a child there before the mature man with her poor little love-trouble, so intricate and hopeless to her, so simple and easy to him,— "that depends upon a great many circumstances."

He could feel through her veil the surprise with which she turned to him: "You said, whenever we are in doubt, we must act unselfishly."

"Yes, I said that. But you must first be sure what is really selfish——"

"I *know* what is selfish in this case," said the girl with a sublimity which, if foolish, was still sublimity. "She is sick—it will kill her to lose him— You have said what I expected, and I thank you, thank you, *thank* you! And I will do it! Oh, don't fear now but I shall; I *have* done it! No matter," she went on in her exaltation, "no matter how much we care for each other, now!"

"No," said Sewell, decidedly. "That doesn't follow. I have thought of such things; there was such a case within my experience

once,"—he could not help alleging this case, in which he had long triumphed,— "and I have always felt that I did right in advising against a romantic notion of self-sacrifice in such matters. You may commit a greater wrong in that than in an act of apparent self-interest. You have not put the case fully before me, and it isn't necessary that you should, but if you contemplate any rash sacrifice, I warn you against it."

"You said that we ought to act unselfishly."

"Yes, but you must beware of the refined selfishness which shrinks from righteous self-assertion because it is painful. You must make sure of your real motive; you must consider whether your sacrifice is not going to do more harm than good. But why do you come to me with your trouble? Why don't you go to your father—your mother?"

"I have none."

"Ah——"

She had risen and pushed by him to the outer door, though he tried to keep her. "Don't be rash," he urged. "I advise you to take time to think of this——"

She did not answer; she seemed now only to wish to escape, as if in terror of him.

She pulled open the door, and was gone.

Sewell went back to his tea, bewildered, confounded.

"What's the matter? Why didn't he come in to tea with you?" asked his wife.

"Who?"

"Barker."

"What Barker?"

"David, what *is* the matter?"

Sewell started from his daze, and glanced at his children: "I'll tell you by and by, Lucy."

XXXIII.

A MONTH passed, and Sewell heard nothing of Lemuel. His charge, always elusive and evanescent, had now completely vanished, and he could find no trace of him. Mr. Corey suggested advertising. Bellingham said, why not put it in the hands of a detective? He said he had never helped work anything up with a detective; he rather thought he should like to do it. Sewell thought of writing to Barker's mother at Willoughby Pastures, but he postponed it; perhaps it would alarm her if Barker were not there. Sewell had many other cares and duties; Lemuel became more and more a good intention of the indefinite future. After all, he had always shown the ability to take care of himself, and except that he had mysteriously disappeared there was no reason for anxiety about him.

One night his name came up at a moment when Sewell was least prepared by interest or

expectation to see him. He smiled to himself, in running downstairs, at the reflection that he never seemed quite ready for Barker. But it was a relief to have him turn up again; there was no question of that, and Sewell showed him a face of welcome that dropped at sight of him. He scarcely knew the gaunt, careworn face or the shabby figure before him, in place of the handsome, well-dressed young fellow whom he had come to greet. There seemed a sort of reversion in Barker's whole presence to the time when Sewell first found him in that room; and in whatever trouble he now was, the effect was that of his original rustic constraint.

Trouble there was of some kind, Sewell could see at a glance, and his kind heart prompted him to take Lemuel's hand between both of his. "Why, my dear boy!" he began; but he stopped and made Lemuel sit down, and waited for him to speak, without further question or comment.

"Mr. Sewell," the young man said abruptly, "you told me once you—that you sometimes had money put into your hands that you could lend."

"Yes," replied Sewell, with eager cordiality.

"Could I borrow about seventy-five dollars of you?"

"Why, certainly, Barker!" Sewell had not so much of what he called his flying-charity fund by him, but he instantly resolved to advance the difference out of his own pocket.

"It's to get me an outfit for horse-car conductor," said Lemuel. "I can have the place if I can get the outfit."

"Horse-car conductor!" reverberated Sewell. "What in the world for?"

"It's work I can do," answered Lemuel, briefly, but not resentfully.

"But there are so many other things—better—fitter—more profitable! Why did you leave Mr. Corey? I assure you that you have been a great loss to him—in every way. You don't know how much he valued you, personally. He will be only too glad to have you come back."

"I can't go back," said Lemuel. "I'm going to get married."

"Married!" cried Sewell in consternation.

"My—the lady that I'm going to marry—has been sick ever since the first of October, and I haven't had a chance to look up any kind of work. But she's better now, and I've heard of this place I can get. I don't like to trouble you; but—everything's gone—I've got my mother down here helping take care of her; and I must do something. I don't know just when I can pay you back, but I'll do it sometime."

"Oh, I'm sure of that," said Sewell, from the abyss of hopeless conjecture into which

these facts had plunged him; his wandering fancy was dominated by the presence of Lemuel's mother with her bloomers in Boston. "I—I hope there's nothing serious the trouble with your—the lady?" he said, rubbing away with his hand the smile that came to his lips in spite of him.

"It's lung trouble," said Lemuel, quietly.

"Oh!" responded Sewell. "Well! Well!"

He shook himself together, and wondered what had become of the impulse he had felt to scold Barker for the idea of getting married. But such a course now seemed not only far beyond his province,—he heard himself saying that to Mrs. Sewell in self-defense when she should censure him for not doing it,—but utterly useless in view of the further complications. "Well! This is great news you tell me—a great surprise. You're—you're going to take an important step—you—you—Of course, of course! You must have a great many demands upon you, under the circumstances. Yes, yes! And I'm very glad you came to me. If your mind is quite made up about —"

"Yes, I've thought it over," said Lemuel.

"The lady has had to work all her life, and she—she isn't used to what I thought—what I intended—any other kind of people; and it's better for us both that I should get some kind of work that won't take me away from her too much—" He dropped his head, and Sewell with a flash of intelligence felt a thrill of compassionate admiration for the poor, foolish, generous creature, for so Lemuel completely appeared to him.

Again he forbore question or comment.

"Well—well! we must look you up, Mrs. Sewell and I. We must come to see your—the lady." He found himself falling helplessly into Lemuel's way of describing her. "Just write me your address here,"—he put a scrap of paper before Lemuel on the davenport,— "and I'll go and get you the money."

He brought it back in an envelope which held a very little more than Lemuel had asked for—Sewell had not dared to add much—and Lemuel put it in his pocket.

He tried to say something; he could only make a husky noise in his throat.

"Good-night!" said Sewell, pressing his hand with both of his again, at the door. "We shall come very soon."

"MARRIED!" said Mrs. Sewell, when he returned to her; and then she suffered a silence to ensue, in which it seemed to Sewell that his inculcation was visibly accumulating mountains vast and high. "*What did you say?*"

"Nothing," he answered, almost gayly; the case was so far beyond despair. "What should *you* have said?"

XXXIV.

LEMUEL got a conductor's overcoat and cap at half-price from a man who had been discharged, and put by the money saved to return to Sewell when he should come. He entered upon his duties the next morning, under the instruction of an old conductor, who said "Hain't I seen you som'eres before?" and he worked all day, taking money and tickets, registering fares, helping ladies on and off the car, and monotonously journeying back and forth over his route. He went on duty at six o'clock in the morning, after an early breakfast that 'Manda Grier and his mother got him, for Statira was not strong enough yet to do much, and he was to be relieved at eight. At nightfall, after two half-hour respites for dinner and tea, he was so tired that he could scarcely stand.

"Well, how do you like it, as fur's you've gone?" asked the instructing conductor, in whom Lemuel had recognized an old acquaintance. "Sweet life, ain't it? There! That switch hain't worked again! Jump off, young man, and put your shoulder to the wheel!"

The car had failed to take the right-hand turn where the line divided; it had to be pushed back, and while the driver tugged and swore under his breath at his horses, Lemuel set himself to push the car.

"S no use!" said the driver finally. "I got to hitch 'em on at the other end, and pull her back."

He uncoupled the team from the front of the car, and swung round with it. Lemuel felt something strike him on the leg, and he fell down. He scrambled to his feet again, but his left leg doubled under him; it went through his mind that one of the horses must have lashed out and broken it; then everything seemed to stop.

The world began again for him in the apothecary's shop where he had been carried, and from which he was put into an ambulance, by a policeman. It stopped again, as he whirled away; it renewed itself in anguish, and ceased in bliss as he fainted from the pain or came to.

They lifted him up some steps, at last, and carried him into a high, bright room, where there were two or three cots, and a long glass case full of surgical instruments. They laid him on a cot, and some one swiftly and skillfully undressed him. A surgeon had come in, and now he examined Lemuel's leg. He looked once or twice at his face.

"This is a pretty bad job. I can't tell how bad till you've had the ether. Will you leave it to me?"

"Yes. But do the best you can for me."

"You may be sure I will."

Lemuel believed that they meant to cut off his leg. He knew that he had a right to refuse and to take the consequences, but he would not; he had no right to choose death, when he had others to live for.

He woke deathly sick at first, and found himself lying in bed, one of the two rows in a long room, where there were some quiet women in neat caps and seersucker dresses going about, with bowls of food and bottles of medicine.

Lemuel still felt his leg, and the pain in it, but he had heard how mutilated men felt their lost limbs all their lives, and he was afraid to make sure by the touch of his hand.

A nurse who saw his eyes open came to him. He turned them upon her, but he could not speak. She must have understood. "The doctor thinks he can save your leg for you; but it's a bad fracture. You must be careful to keep very still."

He fell asleep; and life began again for him, in the midst of suffering and death. He saw every day broken and mangled men, drunk with ether, brought up as he had been, and laid in beds; he saw the priest of the religion to which most of the poor and lowly still belong, go and come among the cots, and stand by the pillows where the sick feebly followed him in the mystical gestures which he made on his brow and breast; he learned to know the use of the white linen screen which was drawn about a bed to hide the passing of a soul; he became familiar with the helpless sympathy, the despair of the friends who came to visit the sick and dying.

He had not lacked for more attention and interest from his own than the rules of the hospital allowed. His mother and 'Manda Grier came first, and then Statira when they would let her. She thought it hard that she was not suffered to do the least thing for him; she wished to take him away to their own rooms, where she could nurse him twice as well. At first she cried whenever she saw him, and lamented over him, so that the head nurse was obliged to explain to her that she disturbed the patients, and could not come any more unless she controlled herself. She promised, and kept her word; she sat quietly by his pillow and held his hand, when she came, except when she put up her own to hide the cough which she could not always restrain. The nurse told her that of course she was not accountable for the cough, but she had better try to check it. Statira brought troches with her, and held them in her mouth for this purpose.

Lemuel's family was taken care of in this time of disaster. The newspapers had made

his accident promptly known, and not only Sewell, but Miss Vane and Mrs. Corey had come to see if they could be of any use.

One day a young girl brought a bouquet of flowers and set it by Lemuel's bed, when he seemed asleep. He suddenly opened his eyes, and saw Sybil Vane for the first time since their quarrel.

She put her finger to her lip, and smiled with the air of a lady benefactress; then, with a few words of official sympathy, she encouraged him to get well, and flitted to the next bed, where she bestowed a jacquemint rosebud on a Chinaman dying of cancer.

Sewell came often to see him, at first in the teeth of his mother's obvious hostility, but with her greater and greater relenting. Nothing seemed gloomier than the outlook for Lemuel, but Sewell had lived too long not to know that the gloom of an outlook has nothing to do with a man's real future. It was impossible, of course, for Lemuel to go back to Mr. Corey's now with a sick wife, who would need so much of his care. Besides, he did not think it desirable on other accounts. He recurred to what Lemuel had said about getting work that should not take him too far away from the kind of people his betrothed was used to, and he felt a pity and respect for the boy whom life had already taught this wisdom, this resignation. He could see that before his last calamity had come upon him, Barker was trying to adjust his ambition to his next duty, or rather to subordinate it; and the conviction that he was right gave Sewell courage to think that he would yet somehow succeed. It also gave him courage to resist, on Barker's behalf, the generous importunities of some who would have befriended him. Mr. Corey and Charles Bellingham drove up to the hospital one day to see Lemuel; and when Sewell met them the same evening, they were full of enthusiasm. Corey said that the effect of the hospital, with its wards branching from the classic building in the center, was delightfully Italian; it was like St. Peter's on a small scale, and he had no idea how interesting the South End was; it was quite a bit of foreign travel to go up there. Bellingham had explored the hospital throughout; he said he had found it the thing to do—it was a thing for everybody to do; he was astonished that he had never done it before. They united in praising Barker, and they asked what could be done for him. Corey was strenuous for his coming back to him; at any rate, they must find something for him. Bellingham favored the notion of doing something for his education; a fellow like that could come to almost anything.

Sewell shook his head. "All that's impossible now. With that girl——"

"Oh, confound her!" cried Bellingham.

"I was rather disappointed at not seeing his mother," said Corey. "I had counted a good deal, I find, upon Mrs. Barker's bloomers."

"With a girl like that for his wife," pursued Sewell, "the conditions are all changed. He must cleave to her in mind as well as body, and he must seek the kind of life that will unite them more and more, not less and less. In fact, he was instinctively doing so when this accident happened. That's what marriage means."

"Oh, not always," suggested Corey.

"He must go back to Willoughby Pastures," Sewell concluded, "to his farm."

"Oh, come now!" said Bellingham, with disgust.

"If that sort of thing is to go on," said Corey, "what is to become of the ancestry of the future *élite* of Boston? I counted upon Barker to found one of our first families. Besides, any Irishman could take his farm and do better with it. The farm would be meat to the Irishman, and poison to Barker, now that he's once tasted town."

"Yes, I know all that," said Sewell, sadly. "I once thought the greatest possible good I could do Barker, after getting him to Boston, was to get him back to Willoughby Pastures; but if that was ever true, the time is past. Now, it merely seems the only thing possible. When he gets well, he will still have an invalid wife on his hands; he must provide her a home; she could have helped him once, and would have done so, I've no doubt; but now she must be taken care of."

"Look here!" said Bellingham. "What's the reason these things can't be managed as they are in the novels? In any well-regulated romance that cough of hers would run into quick consumption and carry Barker's fiancée off in six weeks; and then he could resume his career of usefulness and prosperity here, don't you know. He could marry some one else and found that family that Corey wants."

They all laughed, Sewell ruefully.

"As it is," said Corey, "I suppose she'll go on having hemorrhages to a good old age, and outlive him, after being a clog and burden to him all his life. Poor devil! What in the world possesses him to want to marry her? But I suppose the usual thing."

This gave Sewell greater discomfort than the question of Lemuel's material future. He said listlessly, "Oh, I suppose so," but he was far from thinking precisely that. He had seen Lemuel and the young girl together a great deal, and a painful misgiving had grown up in his mind. It seemed to him that while he had seen no want of patience and kindness towards her in Lemuel, he had not seen the

return of her fondness, which, silly as it was in some of its manifestations, he thought he should be glad of in him. Yet he was not sure. Barker was always so self-contained that he might very well feel more love for her than he showed; and, after all, Sewell rather weakly asked himself, was the love so absolutely necessary?

When he repeated this question in his wife's presence, she told him she was astonished at him.

"You know that it is *vital*ly necessary! It's all the more necessary, if he's so superior to her, as you say. I can't think what's become of your principles, my dear!"

"I do: you've got them," said Sewell.

"I really believe I have," said his wife, with that full conviction of righteousness which her sex alone can feel. "I have always heard you say that marriage without love was not only sinful in itself, but the beginning of sorrow. Why do you think now that it makes no difference?"

"I suppose I was trying to adapt myself to circumstances," answered Sewell, frankly at least. "Let's hope that my facts are as wrong as my conclusions. I'm not sure of either. I suppose if I saw him idolizing so slight and light a person as she seems to be, I should be more disheartened about his future than I am now. If he overvalued her, it would only drag him lower down."

"Oh, his future! Drag him down! Why don't you think of *her*, going up there to that dismal wilderness, to spend her days in toil and poverty, with a half-crazy mother-in-law, and a rheumatic brother-in-law, in such a looking hovel?" Mrs. Sewell did not group these disadvantages conventionally, but they were effective. "You have allowed your feelings about that baffling creature to blind you to everything else, David. Why should you care so much for his future, and nothing for hers? Is that so very bright?"

"I don't think that either is dazzling," sighed the minister. Yet Barker's grew a little lighter as he familiarized himself with it, or rather with Barker. He found that he had a plan for getting a teacher's place in the academy, if they reopened it, at Willoughby Pastures, as they talked of doing, under the impulse of such a course in one of the neighboring towns, and that he was going home, in fancy at least, with purposes of enlightenment and elevation which would go far to console him under such measure of disappointment as they must bring. Sewell hinted to Barker that he must not be too confident of remodeling Willoughby Pastures upon the pattern of Boston.

"Oh, no; I don't expect that," said Lemuel. "What I mean is that I shall always try

to remember myself what I've learnt here — from the kind of men I've seen, and the things that I know people are all the time doing for others. I told you once that they haven't got any idea of that in the country. I don't expect to preach it into them; they wouldn't like it if I did; and they'd make fun of it; but if I could try to *live* it?"

"Yes," said Sewell, touched by this young enthusiasm.

"I don't know as I can all the time," said Lemuel. "But it seems to me that that's what I've learnt here, if I've learnt anything. I think the world's a good deal better than I used to."

"Do you, indeed, my dear boy?" asked Sewell, greatly interested. "It's a pretty well meaning world — I hope it is."

"Yes, that's what I mean," said Lemuel. "I presume it ain't perfect — isn't, I should say," and Sewell smiled. "Mr. Corey was always correcting me on that. But if I were to do nothing but pass along the good that's been done me since I came here, I should be kept busy the rest of my life."

Sewell knew that this emotion was largely the physical optimism of convalescence; but he could not refuse the comfort it gave him to find Barker in such a mood, and he did not conceive it his duty to discourage it. Lofty ideals, if not indulged at the expense of lowly realities, he had never found hurtful to any; and it was certainly better for Barker to think too well than too ill of Boston, if it furnished him incentives to unselfish living. He could think of enough things in the city to warrant a different judgment, but if Barker's lesson from his experience there was this, Sewell was not the person to weaken its force with him. He said, with a smile of reserved comment, "Well, perhaps you'll be coming back to us, some day."

"I don't look forward to that," said Lemuel soberly; and then his face took a sterner cast, as if from the force of his resolution. "The first thing I've got to do after I've made a home for her is to get Statura away from the town where she can have some better air, and see if she can't get her health back. It'll be time enough to talk of Boston again when she's fit to live here."

The minister's sympathetic spirit sank again. But his final parting with Barker was not unhopeful. Lemuel consented to accept from him a small loan, to the compass of which he reduced the eager bounty of Miss Vane and Mr. Corey, representing that more would be a burden and an offense to Barker. Statura and his mother came with him to take leave of the Sewells.

They dismounted from the horse-car at the minister's door; and he saw, with sensibility,

the two women helping Lemuel off; he walked with a cane, and they went carefully on either side of him. Sewell hastened to meet them at the door himself, and he was so much interested in the spectacle of this mutual affection that he failed at first to observe that Mrs. Barker wore the skirts of occidental civilization instead of the bloomers which he had identified her with.

"She *says* she's goin' to put 'em on again as soon as she gets back to Willoughby," the younger woman explained to Mrs. Sewell in an aside, while the minister was engaged with Lemuel and his mother. "But I tell her as long as it ain't the fashion in Boston, I guess she hadn't better *he-e-e-re*." Statira had got on her genteel prolongation of her last syllables again. "I guess I shall get along with her. She's kind of queer when you first get acquainted, but she's *real* good-*heart-e-e-d*." She was herself very prettily dressed, and though she looked thin, and at times gave a deep, dismal cough, she was so bright and gay that it was impossible not to feel hopeful about her. She became very confidential with Mrs. Sewell, whom she apparently brevetted Lemuel's best friend, and obliged to a greater show of interest in him than she had ever felt. She told her the whole history of her love affair, and of how much 'Manda Grier had done to help it on at first, and then how she had wanted her to break off with Lemuel. "But," she concluded, "*I* think we're goin' to get along real nice together. I don't know as we shall live all in the same *hou-ou-se*; I guess it'll be the best thing for Lem and I if we can board till we get some little of our health back; I'm more scared for him than what I am for my-*se-e-lf*. I don't presume but what we shall both miss the city some; but he might be out of a job all winter in town; I shouldn't want he should go back on them *ca-a-rs*. Most I hate is leavin' 'Manda Grier; she is the one that I've roomed with ever since I first came to Boston; but Lem and her don't get on very well; they hain't really either of 'em *got* anything against each other, now, but they don't *like* very *wu-e-l*; and, of course, I got to have the friends that he wants me to have, and that's what 'Manda Grier says *to-o-o*; and so it's just as well we're goin' to be where they won't *cla-a-sh*."

She talked to Mrs. Sewell in a low voice; but she kept her eyes upon Lemuel all the time; and when Sewell took him and his mother the length of the front drawing-room away, she was quite distraught, and answered at random till he came back.

Sewell did not know what to think. Would this dependence warm her betrothed to greater

tenderness than he now showed, or would its excess disgust him? He was not afraid that Lemuel would ever be unkind to her; but he knew that in marriage kindness was not enough. He looked at Lemuel, serious, thoughtful, refined in his beauty by suffering; and then his eye wandered to Statira's delicate prettiness, so sweet, so full of amiable cheerfulness, so undeniably light and silly. What chiefly comforted him was the fact of an ally whom the young thing had apparently found in Lemuel's mother. Whether that grim personage's ignorant pride in her son had been satisfied with a girl of Statira's style and fashion, and proved capableness in housekeeping, or whether some fancy for butterfly prettiness lurking in the fastnesses of the old woman's rugged nature had been snared by the gay face and dancing eyes, it was apparent that she at least was in love with Statira. She allowed herself to be poked about, and rearranged as to her shawl and the narrow-brimmed youthful hat which she wore on the peak of her skull, and she softened to something like a smile at the touch of Statira's quick hands.

They had all come rather early to make their parting visit at the Sewells', for the Barkers were going to take the two o'clock train for Willoughby Pastures, while Statira was to remain in Boston till he could make a home for her. Lemuel promised to write as soon as he should be settled, and tell Sewell about his life and his work; and Sewell, beyond earshot of his wife, told him he might certainly count upon seeing them at Willoughby in the course of the next summer. They all shook hands several times. Lemuel's mother gave her hand from under the fringe of her shawl, standing bolt upright at arm's length off, and Sewell said it felt like a collection of corn-cobs.

xxxv.

"WELL?" said Sewell's wife, when they were gone.

"Well," he responded; and after a moment he said, "There's this comfort about it, which we don't always have in such cases: there doesn't seem to be anybody else. It would be indefinitely worse if there were."

"Why, of course. What in the world are you thinking about?"

"About that foolish girl who came to me with her miserable love-trouble. I declare, I can't get rid of it. I feel morally certain that she went away from me and dismissed the poor fellow who was looking to her love to save him."

"At the cost of some other poor creature who'd trusted and believed in him till his silly fancy changed? I hope for the credit of

women that she did. But you may be morally certain she did nothing of the kind. Girls don't give up all their hopes in life so easily as that. She might think she would do it, because she had read of such things, and thought it was fine, but when it came to the pinch, she wouldn't."

"I hope not. If she did she would commit a great error, a criminal error."

"Well, you needn't be afraid. Look at Mrs. Tom Corey. And that was her own sister!"

"That was different. Corey had never thought of her sister, much less made love to her, or promised to marry her. Besides, Mrs. Corey had her father and mother to advise her, and support her in behaving sensibly. And this poor creature had nothing but her own novel-fed fancies, and her crazy conscience. She thought that because she inflicted suffering upon herself she was acting unselfishly. Really, the fakirs of India and the Penitentes of New Mexico are more harmless, for they don't hurt any one else. If she has forced some poor fellow into a marriage like this of Barker's, she's committed a deadly sin. She'd better driven him to suicide, than condemned him to live a lie to the end of his days. No doubt she regarded it as a momentary act of expiation. That's the way her romances taught her to look at loveless marriage—as something spectacular, transitory, instead of the enduring, degrading, squalor that it is!"

"What in the world are you talking about, David? I should think *you* were a novelist yourself, by the wild way you go on! You have no proof whatever that Barker isn't happily engaged. I'm sure he's got a much better girl than he deserves, and one that's fully his equal. She's only too fond of that dry stick. Such a girl as the one you described,—like that mysterious visitor of yours,—what possible relation could she have with him? She was a lady!"

"Yes, yes! Of course it's absurd. But everybody seems to be tangled up with everybody else. My dear, will you give me a cup of tea? I think I'll go to writing at once."

Before she left her husband to order his tea Mrs. Sewell asked, "And do you think you have got through with him now?"

"I have just begun with him," replied Sewell.

His mind, naturally enough in connection with Lemuel, was running upon his friend Evans, and the subject they had once talked of in that room. It was primarily in thinking of him that he began to write his sermon on Complicity, which made a great impression at the time, and had a more lasting effect as enlarged from the newspaper reports, and reprinted in pamphlet form. His evolution from the text, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," of a complete philoso-

phy of life, was humorously treated by some of his critics as a phase of Darwinism, but upon the whole the sermon met with great favor. It not only strengthened Sewell's hold upon the affections of his own congregation, but carried his name beyond Boston, and made him the topic of editorials in the Sunday editions of leading newspapers as far off as Chicago. It struck one of those popular moods of intelligent sympathy when the failure of a large class of underpaid and worthy workers to assert their right to a living wage against a powerful monopoly had sent a thrill of respectful pity through every generous heart in the country; and it was largely supposed that Sewell's sermon referred indirectly to the telegraphers' strike. Those who were aware of his habit of seeking to produce a personal rather than a general effect, of his belief that you can have a righteous public only by the slow process of having righteous men and women, knew that he meant something much nearer home to each of his hearers, when he preached the old Christ-humanity to them, and enforced again the lesson that no one for good or for evil, for sorrow or joy, for sickness or health, stood apart from his fellows, but each was bound to the highest and the lowest by ties that centered in the hand of God. No man, he said, sinned or suffered to himself alone; his error and his pain darkened and afflicted men who never heard of his name. If a community was corrupt, if an age was immoral, it was not because of the vicious, but the virtuous who fancied themselves indifferent spectators. It was not the tyrant who oppressed, it was the wickedness that had made him possible. The gospel—Christ—God, so far as men had imagined him,—was but a lesson, a type, a witness from everlasting to everlasting of the spiritual unity of man. As we grew in grace, in humanity, in civilization, our recognition of this truth would be transfigured from a duty to a privilege, a joy, a heavenly rapture. Many men might go through life harmlessly without realizing this, perhaps, but sterilely; only those who had had the care of others laid upon them, lived usefully, fruitfully. Let no one shrink from such a burden, or seek to rid himself of it. Rather let him bind it fast upon his neck, and rejoice in it. The wretched, the foolish, the ignorant whom we found at every turn, were something more; they were the messengers of God, sent to tell his secret to any that would hear it. Happy he in whose ears their cry for help was a perpetual voice, for that man, whatever his creed, knew God, and could never forget him. In his responsibility for his weaker brethren he was Godlike, for God was but the impersonation of loving responsibility, of infinite and never-ceasing care for us all.

WHEN Sewell came down from his pulpit, many people came up to speak to him of his sermon. Some of the women's faces showed the traces of tears, and each person had made its application to himself. There were two or three who had heard between the words. Old Bromfield Corey, who was coming a good deal more to church since his eyes began to fail him, because it was a change and a sort of relief from being read to, said:

"I didn't know that they had translated it Barker in the revised version. Well, you must let me know how he's getting on, Sewell, and give me a chance at the revelation too, if he ever gets troublesome to you again."

Miss Vane was standing at the door with his wife when Sewell came out. She took his hand and pressed it.

"Do you think I threw away my chance?" she demanded. She had her veil down, and at first Sewell thought it was laughter that shook her voice, but it was not that.

He did not know quite what to say, but he did say, "He was sent to me."

As they walked off alone, his wife said:

"Well, David, I hope you haven't preached away all your truth and righteousness."

"I know what you mean, my dear," answered Sewell humbly. He added, "You shall remind me, if I seem likely to forget." But he concluded seriously, "If I thought I could never do anything more for Barker, I should be very unhappy; I should take it as a sign that I had been recreant to my charge."

XXXVI.

THE minister heard directly from Barker two or three times during the winter, and as often through Statira, who came to see Mrs. Sewell. Barker had not got the place he had hoped for at once, but he had got a school in the country a little way off, and he was doing something; and he expected to do better.

The winter proved a very severe one. "I guess it's just as well I staid in town," said Statira, the last time she came, with a resignation which Mrs. Sewell, fond of the ideal in others, as most ladies are, did not like. "'Manda Grier says 'twould killed me up there; and I d' know but what it would. I done so well here, since the cold weather set in, that 'Manda Grier she thinks I hadn't better get married right away; well, not till it comes summer, anyway. I tell her I guess she don't want I should get married at all, after all she done to help it along first off. Her and Mr. Barker don't seem to get along very well."

Now that Statira felt a little better acquainted with Mrs. Sewell, she dropped the

genteel elongation of her final syllables, and used such vernacular forms of speech as came first to her. The name of 'Manda Grier seemed to come in at every fourth word with her, and she tired Mrs. Sewell with visits which she appeared unable to bring to a close of herself.

A long relief from them ended in an alarm for her health with Mrs. Sewell, who went to find her. She found her still better than before, and Statira frankly accounted for her absence by saying that 'Manda thought she had better not come any more till Mrs. Sewell returned some of her calls. She laughed, and then she said:

"I don't know as you'd found me here if you'd come much later. 'Manda Grier don't want I should be here in the east winds, now it's comin' spring so soon; and she's heard of a chance at a box factory in Philadelphia. She wants I should go there with her, and I don't know but what it *would* be about the best thing."

Mrs. Sewell could not deny the good sense of the plan, though she was sensible of liking Statira less and less for it.

The girl continued: "Lem — Mr. Barker, I *should* say — wants I should come up *there*, out the east winds. But 'Manda Grier she's opposed to it; she thinks I'd ought to have more of a mild climate, and he better come down *there* and get a school, if he wants me *to-o*." Statira broke into an impartial little titter. "I'm sure I don't know which of 'em 'll win the day!"

Mrs. Sewell's report of this speech brought a radiant smile of relief to Sewell's face. "Ah, well, then! That settles it! I feel perfectly sure that 'Manda Grier will win the day. That poor, sick, flimsy little Statira is completely under 'Manda Grier's thumb, and will do just what she says, now that there's no direct appeal from her will to Barker's; they will never be married. Don't you see that it was 'Manda Grier's romance in the beginning, and that when she came to distrust, to dislike Barker, she came to dislike her romance too — to hate it?"

"Well, don't *you* romance him, David," said Mrs. Sewell, only conditionally accepting his theory.

Yet it may be offered to the reader as founded in probability and human nature. In fact, he may be assured here that the marriage which eventually took place was not that of Lemuel and Statira; though how the union, which was not only happiness for those it joined, but whatever is worthier and better in life than happiness, came about, it is aside from the purpose of this story to tell, and must be left for some future inquiry.



JEANNE D'ARC. (AFTER THE STATUE BY CHAPU IN THE LUXEMBOURG.)

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH SCULPTURE.

CHAPU — DUBOIS.



GREEK sculpture has perished so completely that it sometimes seems to live only in its legend. It is quite supplanted by the sculpture of the Renaissance. And this is not unreasonable. The Renaissance sculpture is modern; its masters did finely and perfectly what since their time has been done imperfectly, but essentially its artistic spirit is the modern artistic spirit, full of personality, full of expression, careless of the type. Nowadays we patronize a little the ideal. You may hear very intelligent critics in Paris—who in Paris is not an intelligent critic?—speak disparagingly of the Greek want of expression; of the lack of passion, of vivid interest, of significance in a word, in Greek sculpture of the Periclean epoch. The conception of absolute beauty having been discovered to be an abstraction, the tradition of the purely ideal has gone with it. The caryatids of the Erechtheum, the horsemen of the Parthenon frieze, the reliefs of the Nike Apteros balustrade are admired certainly; but they are hardly sympathetically admired; there is a tendency to relegate them to the limbo of subjects for æsthetic lectures. And yet no one can have carefully examined the brilliant productions of French sculpture without being struck by this apparent paradox: that, whereas all its canons are drawn from a study of the Renaissance, its chief characteristic is, at bottom, a lack of expression, a carefulness for the type. The explanation is this: in the course of time, which “at last makes all things even,” the individuality, the romanticism of the Renaissance has itself become the type, is now itself become “classical,” and the modern attitude towards it, however sympathetic compared with the modern attitude towards the antique, is to a noteworthy degree factitious and artificial. And in art everything depends upon the attitude of mind. It is this which prevents Ingres from being truly Raphaëlesque and Pradier from being really classical. If, therefore, it can justly be said of modern French sculpture that its sympathy for the Renaissance sculpture obscures its vision of the ideal, it is clearly to be charged with the same absence of individual significance with which its thick-and-thin partisans

reproach the antique. The circumstance that, like the Renaissance sculpture, it deals far more largely in pictorial expression than the antique does, is, if it deals in them after the Renaissance fashion and not after a fashion of its own, quite beside the essential fact. There is really nothing in common between a French sculptor of the present day and an Italian one of the fifteenth century except the possession of what is called the modern spirit. But the modern spirit manifests itself in an enormous gamut, and the differences of its manifestations are as great in their way, and so far as our interest in them is concerned, as the difference between their inspiration and the mediæval or the antique inspiration.

M. Chapu is perhaps the only eminent sculptor of the time whose inspiration is clearly the antique, and when I add that his work appears to me for this reason none the less original, it will be immediately perceived that I share imperfectly the French objection to the antique. Indeed, nowadays to have the antique inspiration is to be original *ex vi termini*; nothing is further removed from contemporary conventions. But this is true in a much more integral sense. The preëminent fact of Greek sculpture, for example, is, from one point of view, the directness with which it concerns itself with the ideal—the slight temporary or personal element with which it is alloyed. When one calls an artist or a work Greek, this is what is really meant; it is the sense in which Raphael is Greek, or (to associate lesser things with great, and if I may say so without being misunderstood) the work of Mr. Whistler. M. Chapu is Greek in this way, and thus individualized among his contemporaries, not only by having a different inspiration from them, but by depending for his interest on no convention fixed or fleeting and on no indirect support of accentuated personal characteristics. Perhaps the antiquary of a thousand years from now, to whom the traits which to us distinguish so clearly the work of certain sculptors who seem to have nothing in common will betray only their common inspiration, will be even less at a loss than ourselves to find traces of a common origin in such apparently different works as M. Chapu's “Mercury” and his “Jeunesse” of the Regnault monument. He will by no means confound these with the classical productions of M. Millet or



MILITARY COURAGE. (ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF, AFTER THE STATUE BY DUBOIS AT THE TOMB OF LAMORICIERE, NANTES.)

M. Cavellier, we may be sure. And this, I repeat, because their purely Greek spirit, the subordination in their conception and execution of the personal element, the direct way in which the sculptor looks at the ideal, the type, not only distinguish them among contemporary works, which are so largely personal expressions, but give them an eminent individuality as well. Like the Greek sculpture, they are plainly the production of culture, which in restraining willfulness, however happily inspired, and imposing measure and poise, nevertheless acutely stimulates and develops the faculties themselves. The skeptic who may very plausibly inquire the distinction between that vague entity, "the ideal," and the personal idea of the artist concerned with it, can be shown this distinction better than it can be expressed in words. He will appreciate it very readily, to return to M. Chapu, by contrasting the Jeanne d'Arc at the Luxembourg gallery with such different treatment of the same theme as M. Bastien-Lepage's picture, as well known in America as in Paris, illustrates. Contrary to his almost invariable practice of neglecting even design in favor of impersonal natural representation, M. Bastien-Lepage's "Jeanne d'Arc" is the creature of willful originality, a sort of embodied protest against conventionalism in historical painting; she is the illustration of a theory, she is this and that systematically and not spontaneously; the predominance of the painter's personality is plain in every detail of his creation. M. Chapu's "Maid" is the ideal, more or less perfectly expressed. She is everybody's "Maid," more or less adequately embodied. The statue is the antipodes of the conventional; it suggests no competition with that at Versailles or the many other characterless conceptions which abound. It is full of expression — arrested just before it ceases to be suggestive; of individuality restrained on the hither side of peculiarity. The "Maid" is hearing her "voices" as distinctly as M. Bastien-Lepage's figure is, but the fact is not forced upon the sense, but is rather disclosed to the mind with great delicacy and the dignity becoming sculpture. No one could, of course, mistake this work for an antique, — an error that might possibly be made, supposing the conditions favorable, in the case of M. Chapu's "Mercury"; but it presents, nevertheless, an excellent illustration of a modern working naturally and freely in the antique spirit. It is as affecting, as full of direct appeal, as a modern work essays to be; but its appeal is to the sense of beauty, to the imagination, and its effect is wrought in virtue of its art and not of its reality. No, individuality is no more inconsistent with the antique spirit than it is with

eccentricity, with the extravagances of personal expression. Is there more individuality in a thirteenth-century grotesque than in the Faun of the Capitol? For sculpture especially, art is eminently, as it has been termed, "the discipline of genius," and it is only after the sculptor's genius has submitted to the discipline of culture that it evinces an individuality which really counts, which is really thrown out in relief on the background of crude personality. And if there be no question of perfection, but only of the artist's attitude, one has but to ask himself the real meaning of the epithet Shaksperian to be assured of the harmony between individuality and the most impersonal practice.

Nevertheless, this attitude and this perfection, characteristic as they are of M. Chapu's work, have their peril. When the quickening impulse, of whose expression they are after all but conditions, fails, they suddenly appear so misplaced as to render insignificant what would otherwise have seemed "respectable" enough work. Everywhere else of great distinction, — even in the execution of so perfunctory a task as a commission for a figure of "Mechanical Art" in the Tribunal de Commerce, at the great Triennial Exposition of 1883, — M. Chapu was simply insignificant. There was never a more striking illustration of the necessity of constant renewal of inspiration, of the constant danger of lapse into the perfunctory and the hackneyed, which threatens an artist of precisely M. Chapu's qualities. Another of equal eminence escapes this peril; there is not the same interdependence of form and "content" to be disturbed by failure in the latter; or, better still, the merits of form are not so distinguished as to require imperatively a corresponding excellence of intention. In fact, it is for the exceptional position that he occupies in deriving from the antique, instead of showing the academic devotion to Renaissance romanticism which characterizes the general movement of modern French sculpture, that in any consideration of this sculpture M. Chapu's work makes a more vivid impression than that of his contemporaries, and thus naturally takes a foremost place.

M. Paul Dubois, for example, is as unmistakably "arrived," as the phrase is, as M. Chapu, to whom, in the characteristics just treated of, he presents the greatest possible contrast; but he will never, we may be sure, give us a work that could be called insignificant. His work will always express himself, and his is a personality of very positive idiosyncrasies. M. Dubois, indeed, is probably the strongest of the Academic group of French sculptors of the day. The tomb of General Lamoricière at Nantes has remained until recently probably the finest achievement



LA JEUNESSE. (ENGRAVED BY J. H. K. WHITNEY, AFTER THE REGNAULT MONUMENT BY CHAPU IN THE BEAUX-ARTS.)



THE INFANT JOHN. (ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL, AFTER THE STATUE BY DUBOIS IN THE LUXEMBOURG.)

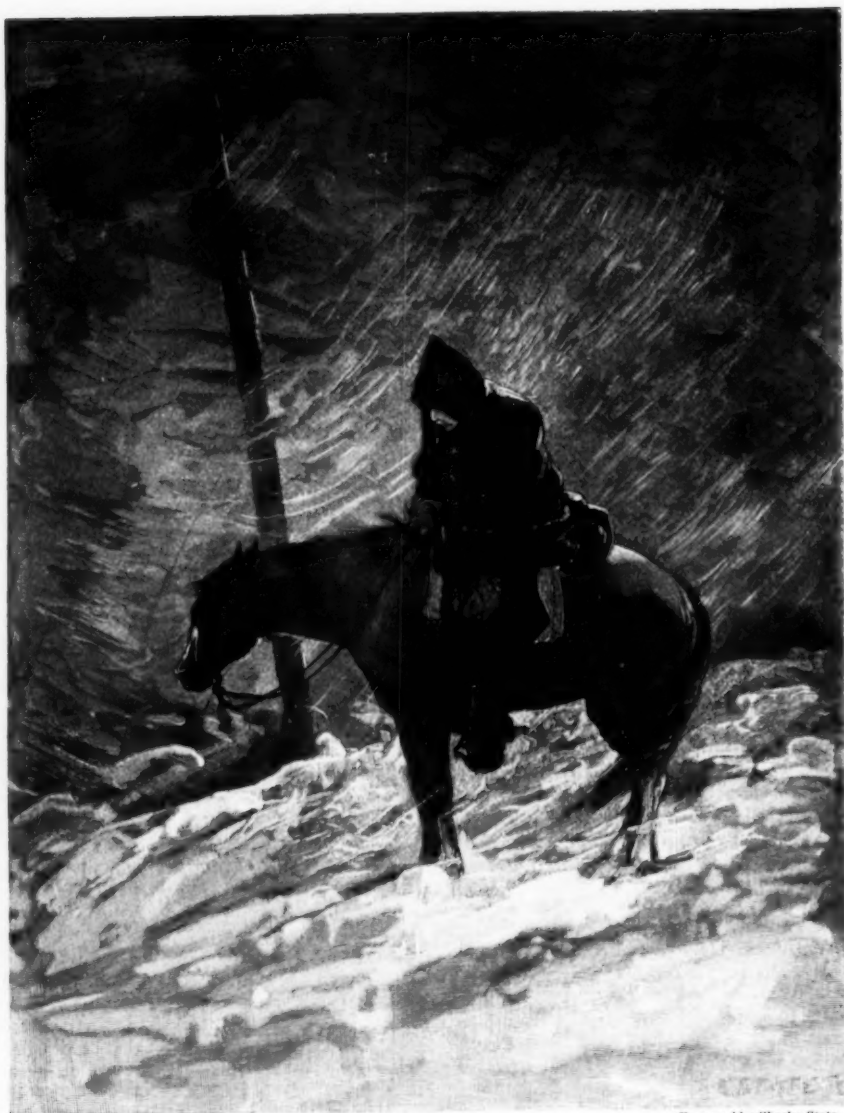
of sculpture in modern times. There is in effect nothing markedly superior in the Cathedral of St. Denis, which is a great deal to say—much more, indeed, than the glories of the Italian Renaissance, which lead us out of mere momentum to forget the French, permit one to appreciate. Indeed, the sculpture of M. Dubois seems positively to have but one defect, a defect which from one point of view is certainly a quality, the defect of impeccability. It is at any rate impeccable; to seek in it a blemish, or, within its own limitations, a distinct shortcoming, is to lose one's pains. As workmanship, and workmanship of the subtler kind, in which every detail of surface and structure is perceived to have been intelligently felt (though rarely enthusiastically rendered), it is not merely satisfactory, but visibly and beautifully perfect. But in the category in which M. Dubois is to be placed that is very little; it is always delightful, but it is not especially complimentary to M. Dubois, to occupy one's self with it. On the other hand, by impeccability is certainly not here meant the mere success of expressing what one has to express—the impeccability of Canova and his successors, for example. The difficulty is with M. Dubois's ideal, with what he so perfectly expresses. At the last analysis this is not his ideal more than ours. And this, indeed, is what makes his work so flawless in our eyes, so impeccable. It seems as if of what he attempts he attains the type itself; every one must recognize its justness.

The reader will say at once here that I am caviling at M. Dubois for what I praised in M. Chapu. But let us distinguish. The two artists belong to wholly different categories. M. Chapu's inspiration is the antique spirit. M. Dubois is, like all French sculptors except M. Chapu indeed, absolutely and integrally a romanticist, completely enamored of the Renaissance. The two are so distinct as to be contradictory. The moment M. Dubois gives us the *type* in a "Florentine Minstrel," to the exclusion of the personal and the particular, he fails in imaginativeness and falls back on the conventional. The *type* of a "Florentine Minstrel" is infallibly a convention. M. Dubois, not being occupied directly with the ideal, is bound to carry his subject and its idiosyncrasies much farther than the observer could have foreseen. To rest content with expressing gracefully and powerfully the notion common to all connoisseurs is to fall short of what one justly expects of the romantic artist. Indeed, in exchange for this one would accept very faulty work in this category with resignation. Whatever we may say or think, however we may admire or approve, in romantic art the quality that charms, that fascinates, is not adequacy but unexpectedness. In addition to the under-

standing, the instinct demands satisfaction. The virtues of Charity and Faith and the ideas of Military Courage and Meditation could not be more adequately illustrated than by the figures which guard the solemn dignity of General Lamoricière's sleep. There is a certain force, a breadth of view, in the general conception, something in the way in which the sculptor has taken his task, quite as nearly allied to real grandeur as anything of the sort in contemporary art. Even in painting, I think of nothing so justly to be called grand since Delacroix. The confident and even careless dependence upon the unaided value of its motive, making hardly any appeal to the fancy on the one hand and seeking no poignant effect on the other, endues the work with the poise and purity of superb strength. It conveys to the mind a clear impression of manliness, of qualities morally refreshing.

But such work educates us so inexorably, teaches us to be so exacting! After enjoying it to its and our utmost, we demand still something else, something more moving, more stirring, something more directly appealing to our impulse and instinct. Even in his free and charming little "St. John Baptist" of the Luxembourg and his admirable bust of Baudry one feels like asking for more freedom still, for more "swing." Dubois certainly is the last artist who needs to be on his guard against "letting himself go." Why is it that in varying so agreeably Renaissance themes—compare the "Military Courage" and Michael Angelo's "Pensiero," or the "Charity" and the same group in Della Quercia's fountain at Siena,—it is restraint, rather than audacity, that governs him? Is it caution or perversity? In a word, imaginativeness is what permanently interests and attaches, the imaginativeness to which in sculpture the ordinary conventions of form are mere conditions, and the ordinary conventions of idea mere material. One can hardly apply generalities of the kind to M. Dubois without saying too much, but it is nevertheless true that one may illustrate the grand style and yet fail of being intimately and acutely sympathetic; and M. Dubois, to whose largeness of treatment and nobility of conception no one will deny the grand style, does thus fail. It is not that he does not possess charm, and charm in no mean proportion to his largeness and nobility, but for the elevation of these into the realm of magic, into the upper air of spontaneous spiritual activity, his imagination has, for the romantic imagination which it is, a trifle too much self-possession,—too much sanity, if one chooses. He has the ambitions, the faculties, of a lyric poet, and he gives us too frequently recitative.

William C. Brownell.



Drawn by Mary Halleck Foote.

Engraved by Charles Sate.

THE COWARD.

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A COWARD.



UTSIDE the July sunshine was blazing down upon the bare parade ground, the low frame houses, and the rough defenses which make up the unpicturesque ensemble of a fort in Mon-

tana; but inside the Colonel's quarters Evelyn Blake, though it was only a month since she had joined her father, had managed to make her home as dainty and as pretty as if civilization and upholsterers were not two hundred miles away.

"She is a woman like her mother, who would make an Indian 'dug-out' cozy if she lived in it for a week," her father said to himself, gazing fondly at her over the lunch-table. "When one thinks, too, that the little witch lost half her boxes on the way, and that the piano had so many narrow escapes that its safe arrival seems, as Jack Peyton says, a miracle vouchsafed to the prayers of the whole regiment —"

"Papa," said Miss Blake, lifting her blue eyes from the tea-cup she had been meditatively regarding, "suppose we ask Mr. Fleming to dine with us to-morrow?"

"Fleming?" repeated the Colonel, his beam-ing countenance clouding a little. "I think not to-morrow: we have asked Frost, you know, and they are not particularly good friends."

"We really should not put him off any longer, though he seems as difficult to arrange with the other officers as the fox, the goose, and the basket of corn. You must see, papa, that if we are to keep to your rule of asking each of the unmarried officers in turn to dine with us on Sundays, we cannot make an exception of Mr. Fleming."

"But we do not know Fleming as well as the other fellows."

"Shall we ever know him any better if we are so pointedly rude to him? Papa," cried Evelyn, folding her pretty arms upon the table, and confronting her parent quite judicially, "I am afraid that you have a prejudice against Mr. Fleming; and I have often heard you say that a commanding officer should not permit himself such a luxury."

"Oh, my dear! I have said a great many wise things in my time that I find impossible to practice."

"But what makes him so unpopular? One never sees him except at parade; his brother officers never speak of him; he has never

even been to call upon me but once, and that evidently as a matter of duty," said Evelyn, announcing this climax of peculiarity with all the well-justified surprise of the only young lady of a garrison, who had possessed a monopoly of the time and devotion of the unmarried officers of the regiment ever since her arrival. "What has he done?"

The Colonel pulled his gray mustache thoughtfully.

"You will be sure to hear the story sooner or later," he said rather ruefully. "And I dare say, prejudiced though you think me, that I shall tell it to you more fairly than one of those youngsters, who understand nothing between their own reckless courage and downright poltroonery."

"What do you mean, papa?"

"I mean that for three years Fleming has lived under the stigma of cowardice—that there is not a man in the regiment who does not believe that his cowardice cost a comrade his life." Then, in a voice that grew very stern as he proceeded, he told her the story.

Three years before the regiment had been stationed in Arizona, where the Indians had for several months been giving a great deal of trouble. Toward the end of the summer, however, everything had become quieter, and detachments had been sent from post to post without meeting with any attempt at hostility, even when their numbers were imprudently small. In the latter part of August Fleming and another officer named Lawrence, with ten soldiers, were sent to the west fort for some purpose, and had nearly reached home on their return, and, fancying themselves in security, had somewhat relaxed their vigilance, when from behind some rocks a band of Indians, three or four times their number, rushed upon them with a discharge of musketry. Two soldiers were killed instantly, and Fleming, who was in command, ordered his men to put their horses to the gallop. As they did so, Lawrence's horse was shot, and the Indians dashed towards him as he struggled to free himself, crying to his comrades to help him. The soldiers declared afterwards that, had Fleming given the word promptly, there would have been time to mount Lawrence behind one of them, and that any of the horses would have been equal to the double load for the short distance necessary to put them beyond the reach of the Indians, who did not dare to follow them very near the fort. But Fleming

had heeded neither Lawrence's cry for help nor the appeals of the soldiers nearest him, ordering the latter to be silent and save themselves, while he put his own horse to such a speed that the others could scarcely keep up with him. They arrived at the fort within half an hour, the men in such a state of indignation that every one in the garrison was soon acquainted with the story, and Fleming a disgraced man. The only reason that he had not been court-martialed at once was that there had been no officer with him to bear testimony, and it was considered too dangerous a precedent to allow soldiers to witness against an officer. Fleming had therefore kept his rank, shunned by his comrades, who felt that in so doing only could they avenge Lawrence's death, and treated, so far as he could govern his manner, with impartiality by Colonel Blake, who in his own gallant heart despised the man he considered a coward even more utterly than the younger men, who showed their contempt so plainly.

"Have you ever spoken to him about it, papa?" Evelyn asked when the story was ended. A little of her pretty color had faded, for the Colonel told the story well, and it had seemed to her almost as though she had seen the Indians sweeping around Lawrence as he fell, and heard his last cry for help drowned in the gallop of his comrades' horses as they deserted him.

"Yes, child, once. He asked to take charge of a scouting party which, after consulting the Major, I had given to Jack Peyton."

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him the story as I had heard it, and that, believing it as I did, I could not trust my men to an officer who lost his self-possession in a moment of danger; and further, that the men, having no confidence in him, could not be relied upon to do their duty under his command as they could under any other."

"Was he angry? Did he deny?"

"Angry?—deny?" repeated the Colonel gloomily. "He put his head down on the table and cried like a child. Presently he said that no one could blame him more severely than he did himself, and that he should have resigned at once, feeling his unfitness for the service, and realizing the reason why he had not been dismissed by court-martial, but that in so doing he must have told the story to his father (you have heard of what a brave old soldier General Fleming is), and that it would have broken the old man's heart. So he asked my patience while his father lives, promising to resign upon his death, and that in the mean time, in any duty for which I might think him fit, he would prove to me that he could at least work."

"And has he kept his word?"

"Perfectly. No men are better drilled or cared for than his; and when the regiment was ordered here two years ago, he proved that he had more organizing and executive ability than all the other youngsters together; while as regards the attractions at the post-trader's, where cards and drink ruin some of our best fellows, he is an example to his comrades—an example which will, however, have no good effect upon them while they consider him a coward."

"A coward! Poor fellow, he has moral courage enough for a hero! To do his duty for three years, and live solitary and despised among you all, for the sake of saving his brave old father's shame!"

"You are the first woman I ever knew who found an excuse for cowardice," the Colonel said, rising vexedly, for Fleming was rather a pet grievance with him, and he had been sure of Evelyn's sympathy in it.

"I cannot believe that a man who is so brave morally can be an utter coward physically. There must have been some reason for his conduct," she cried, rising too, and clasping both hands over her father's arm.

"He gave none."

"Because he was overwhelmed with regret. I have heard that even the bravest men have confessed to a moment of panic. Dear papa, give him another chance!"

"The Major would like to see you, Colonel," said an orderly entering. "And, Miss Blake, I showed Lieutenant Fleming into the drawing-room just now."

"Good Heavens!" cried the Colonel aghast, for the drawing-room adjoined the dining-room, and the door between was ajar. With a lamentable lack of the moral courage his daughter so much admired, he rushed into the hall, where he could be heard eagerly ushering the Major into his own particular den, while Evelyn, pale with sympathy, entered the drawing-room.

Fleming came to meet her with a smile that made her eyes fill with tears.

"I do not add eavesdropping to my other faults usually," he said in a voice which trembled a little. "But the first words I heard were yours in my excuse, and I could not help waiting to hear what you could say for me—I who can say nothing for myself!"

"It was a moment's panic," faltered Evelyn. "If you had realized the consequences—"

"I realized nothing—I was mad with fear," Fleming said with a bitterness all the more intense for its quietness. "If my horse had been shot and Lawrence in command, there would have been no moment's panic with him."

"They should give you another chance. It is not just to spoil your life for one fault."

"It was a fault which cost a life worth infinitely more than mine; and if your father were to give me the opportunity I asked for, it might cost more lives than one. No! he is right."

"It would never happen again!" cried Evelyn, carried beyond remembrance of conventionalities by keenest pity for the hopeless regret in his eyes and voice; and, clasping Fleming's strong brown hand in both of hers, she said:

"You have suffered so deeply, and have done your duty so faithfully in spite of this injustice, that I believe the dear God, who is so much more forgiving to us than we are to each other"—with a reverent lowering of the tender voice—"He will give you a chance of redeeming your fault, if only you do not lose patience."

With an inarticulate exclamation, Fleming pressed his lips to the pretty hands which held his so kindly, and hurriedly left the room.

From that afternoon it became evident to the garrison that Fleming had joined the ranks of Miss Blake's courtiers, and that she had relaxed in his favor her hitherto rigid impartiality. As her favor was just then the boon most highly prized, and as human nature is no more faultless in a frontier post than in wider circles, it followed naturally that she was several times told Fleming's story far less justly than she had heard it from her father. Her invariable reply, that she considered him most unjustly treated until he should have an opportunity to retrieve his reputation, was set down as a proof that, for the sake of his handsome melancholy eyes and his utter devotion to herself, she had forgiven him a fault which a woman usually finds as difficult to pardon as a soldier; and every one was prepared to hear of an engagement between the most popular and the most disliked persons in the regiment. That this did not add to Fleming's favor with his comrades was also most human; and Colonel Blake, when he saw Evelyn grasping every occasion of showing her preference, felt his heart also harden still more against the man whom of all others he would most object to seeing his only child marry.

"My little girl," he said one August evening when Evelyn had returned from a long ride in which Fleming had been her escort, "do not give me a coward for a son-in-law."

"Papa, you are a goose," she cried most disrespectfully, leaning over his arm-chair as she stood beside him, and kissing the top of his gray head, where a much-lamented baldness was beginning to appear.

"Oh, my dear! if your mother had lived, she would have known how to say to you the wise things that mothers understand and that girls need to hear," the Colonel said with an unwonted tremor in his cheery voice. "But though I do not know much about girls, I do

know men; and I tell you that an officer who thinks only of himself in a moment of danger and forgets the lives under his care—that man is not the husband a woman should trust with her future."

"Try to keep your thoughts from matrimony, you absurd old dear, and take my word that nobody is thinking about it but yourself," Evelyn cried gayly, and unblushingly meeting her father's anxious eyes. Then she added gravely, "If you could have seen how well Mr. Fleming managed Sultan, who really has rather a nasty temper. There is not another officer in the regiment who can manage a horse so well—he is so firm and so quiet."

"Nonsense! Jack Peyton is as much his superior in horsemanship as he is in courage and every other quality that one would expect a woman to admire."

"There is no question of Mr. Peyton," replied Evelyn with a sudden rush of color. "However, as you choose to compare the two, papa, please believe that I infinitely prefer Mr. Fleming as my friend to Mr. Peyton." And with another light kiss she left the room.

As Fleming came out of the officers' mess-room that same August evening, the beauty of the cloudless moonlight tempted him from an immediate return to the books which had been his society and friends for three years, and he walked slowly to a portion of the fort which overlooked the Yellowstone River. Six or eight of the trees planted in the open space there four years before, when Fort Barton was built, still survived their struggles with arctic winters and tropical summers; and as there were a couple of benches within their scanty shade, and the view from the bluff was wonderfully grand, this end of the parade was a favorite resort among the younger officers in fine weather. On this evening there was only one figure on the most distant bench, and he, apparently, had come neither to encourage the trees, admire the view, nor smoke a cigar; for with his elbows on his knees, and his head resting on his clasped hands, he certainly was not indulging in any of those amusements popular among the frequenters of the place.

At the sound of a step he raised himself and stared silently at Fleming.

"Good evening, Peyton."

"I beg your pardon; I was half asleep and hardly knew you," Jack Peyton said mendaciously, for he had never been more keenly awake, and he had recognized Fleming with that quickness with which we all recognize the subject of recent disagreeable thoughts. "Just returned from your ride with Miss Blake?"

"Half an hour ago."

Peyton rose, and picking up a couple of

small loose stones from the rampart, he flung them singly into the river far below.

"When is one to congratulate you and Miss Blake?" he asked abruptly and with his back to Fleming.

There was a pause—a pause in which an iron hand seemed laid on Fleming's heart, so absolutely physical was its pain; a pause through which, somewhere in that inmost consciousness we call a soul, he heard a whisper that the merest hint would keep proud Jack Peyton from Evelyn Blake, and that well as he knew the hopelessness of his own love then, yet in time—

"I am not much in the line of congratulations," he said hoarsely at last. "As for Miss Blake—God bless her!—do not you see that she is only sorry for me? Do you think that so true a woman as she is would publish her kindness to me through the whole regiment as she does, if she had any deeper feeling for me than the wish to show you all that I have one friend who trusts me? When she loves she will not begin with pity." And, having uttered these last words with a bitterness Peyton never forgot, he walked away to his quarters.

A week later the announcement of Miss Blake's engagement to Jack Peyton paralyzed the garrison with another proof of the inscrutability of woman's purpose, and established the Colonel in his rather shaken belief that her mother's daughter could not do a foolish thing—especially in the choice of a husband. As for Fleming, he went about his duties with the same quiet absorption in them which had been his chief characteristic for three years, and the friendship between him and Evelyn continued as warmly eager on her side, as gravely grateful on his, as it had been before her engagement, though at the cost of many remonstrances from Peyton, who fully shared the general opinion of Fleming.

The winter came unusually early even for Montana, and with certain peculiarities in its advent which made those of the officers most familiar with the climate predict a very severe season—a prediction of gloomy portent where winter at best meant nearly six months' isolation, with infrequent and irregular mails, brought by half-frozen carriers on horseback, for their only link with the world beyond the prairies; for, though there were telegraph lines to Chicago, as well as to the neighboring forts, the winter "blizzards" were apt to destroy their efficiency for weeks at a time. Between Christmas and New-Year's the marriage of Miss Blake was to occur, and every one looked forward to that event as to the only oasis in the long desert of winter dullness, because, if the weather proved endurable, two or three young ladies from their largest neigh-

bor, Fort Bryan, had promised to come over for a week under the chaperonage of the commander's wife; and the prospect of several pretty bridesmaids sustained the spirits of the younger officers, who had found it hard to forgive even so popular a man as Jack Peyton for his monopoly of Miss Blake.

A few days before Christmas the weather, which had been stormy for some time, cleared encouragingly; and having telegraphed Fort Bryan that they were on their way, Peyton with Fleming (whom, as a great concession to Evelyn, he asked to go with him), and accompanied by two orderlies, set out to meet the ladies at Fort Bryan and escort them across the prairies. After a cold, bright ride of nearly six hours they arrived at a ranch half way between the two forts, where they were to pass the night. They were met by the ranchman with a telegram from Fort Bryan, telling them that the road beyond was impassable for the ambulance, in which the ladies had intended to travel, and asking them to proceed no further, as more snow might be expected, and they had with great regret given up their plan of coming to the wedding.

It was vexatious, but Peyton found some rather malicious amusement in picturing the blank faces of their expectant comrades when they should behold him and Fleming returning without the long-desired bridesmaids on the next day. The next day dawned, however, on a heavy snow-storm, which endured without intermission for three days, and kept them prisoners at the ranch, while, to add to the contrariety of events, Fleming's orderly became ill with pleurisy.

The fourth day was Christmas Eve, and they woke, not indeed to a storm, but to heavy leaden clouds which meant more snow presently. The ranchman shook his head rather gravely when Peyton at breakfast announced that he and Fleming had decided to return to Fort Barton, leaving his orderly to take care of his comrade.

"Well," he said, tilting his chair comfortably, "I guess I should stay here if I was you. I have been in Montana about as long as any white man, and ought to know this cursed climate pretty well, and I reckon on the worst kind of a blizzard inside of four hours—which I would not start in the face of a blizzard unless I was more tired of life than I have been yet!"

"To-morrow will be Christmas," began Peyton, looking doubtfully at Fleming.

"If the snow commences again, it may last a week, and you are to be married in three days," Fleming said with a grave smile.

"It is right-down hard, gentlemen," said the ranchman with a sympathetic twist of his hard features, "but —"

"There can be no 'buts' about my going; I shall start at once," said Peyton, rising. "For you, Fleming, of course it is different—you are not to be married in three days."

"Nevertheless I have every desire to spend Christmas at Fort Barton," Fleming replied, rising also, with a sudden flush on his dark face. "If we lose no time in starting and our horses behave well, I think we shall get there before the blizzard does."

The ranchman shook his head again, but he liked pluck, and even his rough heart was stirred by that interest in a wedding which is as wide as the world; so he wished them good luck, and remonstrated no more.

Within half an hour the two officers started, so wrapped up in their buffalo coats and caps that their own mothers would not have recognized them. It was not very cold,—that is, as two winters of Montana had taught them to appreciate cold,—and in spite of the drifted snow, which had obliterated the road, they kept close to the telegraph poles as certain landmarks; and their horses being in excellent condition, they made rapid progress during the first half of their journey. They lunched on two huge smoked venison sandwiches, and drank cheerily from the brandy in their pocket-flasks to the quantity and quality of their supper at Fort Barton. But scarcely had they started again when the first flakes of snow began to fall, the wind rose in sharp squalls, and though it was not yet three o'clock, the day rapidly darkened. The men drew in their horses as if by one impulse, and looked fixedly for an instant at what was visible of each other's countenance between the tops of their fur collars and the edge of their caps.

"I am sorry to have brought you into this," Peyton said abruptly. "This is certainly the beginning of a blizzard, and if it at all resembles the rest of its family, there is nothing more uncertain than whether you and I will see the end of it."

"You can have no responsibility about me, for you would have left me at the ranch this morning if I had consented," Fleming answered, meeting all the doubtful pity in Jack's gaze with eyes full of pained comprehension, but quite as unflinching as his own. "As for our seeing the end of this, it is a question of endurance, I believe. If our horses hold out and the wind should not prove too strong for the telegraph poles, we shall do very well."

Then, agreeing to let the horses take their own pace, they set out again. Two winters of Montana had made them both aware that the blizzard is the most deadly of prairie dangers, and they had heard many a ghastly story of the victims it makes every year among the hardy and weather-beaten frontiersmen, who

alone dare expose themselves to the chance of being caught in its bitter and breathless embrace; but it required a very brief experience to prove to them that the reality was far more terrible than their worst anticipations. The snow was hurled in their faces with a force blinding both to them and to their horses, by a wind which rushed over the prairies with the uproar and violence of a storm at sea, while the darkness increased and the cold grew more intense with every moment. They came to another pause presently, and decided that one should wait at one telegraph pole until the other, riding on, should call that he had arrived at the next—a manœuvre which, though it cost much time and tried the patience of the horses sorely, was made necessary by the darkness, and their knowledge that it would be fatal to wander from the telegraph poles, their only landmarks in that waste of whirling snow. Peyton's horse, which was young and nervous, soon became very difficult to manage, and his rider had been having much trouble with him for some little time, when Fleming, whose turn it was to wait while Peyton rode on, heard a heavy crash, and then, after an instant, the sound of a horse rushing off at speed.

"Peyton!" he cried, making a trumpet of his hands; but there was no reply—no sound but the shriek of the wind; even the gallop of the escaping horse was swallowed up. A great horror of desolation sank down upon Fleming in the darkness and bewilderment of a chaos almost as utter as that which covered the face of the world before the word of God had made it fair. Close by, Peyton was lying dead or senseless. Why should he, who was unwanted, unlooked for, seek to save himself to endure more such years as these last three, when the other and happier man had perished? How could he meet Evelyn Blake,—the one soul that had had pity on him,—and tell her that he had left the man she loved to die in the snow? Better let himself drop from the frightened horse trembling beneath him and die with Peyton. Suddenly a strange thrill shot through his heart. Out of the darkness two pitiful woman's eyes looked into his, and through all the roar of the tempest a tender woman's voice seemed to utter again the words that had been a revelation of hope to him months since—"God himself will give you the chance of atonement that men deny you!" Fool—coward, that he was! God had sent him the chance, not only to redeem his past, but to save her happiness, and he had been about to let it slip from him forever, because he had not courage to grasp it.

"O God!" he cried passionately, turning his face up to the sweep of the storm, "if

thou art merciful as she believes, help me to save him — for her!"

Then he dismounted, and leading his horse walked slowly forward, bending over the snow at every step, and calling Peyton's name.

"Fleming!" The voice was faint, but it was near, and in another instant he was kneeling beside his comrade.

"My horse fell on my leg," Peyton murmured. "He is off across the prairie. My poor Evelyn!"

"Can you help yourself at all? — or shall I lift you on my horse?" said Fleming.

"What will become of you if I take your horse?"

"I shall lead him."

There was a moment's silence. It cost so happy a man as Jack Peyton a moment's struggle to give up his last hope of life, even though he knew that Fleming was offering it to him at the risk of his own.

"Thank you, Fleming," he said presently, feeling for the other's hand in the darkness and clasping it. "You are a noble fellow, and I beg your pardon for many things. But to take your horse would only be your death as well as mine. Leave me and go on. They say it is an easy death, and I dare say it will be over quickly. Tell my poor darling I —" His voice died away, and his head sank against Fleming's shoulder.

The passionate resolve which had come to Fleming in the moment of his wild prayer did not falter even then. Peyton's voice calling his name had seemed to him God's answer to his appeal, and with the conviction that he should succeed he worked over the insensible man, until with brandy and rubbing he brought him back to consciousness, in spite of the cold and the wind and the darkness with which he felt he was fighting inch by inch for Jack's life.

With an effort of which only his excitement made him capable, he lifted Peyton to the saddle, and supporting him with one hand, while with the other he led the patient horse, which long years of habit had made obedient to his lightest touch or tone, they started again. On and on they went, through what seemed to Peyton an eternity of pain, cold, and tumultuous darkness. Again and again he sank away into partial insensibility, only to be roused by Fleming's hand pressing the brandy-flask to his cold lips, and Fleming's voice sharp and strained, but instinct with resolute courage, bidding him keep his hold on life for her sake who loved him. He may live to be very old, he may endure all that life holds of sweetest or bitterest, but neither time nor joy nor sorrow will dim the memory of the man whom he felt rather than saw walking beside him through those terrible hours.

As for Fleming, his purpose filled all his thoughts. He should save Peyton's life, and so make some atonement for that other comrade's life lost by his fault, and he should preserve for the woman he loved the happiness so nearly lost. Every faculty, every nerve was strained to the utmost, as he pressed on through a cold that benumbed him, in the face of a wind that made every breath an effort. The brandy which kept Jack alive he dared not touch, for fear that, half frozen as he was, the liquor might bewilder him, so that he should forget the number of paces which he calculated must bring them from one telegraph pole to another. When, because of some swerving from the direct line forward, the paces failed to bring them to the next pole, they retraced their fast-filling tracks to the last, and started again with desperate patience.

So through the rush and surge of the blizzard they struggled — the wearied horse, the half-conscious rider, and the strong, patient soul who kept, by his mighty purpose, exhausted body and overstrained nerves from sinking — until close at hand the lights of Fort Barton flashed upon his dizzy eyes.

It was between seven and eight o'clock that the garrison was aroused from its comfortable firesides by the report of the arrival of the two lieutenants and of their half-frozen condition. It was nearly two hours later that Evelyn Blake left Jack Peyton asleep after the setting of his leg, her heart full of deep thankfulness for the surgeon's assurance that his escape without serious harm from such a storm was almost miraculous, and that all he needed was rest and good nursing. There was deep thankfulness in her heart, but the keen ache of regret and pain too, for the surgeon had also told her that all efforts to restore Fleming from the stupor into which he sank immediately after his arrival had failed, and that he was paralyzed and dying. Jack had managed, weak as he was, to tell something of that four hours' march through the blizzard, and they knew at last how strong and unselfish a heart it was that cold and exhaustion were stilling forever. Very softly Evelyn entered the hospital room where they had carried Fleming. Colonel Blake and the surgeon were standing beside the bed, and her father put his arm about her as she came close to him.

"You understood him, my dear," he said tremulously. "You are the only one of us who does not need to beg his pardon for the harsh judgment of these last three years!"

As if these words possessed a power beyond all the surgeon's restoratives, there was a quiver of the white face they were watching, and the dark eyes opened suddenly. A look of utter content came into them as he saw Evelyn.

"He is quite safe?" he murmured.

"God bless you for it!" she cried with a rush of tears. "But oh, my dear friend! you ——"

"What is the matter with me? — I cannot move," turning his gaze from her to her father.

"You saved his life at the cost of your own, my brave boy," the Colonel said gently.

"*Brave!* You say that?" A faint, faint color, even in the grasp of death, came into his pale face at this word from the gallant old chief, whose hardly concealed contempt had been so heavy a part of his burden of shame.

"We have been very hard upon you, Fleming, — all of us!" began the Colonel falteringly.

"Thank you," moving his hand feebly to the Colonel's grasp. "Tell my father the best you can of me!" His voice faltered in a gasp for breath, and the Colonel, raising him, laid his head on Evelyn's shoulder.

Presently Fleming opened his eyes again, and looked up into the tender face bent over him.

"You have been God's own angel of mercy to me!" he murmured, "and I — Jack will not mind if I say before I go — I love you!"

Nellie Mackubin.

AN "AMERICAN BEAUTY."

I.



UPON a summer afternoon there is no more charming place in London than the garden of Beech Lodge.

The house, built in the Italian Gothic style, is large enough for stateliness, small enough for coziness, and stands in an inclosure of several acres. There is a huge copper-beech tree on the lawn, and beneath its sheltering canopy one day in May sat a group of Sunday loungers with a tea-table for their center.

The sky was soft and dappled with clouds, and a faint breeze stirred in the syringa bushes. The brilliant green of the turf was sprinkled with a snow of daisies. The unspeakable charm of an English spring was upon everything — not the spring which is one day winter and the next summer, but the gradual dawning of loveliness that can almost be seen to creep on to perfection.

The group around the table consisted of a young man, an elderly ecclesiastic, and a gray-haired lady who presided at the tea-urn. The first was like a hundred other young men to be seen any fine morning in Piccadilly or the Row. He had the used-up, weary air of the well-bred man of fashion, and sported the badge of the order — a fine gardenia — in the buttonhole of his correct coat. There was a certain delicacy about his face and figure which gave one the impression that his languor might be as much real as assumed. He had a more thoughtful face than is commonly seen amongst the young Englishmen of to-day, and his really handsome eyes had a dreamy expression which implied that he had ideas beyond hunting, coaching, betting, and encouraging the style of drama then in vogue — burlesque.

The gentleman in the clerical waistcoat was

a Canon of the Church of England, far from monastic in appearance; a man who appreciated and put in practice when he could the obscure sayings in regard to making friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness.

The lady, who was the mistress of the house, was a spare, wiry person dressed in black, with a not unkindly face, and eyes which looked as if they had once been blue but had gone too often to the wash.

"Sugar and cream, Lord Bayswater?" she said as she suspended the tongs over the sugar-basin, and looked inquiringly at the young Earl.

"Thanks, yes," he said with great deliberation, like one who never feels time to be pressing except when it waits to be killed.

"Tell us more of your beautiful friend, Mrs. Lindsay," said the Canon, stretching out his hand for his tea. "As a patron of art, and the encourager of all that is beautiful, I am anxious to see Miss Raynham."

"I am surprised," replied the hostess, "that you have not met her before. She has been over here for a year or more, and has had every one at her feet — except you and Lord Bayswater."

"A very insignificant oversight, as far as I am concerned," said Canon Dalton, laughing in his jolly way. "As to Lord Bayswater, that may be a conquest yet to be made." The Earl smiled wearily, but said nothing. He wasted time and money, but never words.

"You will both see her to-morrow night. She and her mother dine with us. Shall we waive precedence, and send her out with you?" Mrs. Lindsay turned to the young man as she spoke.

"Really, Mrs. Lindsay, I would much rather be beside you," he said graciously, as he stirred his tea.

"I value that compliment less than I should if you had seen her," laughed Mrs.

Lindesay. "As for me, I am longing to know just what she is in America; whether all the girls are as pretty as she is, what her social status is, and so on. She appears to be well-bred — more so than her mother; but that is the way in new countries. The parents give advantages to the children in which they cannot participate."

"Who launched her?" asked the Canon, as though Miss Raynham were a new man-of-war; and perhaps there was reason for the metaphor, since the young lady had carried devastation into so many ports, sparing neither youth nor age.

"She knew but one family abroad. They were in the south of France. A certain Great Personage happened to be recruiting on the Riviera, and saw Miss Raynham. With his usual discrimination he saw that she was a beauty, and with unfailing appreciation of the beautiful —"

"As it manifests itself in the softer sex," interpolated the Canon. "An amiable weakness."

"Hush! I am telling you all about it. This Great Personage managed to get an introduction, and since then of course Miss Raynham is the fashion. One doesn't ask who these pretty Americans' fathers were. It's enough to see what the girls themselves are. Now the milliners have got out a new bonnet called the 'Jessie'; the photographers exhibit but dare not sell her pictures; and all London is mad about her. Worth has offered to dress her for next to nothing for a year."

"Not *in* next to nothing, as he does some of his customers," said the Canon with a twinkling eye.

"I am ashamed of you, Canon," said Mrs. Lindesay, with mock severity. "You forget your age and your cloth."

"I fear you are right, my dear friend," said the Canon. "The first I won't acknowledge, and the second I have to be reminded of."

He rose as he spoke, and put down his cup.

"To-morrow at eight. You will remember that, I'm sure," said his hostess.

"You may trust me." And with an urbane wave of the hand the portly Canon left the garden, and hailed an approaching hansom.

"A curious man that," said Bayswater presently.

"Always with three or four hobbies in the stable," said Mrs. Lindesay. "Now he is translating 'Mother Goose' into all the dialects of India. He thinks it a pity that the little Indians should have nothing to amuse them. A good many people have already subscribed to the enterprise."

II.

THE drawing-room of Beech Lodge was softly illuminated by the light of wax candles and two or three Jamps judiciously distributed. Several men in irreproachable evening dress, all more or less hungry or bored, stood about the room. One absently turned over some photographs lying near him; another, with a monocle in his eye, watched each newcomer, his vacant and necessarily glassy stare expressing neither present pleasure nor anticipation; and a third stood before the fireplace, cold and dark as it was, with his hands behind him, surveying the company somewhat blankly. This last was Lord Bayswater, whose usual air of weariness was not removed even by the prospect of seeing the American beauty.

The ornamental sex was represented by Mrs. Lindesay, an olive-hued Indian princess, and her equally olive-hued mamma (who, it may be remarked in passing, had on her husband's demise escaped performing the suttee by flying the country and espousing an English captain). There was also the French ambassadress, who was conversing suavely in her own language with her hostess, ignoring with the politeness of her nation her frequent grammatical errors and her frightful pronunciation.

The star of the evening had not yet arisen with its attendant satellite. In other words, Miss Jessie Raynham and her mamma had not yet arrived. The hands of the clock pointed to half-past eight; the man with the monocle had a sense of vacuity which manifested itself in his face. The cook no doubt was in a tantrum, and the fish was spoiling, when, lo! the door opened, and the footman announced, with a solemnity befitting the occasion:

"Mrs. and Miss Raynham!"

There was a pause, a silence. Then, amidst the gentle rustling of soft robes, a radiant creature floated through the doorway.

She was almost ethereal in form; or, as her detractors would have said, she was extremely thin. Whatever beauty of figure she possessed was evidently due less to the beneficence of nature than to the ability of her Parisian staymaker. Her arms and shoulders were bare and showed that they were unworthy of her face, which was lovely. Her hair was blonde and fleecy with the faintest touch of gold in it, drawn upward from the nape of the neck, its undulations kept in check by the skill of the hair-dresser, until they broke out higher up into myriad little curls. Her skin was of the most delicate texture, her cheeks the pinkest, her brow and chin the whitest, and her lips the reddest, that can be conceived of in a human face.

Her eyes were dark brown, as were her

brows and lashes; and perhaps to that lucky accident she owed the striking quality of her beauty. It was a charmingly tinted face, but, alas, it was the face of a lovely wax doll!

Mrs. Raynham bore no more resemblance to her airy daughter than a little bustling steam-tug does to a yacht under full sail. She had an elaborately frizzed black fringe, small twinkling eyes, and a manner which tried not to be eager and pushing. She was a goose that had laid a golden egg, and had not yet done cackling.

With a waft of perfume from the stephanotis flowers at her breast, Jessie Raynham approached Mrs. Lindesay, and said:

"So sorry to be late, my dear Mrs. Lindesay. You must not be angry with us."

Her voice was deep and carefully modulated. One felt in hearing it, however, that it had not always been so sedulously kept within bounds.

Mrs. Lindesay good-naturedly granted absolution for her guests' tardiness, and, contrary to English usage, introduced liberally.

Dinner was immediately announced.

Lord Bayswater took out his hostess, and on the other side of him sat Miss Raynham. With the taciturnity of a hungry Englishman, he ate his soup in silence. Miss Raynham was talking to the monocled young man, who was replying in discreet monosyllables which did not interfere with the gastronomic duties of the occasion. Lord Bayswater, however, noted the deportment of the young lady. He thought her self-conscious. She seemed to have a constant eye to her dress and its adornments. She often adjusted the pearls which she wore round her throat, and gave a settling touch to the stephanotis flowers at her breast. Her conversation was not particularly entertaining. The gayety of London, the heat of the weather, the unusual want of rain, the latest wedding—these and kindred topics engrossed her attention exclusively. "I want you to talk to Miss Raynham," presently whispered Mrs. Lindesay to Lord Bayswater. By this time he had eaten and drunk enough to be in a more cheerful and benevolent mood than that in which he had sat down.

There was a lull in the conversation between Miss Raynham and her next neighbor, and he broke in somewhat abruptly:

"I have a great desire to see your country, Miss Raynham."

The young girl turned slightly and looked him in the face.

"Have you, really?" she said. "I don't think it would interest you."

"Why not? Is it uninteresting?"

"It would be to you."

"You must have second sight, Miss Rayn-

ham, to know so well what I should like or dislike," said Lord Bayswater, a little annoyed.

"I only speak on general principles," said the American girl with a slight smile. "All Englishmen who visit us only go home hugging themselves to think how much better England is in every way."

"You have discovered our insularity already, I see."

"You see I have been here more than a year."

"You are a very shrewd observer, Miss Raynham."

"It took neither all my time nor all my shrewdness to make that discovery."

"And what do you think? Ought not we to love England?"

"Certainly. I love it myself."

"Better than America?"

"Ah, that I won't say. My father lives in America."

"How does he like your leaving him like this?"

"Oh, he endures it. American fathers are very accommodating."

"They must be! I think in that the Americans excel us. I am quite sure I should not be so accommodating."

Just then Mrs. Lindesay gave the signal to rise, and Miss Raynham and Lord Bayswater were parted.

After the men went into the drawing-room to tea the time passed quickly, and all too soon the evening was over.

III.

It was a curious fact, and one which few perhaps could have believed, that though Jessie Raynham had been abroad for over a year she had not received one offer of marriage. She had been presented the previous May, had attended several state balls and concerts since, and constantly appeared in public with the "smartest" people in London; and on all these occasions she had been distinguished by marked attentions from the Great Personage who had brought her into notice.

The tongue of Rumor had not been silent. Like all successful persons, Jessie had her detractors; but they were principally, let us hope, the disappointed ladies who saw their own daughters passed by, by those who were eager to do homage to the lovely American.

Nobody could say with truth that he or she had ever seen Miss Raynham do an unladylike action or heard her say an ill-bred thing. She was not clever enough to make personal enemies, and the head and front of her offending was that she, an alien, the daughter of a Yankee nobody, had held her own in London

society when many a blue-blooded damsel had utterly failed.

But after all her triumphs — her name a household word, her photographs clamored for but unobtainable, her dresses eagerly copied, and new styles named for her — after all this she was Jessie Raynham still, and was likely to remain so. The delicious day-dreams in which her mother had indulged at the outset of her career had almost ceased their rosy allurements. She had dreamed of "My daughter the Countess — the Marchioness"; nay, even, perhaps — why not? — "the Duchess!"

Mr. Raynham, a naturalized American who had made a fortune in petroleum, grumbled a little at the prolonged absence of his wife and daughter. But judicious letters containing descriptions of Jessie's good fortune, copies of the "Palace Gazette" with the name of Miss Raynham duly underscored, soothed his ire and stimulated his parental pride, and every fresh triumph elicited a fresh remittance.

(It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that it was not Mr. Raynham who audited the bills sent on account of the "Palace Gazette" puffs.)

To Jessie the days of Petrolia were as if they had never been. The days of ill-draped overskirts, doubtful stays, and uncertain hair-dressing; the days when she had, as she thought, given her heart — and well nigh her hand — to a bank clerk who piqued himself on dressing in the English style, and wore a white satin tie in the evening.

Since then many aristocrats had hovered about the American girl. Some had approached the brink of declaration, but always a politely opposed mamma had glided between the young man and the object of his admiration, and the affair had come to nothing.

Too often Jessie had been invited to St. George's, Hanover Square, shortly after, to witness the marriage of this victim of parental authority with a girl who might indeed be plain, but who could boast a shield with sixteen quarterings.

Mrs. Raynham's meeting with the Earl of Bayswater had given a fillip to her now somewhat weary ambition. The gentle interest thus excited became positive hope when in the course of a month or two, during which Jessie and the young nobleman had met several times, came an invitation from his widowed sister, Lady Mildred Rae, to spend a few days at her house in Hertfordshire.

Lord Bayswater's estate lay but a few miles distant from his sister's, as Mrs. Raynham knew very well; and as the Raynham's acquaintance with Lady Mildred was of the slightest, it looked very much as if Bayswater had planned the visit.

IV.

THE beauty was gentle, quiet, and self-contained as ever. The exquisite pink of her cheek, the soft coral of her lip, never fluctuated; and her interest in acquiring fresh toilettes for the visit outran that which her mother took in reconstructing all the air-castles which had lately got so sadly out of repair.

Mrs. Raynham could not tell, and dared not inquire, whether the young Earl had taken captive her daughter's fancy. Gowns, bonnets, parasols, and all the paraphernalia of a lady's toilette, engrossed all the fair American's attention.

When Mrs. and Miss Raynham and their maid started for Hertfordshire, one heavenly afternoon towards the close of June, the luggage which they took with them was appalling by reason of its size and quantity. But then, when one has to dress four times a day for seven days, in order to keep up one's reputation, one cannot expect to travel with a portemanteau.

Lady Mildred had foreseen the demands of the numerous dress-baskets, and had sent her private bus to the station, which drove to the house with a pile of boxes on top and the maid inside. On the platform stood Bayswater and his sister. He evinced some pleasure at seeing Miss Raynham and her mother. Lady Mildred, fresh, good-looking, and five-and-thirty, scrutinized her younger guest by the merciless light of the sun, and inwardly remarked that she would make a not unrepresentable sister-in-law.

"So good of you to be willing to lose a whole week of the season for my sake!" she said, as they drove away in a carriage drawn by high-stepping grays. "The country air will do you a world of good, though, Miss Raynham. It is simply awful, the way girls go out now, all day and all night. I'm sure I should be a perfect wreck."

"Oh, Jessie's used to it," said Mrs. Raynham complacently, settling her bonnet-strings. "I don't suppose there is once all summer that she gets to bed before morning. The Prince says he's surprised to see how she keeps her freshness. It is no wonder to me that so many London ladies paint now."

Bayswater winced a little. The poor lady's accent was not of the purest, and her speech sounded rather boastful; and yet what free-born American would not be the least bit elated under the circumstances? Don't we all take kindly to the "effete monarchies," if the "effete monarchies" only take kindly to us?

The house was soon reached — a house built of brick with many curious gables, mantled with luxuriant ivy. There were umbrageous trees, and smooth-shaven lawns, and a flash-

ing fountain; there were parterres of flowers, and snow-white pigeons circling about in the warm air, or settling on the edge of the fountain. And over all the well-kept grounds, the rolling wooded country, the silver winding thread of river, where Izaak Walton fished so many years ago — over all fell the radiance of the low afternoon sun.

A long course of English country-house visiting had accustomed the Raynhams to the beauty and luxury enjoyed by the favored upper classes. It was but a sorry preparation for going home, if they ever intended to do so — a green apple after ripe peaches.

They had, however, no thought of going home. They installed themselves comfortably at Lea House.

Lord Bayswater's solicitor was spending a day or two in the house. He was a valued friend of the family, who had known them all from their childhood and their parents before them. His iron-gray hair thatched a head well packed with professional secrets. He was a man who believed, from actual experience, that truth is stranger than fiction. It seemed to Jessie that Mr. Marsham paid particular attention to what she said. He appeared to take a deep interest in America in general, and Petrolia in particular.

At dinner he generally asked her some searching question, the answer to which would have disclosed something in regard to her social status and antecedents; but he did it with so much delicacy, and such a charming smile on his old face, that she could not resent it.

It was understood that he was combining business with pleasure in making Lea House his home for a short time. The late Earl of Bayswater had died but a year before, and Mr. Marsham seemed to have a good deal of business on hand still in settling the affairs of the deceased. The present Earl, who spent most of his time at his sister's house, only sleeping at Riverton Hall, his own place, was often closeted with the old solicitor.

There were one or two other young girls and men staying with Lady Mildred. The weather was favorable to outdoor sports, and a good deal of tennis was played. Miss Raynham never did anything so violent and unbecoming. She arrayed herself in a sort of sublimated tennis costume (in which no earthly woman could move about quickly without finding herself terribly handicapped), and sat in a Market Harborough chair on the lawn watching the others.

Every day after luncheon she retired, presumably for a beauty-sleep and a fresh crimping of hair, and emerged at five o'clock in an exquisite tea-gown. Another elaborate toilette was made before dinner.

"She is a delicious bit of millinery," said Lady Mildred one day to Mr. Marsham; "but I don't think Bayswater can afford to marry her."

"You are right!" said the old gentleman; "and," he added with an oracular nod, and the ghost of a wink, "he will not."

"I wish I felt as sure!" said Lady Mildred.

"You would if you were I," returned Mr. Marsham. "Poor Bayswater! He thinks he will, but he won't."

It certainly appeared to the people at Lea House as if the Earl's affections were becoming engaged. He showed a wonderful degree of interest for him. Miss Raynham was as cool and imperturbable as he was himself; and perhaps that added zest to the courtship, if courtship it was. It was arranged one afternoon that Lord Bayswater should drive the party over to Riverton Hall on his drag. Mrs. Raynham, being the only married lady except her hostess, occupied the box-seat.

The sky was softly overcast. The four fine bays bowled the coach along over the smooth roads as if it had been but a feather's weight. The old solicitor began once more to speak of America and the Raynham family.

"You said, I think, that your father is English, Miss Raynham," he said.

"Yes," said Miss Raynham shortly, pulling her morsel of veil down over her nose.

"How long has he lived in America?"

"Between thirty and forty years, I believe."

"So long, I suppose, that he has almost forgotten his old home."

"He seldom speaks of it."

"In what county was he born, Miss Raynham?"

"Really I don't know, Mr. Marsham. You seem to honor our family with your interest."

"I do, my dear young lady," said the old man, unabashed by the girl's coldness. "Is it any wonder that I wish to know what stem bore so fair a flower?"

Miss Raynham pulled up her long Swedish gloves, and appeared somewhat mollified. They were nearing Riverton Hall. Near its gate they passed an inn, picturesque and ivy-mantled, like most English inns. It was called the Bayswater Arms.

"Did your father ever speak of that inn to you, Miss Raynham?" asked the old solicitor. "I think you said that he was brought up near here?"

"Mr. Marsham, you evidently don't believe that I know nothing whatever about my father's early life," said Jessie, this time laughing outright at the old gentleman's persistency. "I can write and ask him for his biography, though, if you like."

"No, no," said Marsham, with a gentle chuckle; "that would be unnecessary."

The coach drove in through the tall gates, with the Bayswater coat-of-arms cut in stone above them, and rolled briskly up the long avenue of wide-reaching beeches.

The fern grew high all along the road, and from time to time the white tufted tail on a vanishing rabbit flashed in the dim light which sifted through the green above.

It was a noble park, and there were several miles of drive leading up to the Hall. The house itself was not specially imposing, except by reason of its size. It was almost square, and unadorned except for the masses of creepers which nearly covered the gray cement walls. The grounds about the house were in exquisite order; and on the lawn, under a gayly striped marquee, stood a tea-table bountifully spread with many delicacies, including hot-house peaches.

"I vote for tea first, and walking afterward," said Lady Mildred, candid enough to confess that she had a healthy appetite.

So every one seated him or herself, and did ample justice to the meal.

After the party had partaken of the refreshments, they dispersed, some to go through the house, some to explore the grounds.

Somehow Lord Bayswater and Miss Raynham were left alone for a few moments.

He came quite close to her, and said in a low voice, which had lost some of its usual languor, "It is a fine old place, but so lonely!"

Jessie threw a bit of cake to the peacock which was strutting on the lawn, glowing in the light of the sun which had burst through the clouds.

"You have neighbors," she said.

"None that I care for except my sister."

"You are not here much, I imagine."

"No, but I should be if the house were brighter and more cheerful."

"Plenty of people will come to you when you ask them."

He looked at her with a slight eagerness in his manner.

"I know that," he said; "but I care nothing for people. What I want is some one who will watch my goings with sadness and welcome my home-comings with joy. Do you think there could be such a person, Miss Raynham?"

For the first time since he had known her, she turned pale.

"There might be," she said gently.

With an Englishman's inability to be eloquent when he feels most, for a moment Bayswater was silent. In that moment Fate, in the person of Mr. Marsham, stepped between

them. He had come upon them unexpectedly through the trees. Jessie stood in her light gown and coquettish hat, with the sunbeams through the boughs glinting on her blonde hair and exquisite peach-bloom face. She held her parasol lightly resting across her arms, and her eyes were bent upon it. The Earl was near, very near her, and his eyes were full of a sentiment hitherto a stranger to them. All that was at once manly and tender in his disposition glowed in his face.

"It is a shame," murmured the old man, "but I must do it." And so he stepped between them.

"You are wanted in the house, Miss Raynham," he said. There was a deprecating look on his hard old features. Fifty years of law had not made him entirely brutal. Bayswater gave a great start.

"Miss Raynham is also wanted here," he said haughtily; but just then Lady Mildred appeared in the doorway of the house, and beckoned to them.

"The others are in the picture-gallery, Bayswater, and we want you to tell us about the portraits," she called out. Unwillingly the young man approached to do her bidding, and in some way—they never knew how—he and Jessie were separated for the rest of the evening.

V.

THAT night when Lady Mildred's guests had retired, and Bayswater was preparing to return home (for he had driven the party back, and dined with his sister), Mr. Marsham accosted him.

"What, you up still?" asked the Earl with some coldness.

"I cannot rest till I have seen your lordship alone," said the old man.

"I am just going home," said Bayswater.

"There is something important to communicate to you, Lord Bayswater. The sooner I do so the better."

Something in the gravity of his expression arrested the attention of the young man. He turned into the library, where a shaded lamp still burned, and threw himself into a deep chair. Mr. Marsham also seated himself.

"I have only a few moments to spare," said the Earl, "and the dog-cart is at the door."

Mr. Marsham moved his hands about rather nervously, and took a letter from his pocket. He cleared his throat, and then, with a look of dogged determination, said: "Your lordship is aware that your late father's affairs are entirely settled with the exception of one bequest."

Bayswater nodded. He was thinking more of marriage settlements than bequests. "You know that the late Earl left legacies to all

his servants, even to some who had left his service many years ago."

"I know all that," said Bayswater impatiently.

"There was one servant who could not be found. He was but a lad when your father succeeded to the title. He was a good servant though, and the Earl was attached to him. He was the son of the man who kept the Bayswater Arms. When he was about sixteen he was groom in the Riverton stables. He always rode behind your father; but one day he was accused of theft—wrongfully accused, as it turned out afterward. However, he disappeared under a cloud in America, as it was thought. The late Earl, when he discovered that the boy was innocent, vowed that he would make provision for him in his will, and he did.

"For almost a year, my lord, I have corresponded with a lawyer in the States in regard to the man; and now we have found him. I have here a letter telling me where he lives, and how he can be communicated with."

Mr. Marsham paused and wiped his forehead. Bayswater smothered a yawn, and leaned back in his chair.

"All this would have kept till to-morrow, wouldn't it, Marsham?" he said with a somewhat weary smile. "Who is your man? The cart is waiting, you know."

The solicitor half rose. The letter was trembling in his hand.

"His name is James Raynham."

"Raynham!—James Raynham!" exclaimed the young man with a vague look. Then—"Good Heavens! You don't mean—hang it all, what *do* you mean?"

He started up now, grown very white.

"O my dear lord! My dear Bayswater!" faltered the old man. "Is it so bad as this? You *do* care! I feared so; but my duty, dear boy, my duty!"

He tried to lay his hand on the Earl's shoulder, but the young man swerved aside.

"Who is this cursed James Raynham?" he cried. "You haven't yet told me."

"Her father," said the old man sadly. "*Her* father—*your* father's groom!"

Bayswater winced as though he had been struck. He turned and walked over to the mantelpiece, and leaned his head down upon it.

"I dared not wait to tell you," said Marsham. "These things are hard—devilish hard."

There was a deep silence in the room. Outside the impatient horse was champing his bit. It was after midnight. Suddenly Bayswater looked up.

"*She* cannot help it," he said defiantly.

"Marsham, I am fond of Miss Raynham. I—meant to—marry her."

"So I feared, my lord."

"Why shouldn't I? She knows nothing. I won't believe she knew it all the time. Why should I not marry her?"

"Because," said Mr. Marsham gravely, "because you owe it to unborn generations to keep the blood of the Rivertons pure. You would blush to have your father's groom the grandfather of your children."

Bayswater once more turned away, and for a few moments again all was still. Then he faced Marsham with a look of mingled pain and courage.

"By Jove! you're right," he said huskily. Then, as though speaking to himself, "That settles it."

"You won't repent it," said the solicitor. "Here is the lawyer's letter." Bayswater grasped the paper, and passed out into the night.

Flinging himself into the dog-cart, he drove away as though all the furies were after him.

VI.

THAT night was a long and wakeful one to somebody besides the Earl. Jessie Raynham tossed on her luxurious bed, staring into the dark, or closing her eyes, while she recalled every event of the day before. At last, when the early summer dawn had diluted the blackness with enough light to make it only grayness, and the little birds, like sun-worshippers as they are, began to twitter and chirp their prayers to the rising god of day, Jessie managed to fall asleep.

She slept until all nature had been wide awake for some hours—till her maid roused her with her morning cup of tea.

When the young girl descended to the breakfast-room there was a weary paleness on her face, which told its own story.

The doll had a heart.

While the party sat at breakfast there was a clattering of hoofs on the gravel, and one of the Riverton grooms rode up. (Perhaps five-and-thirty years ago, James Raynham had often ridden up in the same way.) The groom brought a note for Lady Mildred. With a hasty excuse she broke the seal and read:

"DEAR MILDRED: Last night I received some important information which has entirely altered my plans. I must go up to London this morning. From there I go to meet the *Rondinella* at Hull, and start for a long cruise in Norway. Kind regards to your guests.

"Your affectionate brother,

"BAYSWATER."

"Riverton Hall."

At that time there was an old man in Petrolia, U. S. A., chuckling at the thought of his wife and daughter hobnobbing with the son of his late master.

Lady Mildred was embarrassed, and showed that she was. "Most unaccountable," she said, changing color. "Bayswater has gone up to town *en route* for Norway."

Mr. Marsham's head sank in a shamefaced way. He was trying not to see Miss Raynham. She raised her eyes with an expression in them that Lady Mildred never forgot. It was a passing flash of surprise, insulted pride, and — unmistakable pain.

"Rather early for Norway," hazarded one of the party around the breakfast-table.

"In time for the midnight sun, though," said another.

"What jolly bear-skins he'll bring back," said a third.

To them the Earl was but a languid, taciturn young man whom they would not miss.

After breakfast Mr. Marsham acquainted

Lady Mildred with the reasons for her brother's behavior. But Jessie Raynham never knew.

Mrs. Raynham locked her door and stamped. A year of country-houses and foreign polish had not deprived the good lady of a free-born American's privilege of railing at the British aristocracy when she pleased.

Lady Mildred was very kind, but the last day passed heavily. The Raynhams went back to London. Royalty still patronized them, and Jessie was still beautiful — even more fragile in her loveliness than before her visit to Hertfordshire.

Yes, the doll had a heart; its cheek paled and it lost its interest in gowns and bonnets for a time.

A few months after this, one of the American papers, with a truly journalistic disregard of the Golden Rule, contained the following paragraph:

"Miss Raynham, the American beauty, who has held her own for more than a year in London society, is said to be losing ground."

Edith Evelyn Bigelow.

SUNRISE.

FLAME-HEARTED lover of the Earth — great Sun!
 Rise from thy purple couch; Stretch forth thine arms
 Through morning's parted curtains; Let the charms
 Of waiting love — which it were death to shun —
 Persuade thy clasp. Now hath the Earth begun
 To loose her robes of mist; with mock alarms
 She yields her beauty, which love's longing warms,
 Forestalling the embrace thy kiss hath won.

Arise, great god of light and life, Arise,
 Enfold the fond Earth in the deathless glowing
 Of thy fierce love; Bend from the shimmering skies
 Which burn before thee in thine onward going.
 No cheer have we and not of thy bestowing:
 Thou art the joy of all hope-lifted eyes.

SUNSET.

WITHIN thy burning palace in the West
 Thou art awhile withdrawn. Yet doth thy face
 Look from the closing portal for a space
 Back to the Earth, which thy dear love hath blessed;
 While she with tears and soft sighs half-repressed
 Beholds thee sinking in thy resting-place,
 As with up-gathered folds of dewy lace
 She hugs remembrance to her yearning breast.

Thy glory darkens, and the careful night
 Hangs out the moon's pale lamp while yet the flush
 On Evening's face — with thy departing light —
 Turns from rose-pink to crimson, till the blush
 Dies with the coming stars, and slumber's hush
 Wraps thy warm bride, who waits thy waking Might.

Robert Burns Wilson.

THE HUNDREDTH MAN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null,"
"The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

IV.



ON the day after Gay Armatt's birthday Mr. Stratford went fishing near the foot of the mountains, and he brought back a very fair string of trout; but on the following day, which was Thursday, he drove over to Mrs. Justin's place, and found the two ladies engaged in setting up a target on the lawn where they were going to practice archery. He received a warm welcome, for Mrs. Justin knew him as a good bowman, and he speedily took the arrangement of the target and the stringing of the bows into his own hands.

It was not long before he found that the course of studies at Miss Armatt's college had not included archery, and that, although she had a good eye and a strong arm, she knew but little of the use of the bow and arrow. Mrs. Justin was an excellent archer and needed no assistance, and although Stratford took his shots when his turn came, he gave the most of his time to the tuition of Miss Armatt. He informed her—and in a manner which seemed as if he were telling her something she had once known and now forgotten—how she must stand, how she must throw back her shoulders and advance her left foot, how she must draw the feathered end of the arrow back to her little ear, how she must set her eye upon the target and her mind upon the arrow. Once he found it necessary to place her fingers properly around the string. But whatever he did, and whatever he told her, was done and said with such a courteous, almost deferential, manner, that the relation of teacher to pupil scarcely suggested itself. It seemed rather as if Gay and Mr. Stratford were partners in a match against Mrs. Justin, and that they were helping each other.

When he had gone, Gay Armatt expressed a high opinion of Mr. Stratford. He seemed to know so much, and was so kind, and gentle, and pleasant in his way of telling people how to do things. And to this remark Mrs. Justin answered that she knew of no one who was more of a gentleman at heart than Horace Stratford.

Whereupon Miss Gay had an idea, down at the bottom of her mind, about a certain relation that she thought would be very suitable indeed, and which gave her pleasure to think of. But nothing would have induced her to mention this idea to Mrs. Justin.

Mr. Stratford came no more to the Justin mansion until Sunday, when he staid to dinner, and spent the afternoon. Mr. Crisman was there, and he and Miss Armatt were very glad to see a visitor, for it was a rainy day, and there could be no strolling through the woods; but with some one to talk to Mrs. Justin in the library, there was no reason why the two younger people should not wander off into some other part of the house, and stay away as long as they pleased.

In the evening, however, they were all together, and Mr. Stratford, with that courtesy which was characteristic of him, yielded the floor, during the greater part of the time, to the younger man. Mrs. Justin expressed the hope that Mr. Crisman might arrange matters so that he could arrive earlier in the day when he returned on the following Saturday. In that case they could make up a croquet party of four for the afternoon. Croquet was a game of which Mrs. Justin was very fond, although it had gone out of fashion; but Mr. Crisman put his hands in his pockets and smiled. Then he stated, with an air of not unkindly superiority, that he had but a small opinion of croquet and archery; that is, considered as recreative occupations for adults.

"If there were enough people here and in the neighborhood to get up a base-ball match," he said, "that would be something worth considering, but I rather think my grass-billiard days are over. Then, there's another thing," said Mr. Crisman, turning suddenly towards Mrs. Justin; "I sha'n't be able to come here next Saturday, anyway, for some of my friends and myself have made up a party to go on a cruise on the Sound in a yacht. You see I want to get a little sea air when I have a chance, and I shall have plenty of the mountains when I come here to spend my vacation."

"You never said anything to me of not coming next Saturday," said Gay reproachfully.

"No," said Mr. Crisman, turning to her

with a smile; "I didn't want to plump it on you too soon."

Mr. Stratford now rose to go home, and Mrs. Justin went out on the piazza with him to see if there was any chance of a clear day for the morrow, thus giving Mr. Crisman an opportunity to soothe the injured feelings of Miss Gay.

The next day Stratford drove over to the railroad station, and brought back with him his friend Arthur Thorne, whom he had invited to the Bullripple farm for a week's fishing. Mr. Thorne was a very earnest worker at fishing; and indeed he always worked earnestly, whether in pursuit of pleasure or profit. On the day after his arrival he walked steadily in his wading-boots, and with his fishing accouterments, up the middle of a long trout stream. The water was very cold, and sometimes quite deep; but when Mr. Thorne did anything he did it in the right way, and he knew very well that the way to fish a trout stream was to wade up the middle of it against the current. His friend Stratford was not so thorough in his methods, and frequently did a great part of his day's fishing while standing on dry land; but for all that he generally caught all the trout that he and the Bullripple family could eat.

When, towards the close of the afternoon, the two friends returned to the farm-house, they found Mrs. People in a state of wild agitation. Stratford had scarcely set foot upon the porch when she took him to one side, and communicated to him the cause of her mental and physical commotion.

"I don't know how to begin to tell you, Mr. Stratford," she said, "but me an' Enoch has got to go to the city to-morrow mornin' the very earliest we can, which is by the milk train, which leaves the station at five o'clock. Enoch got a telegraph message from John just as we was settin' down to dinner to-day, an' he sent for both of us to come to him just as soon as ever we could, which we would have done this afternoon, gettin' there after dark, to be sure, but we wouldn't 'a' minded that in times like this if it hadn't been for you an' the other gentleman, who couldn't be left with nobody but Marier to cook for you an' take care of you, who isn't no more able even to set your table, let alone a-cookin' a beef-steak an' makin' coffee as you like it, than she is to go into the pulpit an' preach; an' so, of course, we had to stay until we could see what could be done to make you an' your friend comfortable while we was away, which won't be more than three or four days, judgin' from John's message, which was a good long one, though I thought that ten words was all anybody ever sent. An' I'm sure nothin'

could 'a' happened worse than havin' to go away at this time just in the very week that you have company."

"But what is the matter, Mrs. People?" said Mr. Stratford. "You haven't told me that. Has anything happened to your son?"

"Happened!" she exclaimed. "Why, I should say something had happened! Vatoldi's has been boycotted."

At this announcement Mr. Stratford manifested his surprise by laughing outright. "What utter absurdity!" he exclaimed. "And why in the world should you and your brother be called upon in an emergency of this sort?"

"John says," replied Mrs. People, "that he must instantly have somebody he can trust, an' we are the only ones. What he wants with us I don't know. But down we must go, an' no later than five o'clock to-morrow mornin' either. John knows very well that Enoch's hired man, Jim Neal, can do everything that's needed on the farm for two or three days, anyway; and I suppose he'd forgot about Marier not bein' able to cook for anybody but farm hands, an' they wouldn't stand her more 'n a week at the outside, an', of course, he didn't know your friend was here. But there's no use talkin' about all that. What's to be done now is for you two gentlemen to make up your minds what you're goin' to do while we're gone."

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said Mr. Stratford, "if there is an urgent occasion for your leaving home; and I suppose there must be, though I don't understand it. Mr. Thorne and I will do very well while you are gone. We will consider that we are camping out, and what cooking Maria cannot do I can do myself. I'm a very good hand at that sort of thing."

"Not a bit of it! Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Mrs. People. "I couldn't rest easy for one minute on whatever kind of a bed John has to give me, for I'm sure I don't know what it's goin' to be, if I thought of you here doin' your own cookin', an' with Marier greasin' your way out of this world with her lard an' her ham-fat. No, indeed; it shall never be said of me that I went off an' left you in any such a mess as that. But here comes Mrs. Justin's man, Henderson, on horseback, an' by the looks of him he's bringin' a letter."

The man did bring a letter, and it was for Mr. Stratford, and in it Mrs. Justin gave him and his friend a very cordial and earnest invitation to stay at her house during the absence of Mrs. People and Mr. Bullripple.

"How did Mrs. Justin know anything about this?" exclaimed Stratford, when he had read the note.

"Why, you see the way of it was this," answered Mrs. People. "As soon as Enoch an' me got over the worst of our flurry, which was mostly mine, I must say, I began to think about you an' what was to become of you while we was gone. Then I says to myself: 'Mrs. Justin ought to know about this, not as I'd ask anythin' of her, for I'm just as independent as the next person; but still, if she wants to do anythin' in a neighborly way, it isn't for me, who ever sence she first come with her husband to live here never had one word to say ag'in' her, to put myself an' my independence in the way of her doin' it.' So I jus' had the buggy hitched up, an' I drove over to her house as hard as I could go; an' 'twould have done you good, Mr. Stratford, to see how that mare did trot when I worked her up to such a state of mind that she forgot to shy at them upturned tree-roots just at our line fence, which she's done reg'lar ever sence the tree was blowed down in September of year before last. An' I told Mrs. Justin all about the thing jus' as it really stood, an' she said I needn't trouble myself about you an' the other gentleman, for she'd invite you to stay till I got back. I made up my mind I wouldn't say nothin' about this till she sent over an' asked you, for it wasn't any of my business to interfere with her concerns, nor her way of attendin' to 'em; but I must say I felt a mighty relief when I saw that man Henderson comin' with a letter, which, of course, I knew he had an' what it was. An' now I'll be off and see about supper, or else Marier'll give you a taste of what you might have expected if you'd been left here with her to take care of you."

Stratford reflected some little time before answering Mrs. Justin's note, but then, after consulting with Thorne, and considering that the invitation was a very honest and kindly-intentioned one, which should not be declined without good reason, he determined to accept it.

In the early gray of the next morning Enoch and Mrs. People took the milk train for the city, and Stratford and Mr. Thorne drove over to Mrs. Justin's house in time for breakfast.

V.

THERE WAS, indeed, trouble at Vatoldi's, and John People found himself in a perplexed and soul-harrowed condition. The establishment over which he presided was such a well-ordered one that everybody seemed to be surprised at the sudden changes which had taken place in this favorite resort. The employees had always been well treated and well paid, and had never shown any dissatisfaction with the rules of the establishment. But recently

they had broken out in open rebellion against a fundamental regulation.

It was a cherished belief in the mind of Mr. Stull that a waiter should look like a waiter, and that his working-clothes should not be the same as those worn by gentlemen on ceremonious occasions. None of the waiters at Vatoldi's had ever made the slightest objection to their neat and appropriate costume. But a man had recently been engaged, George Bencher by name, whose soul soared above the restrictions imposed by narrow-minded authority. He made it plain to the other men that in all first-class restaurants the waiters wore dress-coats in the evening, and for him and his fellows to be attired in jackets and aprons at all hours was a visible proof that they worked in an establishment of a low order, or else did not possess the manhood with which to assert their rights. A united demand was therefore made on John People that the waiters should thereafter be allowed to wear dress-suits in the evening, instead of jackets and aprons.

John People, of course, was not empowered to make a decision in an important case like this, nor could he say that he would refer the matter to his superiors, for, in the ordinary management of the business, he was not supposed to have any. Everybody connected with the place knew that the original Vatoldi must now be dead, and that, if John had not bought out the place, he was conducting it for the heirs. Mr. Stull had always insisted that, while John must refer to him in matters of any importance whatever, he must, at the same time, take care that no one should imagine that he was obliged to refer to anybody. Mr. Stull was most anxious that no curiosity should be aroused, and no impertinent investigations set on foot, in regard to the ownership of Vatoldi's.

Consequently John was obliged to tell the men that he must take a little time to think over the matter, and when he went to the bank that afternoon to make his daily deposit and confer with Mr. Stull, he laid the affair before that gentleman. Mr. Stull was very indignant, and ordered John to tell the waiters that on no account would their absurd and impudent demand be complied with; so long as they served at Vatoldi's they should never wear dress-coats; and that, if they desired to adopt that style of dress, they must go somewhere else and do it. John gave the waiters his decision that evening, and when it was received every man took off his jacket and apron, put on his ordinary coat and his hat, and departed, and the establishment closed an hour or two earlier than usual.

But John was equal to the emergency, and before the busy hours began next day he had secured, from the list of applicants in his possession, enough waiters with whom to carry on the service. Now the war began, the offensive operations of which were directed by the energetic Bencher. Many of the newly employed waiters were frightened away, and threats of loss of reputation and ill-usage weakened the forces in the kitchen. More than this, Bencher determined to produce an impression upon the patrons of Vatoldi's, and, if possible, bring about a boycott of the place. The discontented waiters were called upon to contribute to a fund, and the money was employed in efforts to make the public believe that they should not patronize Vatoldi's. Men were hired to parade the sidewalk in front of the place, bearing banners on which were painted warning inscriptions. "Eat not at the house of the oppressor!" sounding like a text of Scripture, was expected to have much effect. Another inscription, based upon the belief in Vatoldi's decease, read thus:

"The Ghost's Restaurant
Kept By A Dead Man.
Cooking Done In The Vault."

These banner-bearers, however, with the crowds they attracted in the busy thoroughfare, were soon driven away by the police; but the generous distribution of hundreds of copies of a circular which Bencher had composed and had had printed was found to be of great service to the cause of the boycotters. This informed the public that if they patronized Vatoldi's they might expect that the conscienceless management would be just as ready to impose bad eggs and tallow butter upon its patrons as it was to lay its vile yokes upon the necks of its employees; with much more matter of a like character.

As the authorship of these circulars could be referred to nobody in particular, and as they might be scattered by any one as he passed the place, it was difficult to prevent their distribution. People would stop to look into Vatoldi's to see what was going on, and other people stopped to see what these were looking at. Under these circumstances very few ladies came to Vatoldi's; and although a good many men persisted in taking their meals there in spite of the inferior service, the ordinary luncher or diner preferred to go to some restaurant not so prominent in public notice, and the patronage of the place fell off greatly.

The heart of Mr. Stull was filled with indignation and energetic resolve. If he could have appeared in his proper person as proprietor and manager of the boycotted establishment,

he would have conducted affairs with such courage and wisdom as would have entitled him to the approbation of all good citizens. But it was simply impossible for him to make up his mind to avow himself the owner of Vatoldi's. His pride in the high position which he held in social and financial circles would never allow him to admit, even in such a crisis as this, that his fortune in any way depended upon his ability as a restaurant-keeper. Social standing was dearer to him even than money, and he would much have preferred to see Vatoldi's deserted by its patrons for a month, or even a year, than to see himself and his family deserted by "Society."

But he did not intend that Vatoldi's should be deserted. He could do nothing openly; but indirectly as a patron of the place, and as an earnest defender of the right of man to carry on a legitimate business in his own way, he did a great deal. He took all his meals at the place, and induced many of his friends to go there. He urged them to do this for the "principle of the thing," although he did not hesitate to say that he should be very sorry to see this establishment, the best of its kind in the city, come to grief. He took his wife and three daughters to Vatoldi's for lunch and also for dinner, and both his carriage and his coupé were kept standing as long as possible before the door.

When John People came to him at the usual hour, Mr. Stull fairly loaded him with injunctions and directions. If anything very important occurred, John was to telegraph to him at bank or residence, in a simple cipher, of which Mr. Stull had prepared two copies; and the faithful manager was ordered, whenever his employer went up to the desk to pay his bill, to give him, with his change, a brief report of the state of affairs up to that time. It was at this conference that it was agreed that Mr. Bullripple and Mrs. People should be sent for. It was quite obvious that in this emergency John must have some assistants in whom he could trust; and although his mother and his uncle knew nothing of restaurant-keeping, they were persons of varied abilities and much energy, and he felt that he knew no one else in whom he could place a like confidence. Mr. Stull was acquainted with the old farmer and his sister, and while they were not the people whom he would have decided to call upon, had he had a choice, he knew that they were honest and devoted to John; and those points decided him to authorize John to call upon them.

Mr. Bullripple and Mrs. People arrived at Vatoldi's about eleven o'clock on the second day of the boycott—an hour of the morning at which, even on ordinary occasions, there

were comparatively few customers in the place. John expected them by this train, and knowing that the meeting with his parent would not be an exhibition suitable for the public eye, he had retired at the proper moment to a small back room used as a storage pantry; and it was there that his mother infolded him in her arms, and assured him with streaming eyes that she would stand by him to the last bone in her body.

When the emotions of Mrs. People had been somewhat quieted, and Enoch Bullripple had taken his nephew by the hand and had inquired what was the trouble, and what John wanted him to do, they all sat down at a table in the corner of the large room, and everything was explained. Mrs. People was very anxious to know what Mr. Vatoldi thought about it all, but John evaded her questions.

"Everything is left to me," he said. "The proprietor is away and cannot come here, and I must manage the whole affair myself; and I think I can get through all right if you two will stay here for a few days until things come straight again."

"We'll stay, John," said his mother, "just as long as you need us. You may depend on that."

"That's so," added the old man. "We'll stick to you till the place is either shut up or running along as it used to. Now, do you want me to carve, or to wash dishes?"

It did not take long for John to explain what he wanted his new assistants to do. His mother was to go into the kitchen. The head cook had been induced to follow the waiters, and although the assistants who remained were moderately skilled in their duties, they could not be trusted to work without supervision. Mr. Bullripple was to keep a general eye upon the dining-room, and when John went out was to preside at the cashier's desk. He was not quick at making change, but he could do so with great accuracy, having a very sharp eye for a penny.

Enoch Bullripple had not always been a farmer. Although country-bred, he had at one time kept a small grocery store in the eastern part of the city, and after that he had made a voyage to the West Indies, during which his speculations in early cabbages and potatoes had proved very profitable to him. The head, arms, and legs of Mr. Bullripple were very hard, and his movements and his wits were quick. He was not ignorant of the ways of the town, and was one of those countrymen against whom town dealers are much more likely to endeavor to defend themselves than to try to impose upon them. He entered with much interest into the new line of business now open to him at Vatoldi's. He was very

willing to give his nephew all the assistance in his power, but he also had a strong desire to make use of the opportunities that might now be afforded him to find out what was that nephew's true position in the establishment. If Vatoldi were dead, as he had reason to believe, could it be possible that John was now the real proprietor? In that case, what became of the very large profits which must accrue from the business? But if John were merely acting as the agent of some one else, who was that some one else? This was the question to which Enoch gave his attention, for he did not believe that John was actually at the head of affairs. He was quite sure that there was a proprietor and general director in the background, and he was quite as sure that this person desired to remain very much in the background. It was not merely curiosity which prompted Enoch to discover the unknown owner and his motives for secrecy. He believed that his nephew was carrying a very heavy load with but very little profit to himself, and that if he, Enoch, could get one of his strong thumbs into the Vatoldi pie, he would be able to pull out a plum for John.

Mr. Bullripple walked up and down between the rows of tables in the long room, sometimes taking his seat on an empty chair, of which, on this day, there were a good many. He kept his eyes on the new waiters who had been employed, looking sharply for signs of disaffection and intimidation. Now and then he stepped to the door to see if he could discover any of those banners of which he had been told, and several times he made a sudden swoop out upon the sidewalk, and in the direction of a boy who was distributing the circulars of the boycotters. He never caught the boy, but he picked up a great many circulars, and carried them in to be burned.

A little before three o'clock John asked his uncle to take his place at the cashier's desk,—a good deal of a sinecure just then,—as he was obliged to go to the bank and make his deposits.

"Can't I go for you?" asked his uncle.

"Oh, no," said John; "I always do that myself."

The rest of the afternoon and evening passed disagreeably at Vatoldi's. As night drew on, a crowd of idlers, apparently sent there for the purpose of making the ordinary public believe that something was going to happen, stood, dispersed, and reassembled upon the sidewalk. Sometimes rough fellows would come in and demand something to drink, without anything to eat, and when told that refreshments were not served here in that fashion would complain violently, and would go away with loud words of derision and con-

tempt. Nearly every one who passed the place seemed to carry in his hand one of Bencher's circulars; and when, in the course of the evening, Mr. Stull and his friends, with other gentlemen who had determined to patronize on principle this persecuted restaurant, came in, nearly all of them ordered something or other which John had thought would not be called for in these troublous times, and which, therefore, was not on hand. If Mr. Stull said anything to John when he went up to the cashier's desk, it must have been spoken very quickly, and in an undertone, for no one noticed it. But, as he walked away, Mr. Stull's face was very red, while John's seemed troubled. At the close of the day several of the newly engaged waiters informed Mr. People that they would like to have their money for their day's work, and that they should not return. They had not understood the state of affairs when they agreed to come there, and they did not wish to mix themselves up in any such trouble. Of course no one of them said anything about the private note he had received that day from Bencher.

John had secured rooms for his mother and uncle in the boarding-house where he lived; and after the young man had taken his weary body and soul to bed, the two elders had a little confabulation in the parlor.

"If this thing goes on much longer," said Mrs. People, "it will bring that boy to his dying bed. He's pretty nigh worn out now."

"That's so," replied Enoch; "John is mighty stout on his pins, but he looks shaky, for all that."

"Pins are no good," said his sister, "no matter how fat they may be, when the mind is so troubled and tossed it can't sleep. An' just look at that Vatoldi!"

"I wish I could," said Enoch, "but I don't expect to."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. People; "it's easy enough to see that he's goin' to keep himself out of harm's way, an' trouble's way too, an' leave my boy to bear everything. I tell you what let's do, Enoch. Let's shut the place up, an' take John away. Then, if Vatoldi wants to open it again, let him come an' open it."

"That wouldn't do, Hannah; that wouldn't do," said Enoch. "If the reg'lar customers, like Mr. Stull and all them carriage people, was to find the place shut up, they'd go somewhere else, and not come back again. It won't do to spile a good business that way."

"It's a long time sence John has had a holiday," said Mrs. People, after a little pause, "an' he's always told me he couldn't have one, because there was nobody to take his place while he was gone. Now it strikes me that this is just the time for John to get his

holiday. Here's you an me on hand to be in his place; an' as long as the restaurant's boycotted there won't be much to do, an' what little business there is you an' me can attend to well enough without John."

"That's a good idea, Hannah," said Enoch, "a very good idea. As long as the business is upset, and hind-part foremost, and standing on its head, I can do what marketing is needed, and boss the waiters. But if everything was a-runnin' on as smooth and even as the fly-wheel of a steam-engine, with hundreds of people comin' in, and eatin' and drinkin', and never seein' nothin' to find fault with, then you and me would get the whole machinery out of order, because we don't understand it, and John, or somebody like him, would have to be on hand. But now we can go into this rough-and-tumble business as well as anybody, and keep things as straight as they can be kept till that lot of stupid waiters see which side their bread is buttered, and come back. Then John can take hold again, and everything go on as it used to. You're right, Hannah. This is the time for John's holiday, if he's ever goin' to get one."

"But he's got to get it!" said Mrs. People, her emotion lifting her to her feet. "I know he'll say he can't, an' he won't. But that's not goin' to make any difference with me. I'm determined he shall have a rest. Why, when he went off to bed jus' now he was about able to get upstairs, an' no more."

Enoch Bullripple had much more faith in the enduring powers of John than had been expressed by Mrs. People, but for more reasons than one he greatly desired that the young man should have a holiday. If he, Enoch, should be left in charge of Vatoldi's for a few days, he felt sure that he could get at the bottom of the mystery of the proprietorship.

"But, Hannah," said he, "I really don't see how it's goin' to be done."

"I don't neither," said Mrs. People, "but it's got to be done, an' that's the long an' the short of it."

VI.

THE two gentlemen, whose residence at the Bullripple farm had been interrupted by the boycott at Vatoldi's, found the life at Mrs. Justin's house a very pleasant one. Mr. Thorne, having come into the mountains to fish, fished; and his friend Stratford usually went with him on his excursions. In the evening this family of four adapted itself very well to cards, conversation, or twilight strolls, and the ladies found fault with Mr. Thorne because he worked so hard at his fishing, and gave none of his daytime to pursuits in which they could

take part. But he was a thoroughly conscientious young man, and as he came to the mountains to fish, he fished.

As his friend now began to know the country, Mr. Stratford frequently left him to wade the cold trout streams alone, while he gave some of his time to the entertainment of the ladies. One afternoon he took them, with the Justin horses and carriage, on a long drive through some of the valley roads. On the next day he did not go out with Mr. Thorne at all, as Mrs. Justin desired his opinion on a business letter she had received from some of her fellow-workers; and in the afternoon, Mrs. Justin having retired to the library to compose her answer, Stratford proposed to Miss Armatt that she should go in a boat on Cherry Creek, and investigate the beauty of that winding stream.

"Why, I thought the Cherry River, as I shall call it, was not navigable," said Miss Gay. "When Mr. Crisman and I wanted to go rowing, Mrs. Justin told us that it was so full of sand-bars and snags and all sorts of obstructions, that boating on it was not to be thought of."

"She was entirely right," answered Stratford; "that is, when speaking of persons not familiar with the peculiarities of the stream. It would be extremely awkward and perhaps dangerous for you and Mr. Crisman to essay boating here. But in this case it is different. I have lived here a great deal, and have made myself perfectly acquainted with the eccentricities of the river, or creek. Suppose you come and let us see what progress we can make."

"Oh, I shall be delighted," said Gay. And, tossing on her hat, she walked with Stratford to the water-side.

In rowing of the sort that was required here Stratford was an adept. With Miss Gay in the stern of the boat, and himself placed moderately well forward, so that the flat-bottomed craft should draw as little water as possible, he rowed rapidly over the deeper and open places, pulled close to one bank to avoid the shallows by the other, crushed steadily through beds of lily-pads, and once slowly and gently pushed the boat beneath the trunk of a tree which spanned the stream, keeping his eyes meantime on Gay to see that her head and shoulders were bent low enough to prevent contact with the rough overhanging bark.

As they went on, the stream became wider and deeper, and they met with fewer impediments; and it was not long before, to Miss Armatt's great delight, Stratford turned the boat into a narrow tributary stream, which, running through the heart of the woods, presented to the eye a lovely water-avenue, pass-

ing under overhanging arches of green leaves, mossy branches, and down-reaching vines. This little stream, though narrow, was deeper and much more open to the approaches of a little boat than the upper part of Cherry Creek, and for ten or fifteen minutes Stratford rowed quite steadily, keeping his head the meanwhile turned well to one side so that he should not run into either of the banks.

Then he stopped, and, drawing in the oars, said: "Now I'll rest for a time and look about me."

"You'll see nothing," exclaimed Miss Gay with sparkling eyes, "that is not perfectly lovely."

Stratford looked about him and perceived that she was quite correct. Here and there was a break in the green roof above them, and the sunlight falling in little dapples on leaf and water enhanced the beauty of the shaded vernal hues with which the scene was mainly tinged. On one bank a matted grape-vine bent down so low and wide that it formed a spreading bower over the water, under which a little boat might gently lie. On either side there were glimpses of forest beauty; beyond them, the little stream twinkled and rippled into the far-away heart of the woods, and the perfume from the young blossoms of the grape-vines filled all the air.

Miss Gay sat silent, her eyes wandering from side to side, and resting at last upon the water-bower formed by the spreading vines. Then she said: "I think I must try and remember all the twists and turns we made in coming here, so that some time I can guide Mr. Crisman to this spot. I don't believe he was ever in such a charming place."

Stratford looked into the face of Miss Gay, and across the clear blue sky of her delight he saw floating a thin gray cloud. He knew that she was thinking what a little heaven this would be if it were but her lover who was with her. But Stratford had not brought Miss Armatt here that she might tell herself how delightful it would be to sit in a boat with Mr. Crisman under that roof of odorous vines. He wanted to talk to her of herself, and this he now set about to do.

He answered her remark by saying that she would have to come over this course a good many times before she would be able to act as guide for any one else. He made no offer to be her instructor in navigation, but began to question her on the subject of her past studies and those victories in the field of learning which she still hoped to achieve. He made her understand how greatly interested he was in the objects of Mrs. Justin's life-work; and having heard from that lady so much of Miss Armatt, he wished to talk to her about

what she had done and what she intended to do.

Miss Gay was very willing to talk of these matters. She had learned from Mrs. Justin that Mr. Stratford was a man whose experience and knowledge were very great, and whose opinions were of the highest value, and she much desired to have his advice about her future studies.

But very little advice she received on this occasion. Mr. Stratford wished to look into her mind, and not to exhibit his own. Miss Gay found it very easy to talk to her companion. He seemed to want to know exactly those things which she most wished to tell him. In ten minutes she was speaking more freely of her aspirations and half-matured plans than she had ever spoken to any one before. Mrs. Justin was her dear, kind friend, and always willing to listen and assist. But Gay had perceived that there was not a perfect sympathy between them when they talked of her future intentions. Mrs. Justin wished her young friend to climb, and climb boldly, but the spot at which she would have been willing to rest content was far below the altitude on which Gay Armatt had fixed her eyes and her hopes. But here was one who not only sympathized with her in her longings, but, by his questions and his hearty interest, led her on to bring forth ideas and plans which had long been laid away in her mind because there was no one to whom she could show them. She expected to talk about all these things to Mr. Crisman after they were married; but just now their conversation never ran upon intellectual or educational topics. There were always things of a totally different sort which he wished to say to her.

But now, side by side with this courteous gentleman, this scholar and careful thinker, she walked in the regions of high thought and far-spread prospects; and when the sun had sunk so low that it no longer threw its light upon the leaves and water, and Stratford took up the oars and said it was time for them to return, he looked into her face, and on the sky of her delight there was no cloud.

Gay told Mrs. Justin all about this most delightful little excursion, and hesitated not at the same time to give vent to her high admiration of Mr. Stratford.

"It is a pity," said Mrs. Justin, "that Mr. Crisman could not have rowed you into this woodland stream."

"It would have been perfectly lovely," exclaimed Miss Gay, "if he could have been with me! But then," she added, "I should have lost that most encouraging conversation with Mr. Stratford."

The next afternoon Mr. Thorne was pre-

vailed upon to stay at home and take part in Mrs. Justin's favorite outdoor amusement, a game of croquet. Thorne was a kind-hearted man, and as willing as anybody to aid in the work of making other people happy, provided such labor did not interfere with the things which he really ought to do. But now he felt that he had done his duty in the trout streams, and that, having come into the mountains to fish, he had fished. Therefore, a four-handed game of croquet was made up.

"Gay and Mr. Thorne will play together," said Mrs. Justin, "leaving you and me for the other side."

Stratford smiled. "That will be a most agreeable arrangement for me," he said, "but I am rather sorry for Miss Armatt and Thorne."

"That is true," said Mrs. Justin. "I remember now that Gay said she had not had a mallet in her hand since she was a little girl; and you and I are both good players."

"Thorne tells me he knows but little of the game," said Stratford. "Shall I take him on my side and coach him?"

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Justin. "We won't divide in that way. You must take Gay, and I will play with Mr. Thorne."

The game proved to be a very long one, for both Mrs. Justin and Stratford were good shots and excellent managers, and they so harassed each other that advantages on either side were slowly gained. But for Gay the game was none too long. She was surprised to find that croquet, which she had supposed to be a thing of bygone days, relegated now to children and very old-fashioned grown people, was really an interesting and absorbing exercise, in which many powers of the mind, not omitting those of a mathematical nature, were brought into vigorous play. Every shot she made, every position she took, and even her manner of standing and holding her mallet were directed by Mr. Stratford; and the pleasure of doing these things properly, and of feeling that every effort had its due value, helped very much to give the game its zest. She and her partner won, and this was not because Mr. Stratford was a better player than Mrs. Justin, or that Gay knew more of the game than Mr. Thorne, but because the younger lady subordinated herself entirely to Stratford. They moved through the game as one player, neither advancing far beyond the other, and at length side by side going out of it. Mrs. Justin did not demand such subjection from her partner. She thought that sometimes he ought to rely on himself, and when he did so she generally found that he had left little that she could rely on.

As they walked towards the house, Gay Armatt said to Mrs. Justin: "I believe Mr.

Stratford would make a splendid teacher. I think he ought not to deprive the world of the benefit of his extraordinary talents in that way."

"I know Mr. Stratford has not the slightest desire," answered Mrs. Justin, "to act as teacher to the world," placing a slight emphasis on the collective noun.

Whether Stratford liked teaching or not, he and Miss Gay spent more than an hour the next morning on the back piazza of the house, with four large books from the library and an ancient atlas.

"What in the world," asked Mrs. Justin, as she came out to them, "have you two been doing here all the morning?"

"We haven't been here all the morning," said Stratford, "and we have been visiting some of the head springs of literature, and tracing the meanderings of their streams."

"You can't imagine," cried Miss Gay, "how interesting it has been! But I had no idea," looking at her watch, "that it was nearly twelve o'clock, and I have two letters to write before you send to the post-office!"

Gay ran into the house, and Mrs. Justin took her place in the chair by Stratford. "It is a pity," she said, after glancing a few moments over the atlas, "that Mr. Crisman chose to take his yachting expedition just now. It would be so much more pleasant for him to be here while you two gentlemen are in the house. I heard from Mrs. People this morning, and she says she will not be able to return home until after next Sunday at the earliest."

Mr. Stratford looked at his companion with a very small twinkle in his eye, but with a grave face. "You think," he said, "that Mr. Crisman ought to be here while we are here?"

"I cannot but believe," she said, looking steadily at Stratford, "that it would be better for his interests."

"And how about Miss Armatt's interests?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" said the lady quickly.

"Mrs. Justin," said Stratford, closing the atlas and leaning forward as he spoke, "I mean this. Miss Armatt is a young woman in whom I have taken an extraordinary interest."

"It is scarcely necessary to mention that," remarked Mrs. Justin.

"You should not be surprised," said he, "at my interest in her, for you have the same feeling yourself. You know she is a girl with an exceptional future open to her, and you would do anything in your power to help her. I am of the same mind. I believe that I comprehend very clearly her present condition of

intellectual development; and I see, too, in what directions her inclinations will lead her in regard to her future work. I think her views are not exactly sound. She needs something more than her college and her text-books can give her; and I very much hope that I shall be able to bring her to look upon literature, philosophy, and science with the eye of an untrammelled thinker. This she ought to do before she takes another step forward. And I honestly admit to you, Mrs. Justin, that I am very glad to have the opportunity, uninterrupted by Mr. Crisman's weekly visit, to do what I can to assist in the cutting and polishing of this jewel in your crown."

"You know, Mr. Stratford," said Mrs. Justin, "that I expected you to take an interest in Gay, and that I should have been very much disappointed if you had not done so; but I did not expect that she would take such a deep and absorbing interest in you."

"I cannot say," answered Stratford after a moment's pause, "that I am sorry to hear that; because if she is interested in me she will be the more likely to give an earnest attention to what I say."

"Horace Stratford," said Mrs. Justin, "did anybody ever turn you the least bit to the right or the left?"

"Yes," he answered. "Here is this young creature, with the mind of a philosopher and the heart of a girl, who has turned me entirely aside from what I thought I was going to do when I came down here."

"It is just that girl-heart which troubles me," thought Mrs. Justin. But she did not deem it proper to speak her thought. Gay Armatt was engaged to be married, and what had she or Mr. Stratford to do with her girl-heart? So she continued not this conversation; but, after gazing a moment at the vines upon the lattice-work beside her, she looked over the lawn. "What has Mr. Thorne been doing with himself this morning?" she asked. "He is now sitting alone, down there on the bench by the bank. I think he has been outrageously neglected."

"I can't agree with you," said Stratford, "for immediately after breakfast he started out on some sort of pedestrian expedition, without saying anything to me about it. I knew nothing of his intention until I saw him marching away over the hills. He is an odd fellow, and I suppose he thought it was his duty, on a fine morning like this, to walk."

"Mr. Thorne is very conscientious, is he not?" asked Mrs. Justin.

"He is entirely too conscientious."

"How can any one be too conscientious?" asked the lady with some warmth.

"It is quite possible," answered Stratford.

"Arthur Thorne has an abnormal conscience. He has cultivated it so carefully that I believe it has grown to be a thing which overshadows his life. Now I prefer, for myself, a conscience which is pruned down to healthy and vigorous growth."

"And who does the pruning?" asked Mrs. Justin.

"I do," answered Stratford with a smile. And then he went down to join Mr. Thorne upon the lawn.

"Why did you start off this morning without saying anything to me about it?" asked Stratford, as he took a seat by his friend.

Mr. Thorne smiled. "I thought," he said, "that if I asked you, politeness might impel you to go with me; and as I saw Miss Armatt alone with her books on the piazza, I knew where your chosen place would be. Would it be stepping outside of the privileges of friendship if I were to offer you my congratulations, together with my most unqualified commendation?"

"My dear Thorne," exclaimed Stratford, "your reason has taken grasshopper legs unto itself, and has jumped most wildly! Let us speak plainly. Do you suppose I am making love to Miss Armatt?"

"I supposed," said Thorne, "from the general tone of your intercourse with the young lady, that the preliminary stage of love-making had been passed, and that you were engaged."

"You amaze me!" cried Stratford. "There is nothing whatever of that sort between me and Miss Armatt! I never saw her until I came up here, about two weeks ago. I am exceedingly interested in her studies and in her prospects, and that is the basis of our intimacy."

"I shall not ask your pardon," said Mr. Thorne, "for the mistake was a compliment to your taste and good sense. I used to think that Mrs. Justin, without question, was the most charming woman of my acquaintance; but since I have seen Miss Armatt, I have revolved the matter somewhat in my mind. In fact, that was what I was doing just now when you came."

"A most profitless revolution," remarked Stratford.

As the two men walked together towards the house, it occurred to Stratford that he had not mentioned to his friend that Miss Armatt was indeed engaged to be married, though not to himself. But the subject of Mr.

Crisman was not agreeable to him, and he did not care to discuss it; therefore he said nothing about it.

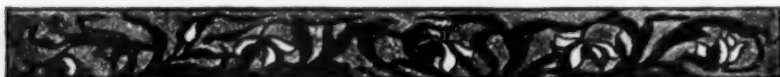
That afternoon Arthur Thorne took Miss Armatt to drive in his friend Stratford's buggy. Arthur had taken lessons in driving from a professional, and he was the only man with whom Stratford would trust his horse. Mrs. Justin did not say to herself that Mr. Thorne was the only man with whom she would trust Gay, but she was very willing to have him go with her, his abnormal conscience not appearing as a fault in her eyes. It was not, perhaps, entirely suitable that Gay should go driving with any young man other than her engaged lover; but, as Mr. Crisman chose to stay away, Mrs. Justin did not feel inclined to shut up her young friend on that account.

As for Gay herself, she went very willingly with Mr. Thorne, but she could not help feeling a little disappointed that it had not been Mr. Stratford who had asked her. Several times during the drive, which was a long and interesting one, she was employed in making mental comparisons between Mr. Stratford and Mr. Thorne, at moments when the latter thought she was absorbed in contemplation of the landscape. And yet she liked Mr. Thorne very much, and would probably like him better when she knew him better. There was here none of that fire-and-wax sympathy which had shown itself in the early stages of her acquaintance with Mr. Stratford. Mr. Thorne spoke but little on those subjects in which her mind was most deeply interested, and what he did say was not at all what Mr. Stratford would have said. But she felt, when she returned from her drive, that she had spent the afternoon with one who was truly a gentleman. Mr. Thorne had done nothing which was peculiarly adapted to produce this impression, but the impression had been produced; and Gay Armatt could not help thinking that it was a very pleasant thing to be in the company of persons who were truly gentlemen.

But, in her thoughts, Gay instituted no comparisons between Mr. Crisman and other men. Other men were other men, and had their faults and their merits. But Mr. Crisman was in a different sphere altogether; he was her lover, and she was to marry him; and with him criticism and comparison had nothing to do.

Frank R. Stockton.

(To be continued.)



OLD CHELSEA. II.



THE WESTERN END OF CHEYNE WALK.



ALL that is now left of Paradise Row, across the road from Ranelagh Gardens, is half a dozen small brick cottages, with tiny gardens in front, and vines climbing above. Once, when all about here was country, these houses must have been really delightful, and have justified the name, as they looked out on pleasant parterres, terraced to the river. Unpretending as they are, they have harbored many historic personages. In Paradise Row—it is now partly Queen's Road West—lived the first Duke of St. Albans, Nell Gwynne's son, not far from the more modest mansion of his venerated grandmother. Here lived the Earls of Pelham and of Sandwich, and the Duchess of Hamilton. At the corner of Robinson's Lane stood Lord Robarte's house, wherein he gave the famous supper to Charles II. on the 4th of September, 1660, and was soon after made Earl of Radnor; whence the street of that name hard by. On April 19, 1665, Pepys visited him here, and "found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life." A quiet, quaint old public-

house, "The Chelsea Pensioner," stands where Faulkner, the historian of Chelsea, worked with such pains on his drier of records, yet to which we are all glad to go for our facts about Chelsea. This row of poor little plaster-fronted cottages, running to Christchurch Street, is all that is left of old Ormond Row; and the swinging sign over the "Ormond Dairy" is all we have to commemorate old Ormond House, which stood just here, its gardens, in which Walpole's later house was built, sloping to the river-bank.

Let us stop again before the little two-storied house, the easternmost of Paradise Row, standing discreetly back from the street behind a prim plot of grass. Well-wrought iron gates are swung on square gate-posts, atop of each of which is an old-fashioned stone globe, seldom seen nowadays. A queer little sounding-board projects over the small door, and above the little windows we read: "School of Discipline, Instituted A. D. 1825." It is the oldest school of the sort in London, founded by Elizabeth Fry, and in it young girls, forty-two at a time, each staying two years, "are reformed for five shillings a week," and fitted for domestic service. They wear

very queer aprons, their hair is plastered properly, and their shoes are clumsy; and no stranger contrast was ever invented than that between them and the perfumed, curled, high-heeled dame who once lived here.

Hortensia Mancini, the daughter of Cardinal Mazarin's sister, had been married while very young to some duke, who took the name of Mazarin on his marriage. A religious fanatic, he soon shut her up in a convent, from which she ran away, and reached England in boy's costume; but, as Rumigny wrote, "she has entered the English court as Armida en-

tered the camp of Godfrey." As the handsomest woman in Europe, her coming caused commotion at the court with her rivals and in the breast of Charles II., on whom during his exile Hortensia Mancini had made an impression. She became the vogue for a while, and lived luxuriously; but this little house was her last residence, and here, although reduced to poverty by her extravagance,—too poor even to pay her butcher and baker,—she continued to give fashionable dinners, for which each guest paid by leaving his money under his napkin, so old Lysons heard. For

all that, her house was the favorite resort of men famous by birth and brains; here Charles II. was fond of coming; here St. Evremont wrote poetry for her, advised her, worshiped her.

Mary Astell was a near neighbor of, and a curious contrast with, the Duchess of Mazarin, at whom she pointed in her writings as a warning of the doom decreed to beauty and to wit, when shackled in slavery to man. *She* devoted herself "to the propagation of virtue," as Smollett satirically put it. Congreve satirized her too; Swift stained her with his

sneers as "Maddonella"; Addison and Steele made fun of her in their gentler way. Doubtless there was something of *la Précieuse Ridicule* to that generation in the aspect of this most learned lady, who wrote pamphlets and essays, in which, following More's lead, she urged the higher education of her sex. Failing to found among her female friends a college or community for celibacy and study, she induced Lady Elizabeth Hastings and other noble ladies to endow in 1729 a school for the daughters of old



TURNER'S LAST DWELLING-PLACE.

pensioners of the Royal Hospital; and this has grown to the present grand asylum for clothing, educating, and caring for these girls.

Turning from Paradise Row, we pass Gough House, with its two centuries of social history, for which we cannot here pause. The great square mansion is now the Victoria Hospital for Children, doing beneficent work. Passing through Titestreet, we come, in refreshing contrast with its ambitious artificiality, to a bit of genuine nature, the Botanical Gardens, which front just here on the embankment. They remain intact as when in 1673 four acres of Lord Cheyne's domain were made over to the Society of Apothecaries for "the Chelsea Physick Garden," and to build thereon a barge-house and offices for their convenience when they came up the river.

These buildings were demolished in 1853, but the gardens have bravely held out against the vandal hordes of bricklayers and builders; and all the herbs of *materia medica* which can grow in the open air are cultivated to this very day for the instruction of medical students, just as when Dr. Johnson's *Polyphilus*—the universal genius of a "Rambler"—started to come out here from London streets to see a new plant in flower.

Here Hans Sloane studied, and when he became rich and famous, and bought the manor of Chelsea, he gave the freehold of this garden to the Apothecaries' Company on condition that it should be cultivated forever for the use of medical students. His statue, erected in 1733, stands in the middle of the garden, chipped and stained by wind and weather.



TITESTREET.

Westward a little way stands "Swan House," on the site of the "Old Swan Tavern," which has been gone this fifty years now. It stood right over the river, with projecting wooden balconies, and a land entrance from Queen's Road. It and its predecessor—a little lower down the river—were historic public-houses resorted to by parties pleasuring from town; it was a house of call for watermen with their wherries, as we have so well pictured in Marryat's "Jacob Faithful." Here Pepys turned back on April 9, 1666, having rowed up with a merry party, and "got affright at the Swan," on hearing that the plague had broken out in this suburb. Until the "Old Swan" was torn down, it served as the goal for the annual race rowed even yet by the Thames watermen for the prize instituted by Dogget, a fine low



PARADISE ROW.

comedian of Queen Anne's time,—an orange-colored waterman's coat and a silver medal stamped with the white horse of Hanover.

Just beyond, at Flood Street, begins Cheyne Walk, still, despite embankments and gas and cabs, the most old-fashioned, dignified, and impressive spot in all London. Its modest brick houses have not been spoiled by too many modern improvements; they are prim and respectable, clad in a sedate, secluded sobriety, not at all of this century. Their little front gardens are unpretending and almost sad. Between them and the street are fine specimens of old wrought iron in railways and gates, in last century brackets for lamps before gas came in, in iron extinguishers for the links they used to carry. "Hans Sloane House" is wrought, in open letters, in the gate of No. 17; in others the numbers alone are thus worked in the antique pattern. "Manor House" has an attractive old plaster front. A shining brass plate on another, with "Gothic House" in well-worn letters, is just what we want to find there. In No. 4 died, on the night of the 22d of December, 1880, Mrs. John Walter Cross, more widely known as George Eliot. Maclise, the painter, died in the same house many years before. It has recently been "done up new," and so spoilt for us, I am sorry to say. So, too, has No. 16, the "Rossetti House," a large, double-front bowing out in the middle, the famous drawing-room on the first floor taking the whole width. The hall, staircases, every room, are paneled from entrance to garret, and the place had a dreary and not reverend aspect as I went through it, just before its new occupants took it.

I am told that in the foundations of this house there are to be seen remains of the old Tudor stone-work of Henry VIII.'s palace, and in the adjacent houses heavy nail-studded doors and similar remnants of that palace, built just here by the King, who had learned to like Chelsea in his visits to More. Nothing is left of it save those foundations and the apocryphal bits spoken of, but we can easily trace its grand grounds and gar-

dens, covered with houses and streets as they are. Rossetti's great garden—now almost covered by a new Board school—was undoubtedly part of the palace grounds, other portions of which are found in the back gardens all along this part of Cheyne Walk. In the large garden of Mr. Druse there stand some very ancient trees, and I saw there, not very long ago,—but gone forever now,—a bit of crumbling wall, an arch, and within it remains of the old hinges on which a gate was once hung. That gate gave entrance from the land side by a path leading across the fields from the King's Road to the palace grounds; through it Seymour slipped to his secret visits to Catherine



GATEWAY OF ROSSETTI'S OLD HOUSE.



STATUE OF THOMAS CARLYLE, BY BORHM.

Parr, as we know by a letter of hers: "I pray you let me have a knowledge over-night at what hour ye will come, that your portress may wait at the gate to the fields for you." She and Seymour had their historic romps under these very trees with the Princess Elizabeth, then a girl of thirteen, at home here.

She had come to live in the manor-house at the age of four, that she might grow up in that healthful air, her father placing, with his customary delicacy, the daughter of Anne Boleyn under the care and tuition and example of his latest wife, the staid and

studious Catherine Parr. To this latter the King had given, on their marriage, the manor-house as her jointure, and there she lived in great state after Henry's death. Already before their marriage, while a wistful widow, she had been bewitched by Seymour, and had meant to marry him, but for being forced to submit to the King's will to make her his queen. Henry died at the end of January, 1547, and in May his widow, but thirty-five years old, secretly married Seymour. He was a turbulent, unscrupulous, handsome rascal, a greedy gambler, an insane intriguer, brother

of the Protector Somerset, maternal uncle of King Edward VII., brother-in-law of the King, and had tried to marry the Princess Elizabeth, then a girl of thirteen or fourteen, even while coquetting with the Queen-dowager, Catherine Parr. The girl, with her Boleyn blood, doubtless delighted in the mystery of the secret visits, which she knew of, and in the secret marriage she surely suspected. The Queen-dowager must have found it a trying and turbulent task to train her, and had more comfort in her other pupil, little Lady Jane Grey, who came here often for a visit and

Hans Sloane had come up to London, a young Irish student of medicine; and, frequenting the Botanical Gardens, just beyond in Chelsea, he must often have looked at, and perhaps longed to live in, the roomy old mansion. After his return from Jamaica, he pursued his studies with such success that he was made President of the Royal Society on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, in 1727. He became a famous physician, was doctor to the Queens, Anne and Caroline, as well as to George I., who made him a baronet in 1716, the first physician so ennobled in England. As

he grew in wealth, he bought much property in Chelsea: first this manor-house, then More's house, then in other quarters. His name is perpetuated in Sloane Square and Hans Place, and his property now forms the estate of the Earl of Cadogan, whose ancestor, the famous General Cadogan, a colonel of the Horse Guards in Marlborough's wars, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Hans Sloane; so that the present Earl of Cadogan is "lord of the manor and Viscount Chelsey."

But greater than his riches, better than all his other services, is the fact that Sir Hans Sloane was the founder of the British Museum. The extraordinary collection

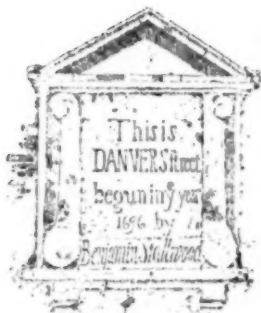
in natural history, of books and of manuscripts, with which his house in Bloomsbury was filled, and which then overflowed into his Chelsea house, was left by him to the nation, on payment to his estate of only twenty thousand pounds, it having cost him not less than fifty thousand pounds. Parliament passed the appropriation, the purchase was perfected, and this little pond has now grown into the great ocean of the British Museum, on the shores of which we who come to scoop up our small spoonfuls of knowledge are cared for so courteously by its guardians.

There was an Irish servant of Sir Hans



CARLYLE'S HOUSE, GREAT CHEYNE ROW.

for sympathy in the studies in which she was already a prodigy, even then, at the age of eleven. She is a pure and perfect picture, this lovely and gentle girl, amid all these cruel and crafty creatures; but we cannot follow her farther in the touching tragedy in which she played the innocent usurper, the blameless martyr. Nor can we say more of Catherine Parr, probably poisoned by her husband, nor of his death on the block, nor of the rascally and wretched record of the future owners of this manor-house, but come down to the year 1712, when it was sold by Lord William Cheyne, lord of the manor, to Sir Hans Sloane.



A TABLET FROM A STREET CORNER.

Sloane, one Salter, who established himself in 1695 as a barber in a little house in Cheyne Walk, which stood on the site of the present No. 18,—“six doors beyond Manor Street,” contemporary papers say, and I have no doubt this is the correct site. Salter was a thin little man, with a hungry look, as of one fond of philosophy or of fretting; and Vice-Admiral Munden, just home from years of service on the Spanish coast, dubbed him, in a freak, Don Saltero, which title he carried to his death. He took in all the papers, and had musical instruments lying about,—he himself twanged, Don-like, the guitar,—that his customers might divert themselves while waiting their turns. His master had given him a lot of rubbish for which his house had no more room, as well as duplicates of curiosities of real value in the museum in Bloomsbury. To these he added others of his own invention, until there were “ten thousand gimcracks on the walls and ceiling,” as the “Tatler” put it in a narrative of a voyage to Chelsea; for Don Saltero’s museum, barber’s shop, reading-room, coffee-house, had become quite the vogue, and a favorite lounge for men of quality. Old St. Evremond was probably among the first to be shaved here; Richard Cromwell used to come often and sit silently,—“a little and very neat old man, with a placid countenance, the effect of his innocent and unambitious life.” Steele and Addison and their friends were frequent visitors “to the Coffee House where the Literati sit in council.” And there came here, one day about 1724 or 1725, a young man of

eighteen or twenty years, out for a holiday from the printing-press at which he worked in Bartholomew Close, Benjamin Franklin by name, recently arrived from the loyal colonies of North America, and lodging in Little Britain. He had brought with him to London a purse of asbestos, which Sir Hans Sloane, hearing of, bought at a handsome price, and added it to his museum, to which he gave the young printer an invitation, and told him about Don Saltero’s probably. It was on Franklin’s return from there—the party went by river, of course—that he undressed and leaped into the water. “I swam from near Chelsea the whole way to Blackfriars Bridge, exhibiting during the course a variety of feats of activity and address, both upon the surface of the water, as well as under it. This sight occasioned much astonishment and pleasure to those to whom it was new.”

It is a far cry from Dick Steele to Charles Lamb, yet the latter, too, makes mention of Don Saltero’s in a letter,—saying that he had offered to him, by a fellow-clerk in the India House, all the ornaments of the Don’s smoking-room at the time of the auction sale, when the collection was dispersed. This was in 1807, and the place was then turned into a tavern, its old sign, “Don Saltero’s, 1695,” gold letters on a green board, swinging between beams in front until its demolition only twenty years ago.

A little farther on, just west of Oakley Street, on the outer edge of Cheyne Walk, still stands an old sign at which I often look in delight, unshamed by the mute mockery of the pass-



D. G. ROSSETTI'S GARDEN.



OLD BATTERSEA CHURCH, WHERE BLAKE WAS MARRIED, SHOWING WINDOW FROM WHICH TURNER SKETCHED.

ing Briton, wondering what the sentimental prowler can see to attract him in this rusty relic. It stands in front of the little public-house, "The Magpie and Stump," two solid posts carrying a wide cross-piece, all bristling with spikes, for the impalement of the climbing boy of the period,— "Magpie and Stump, Quoit Grounds," in dingy letters on the outer side, once plain for all rowing men to read from the river; above is an iron magpie on an iron stump, both decrepit with age, and a rusty old weathercock, too stiff to turn even the letter *E*, alone left of the four points of the compass. Between these posts you may still trace the top stone of an old water-staircase, imbedded now in the new-made ground which forms the embankment-garden here; just as you might have seen, only the other day, the water-stairs of Whitehall Palace, which have now been carted away. Up this staircase Queen Elizabeth has often stepped, on her frequent visits to the rich and powerful Earl of Shrewsbury, her devoted subject and friend; for just back of Cheyne Walk here, on the river-slope, stood until the beginning of this century Shrewsbury House, an irregular brick structure, much gabled, built about a quadrangle. Although but one story in height, it was sufficiently spacious, its great room being one hundred and twenty feet in length, and its oratory painted to resemble marble. It was one of the five grand mansions of Chelsea.

We pass the site of another notable mansion,

the ancient palace of the Bishops of Winchester, which stood on the river-bank until within seventy years, just where broad Oakley Street runs up from opposite the Albert Suspension Bridge, concerning the history and the inmates of which there is much of real interest, not to be narrated here. Farther along Cheyne Walk we turn into Lawrence Street, at the upper end of which, at the corner of Justice Walk, you may find in the cellars of "The Prince of Wales" tavern and of the adjoining houses the remains of the ovens and baking-rooms of the famous Chelsea china-factory. For it stood just here during the short forty years it existed, having been established in 1745. Why it failed, and why the factory was torn down, no one seems to know; for it produced extremely fine work, and its best ware — turned out from 1750 to 1765 — was equal to that of Sèvres. Skilled foreign workmen had been brought over, and an extraordinary specimen of unskilled native workman appeared in Dr. Samuel Johnson. The old scholar conceived the idea that he could make china as admirably as he could a dictionary; but he never mastered the secret of mixing it, and each piece of his cracked in the baking! He used to come out here twice a week, with his old housekeeper carrying the basket of food for the day's work, and was free of the whole factory, except the mixing-room. They presented him a full service of their own make, however, which he gave or bequeathed to Mrs. Piozzi, and which, at the

sale of Mrs. Piozzi's effects, was bought by Lord Holland. In Holland House, Kensington, I have seen it, carefully preserved among the other famed curios.

"This is Danvers street, begun in ye yeare 1696," says the quaint old lettering in the corner house of Cheyne Walk; and this street marks the site of Danvers House, which had formed part of More's property—perhaps the "new buildinge" which had gone to his son-in-law Roper. It came afterward to be owned by Sir John Danvers, a gentleman-usher of Charles I., and he made a superb place of it, of which the deep foundations and the fallen columns now lie under Paulton Square, at the upper end of the street. Sir John Danvers was the second husband of a woman notable for her famous family of boys; her first son was that strong and strange original, Lord Herbert of Cherbury; her fifth son was George Herbert, of undying memory. The poet lived here for a while. Donne, the preacher, then at Oxford, used to stop here on his visits to London; and when he became vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in the Strand, near Isaac Walton's old shop in Chancery Lane, he converted the gentle angler, and these two certainly strolled often out here together. Donne preached Lady Danvers's funeral sermon in the old Chelsea church in 1627—one of his most touching sermons, it is said.

In the embankment gardens we have passed a statue recently placed there: a man seated in a chair, uncouth of figure, with bent brow and rugged face. And in the wall of the corner house behind we stop to look at a small memorial tablet, still more recently placed, a medallion portrait of the same face, and beneath this inscription: "Thomas Carlyle lived at 24 Cheyne Row, 1834-81." For this is not the house in which he lived, and the tablet is fixed here with queer common sense, his own being in Chancery! It is to be found farther up in this little dull street running from Cheyne Walk here, in which there is nothing that is not commonplace, save the little cottage covered with vines, in the wall above which is a stone with odd old-fashioned lettering, "This is Gt. Cheyne Row, 1708." About the middle of the row of small dreary brick houses, the one once numbered 5, now 24, is that in which he dwelt for nearly fifty years, and wherein he wrote his commination service large on all mankind, talking more eloquently, and more loquaciously withal, in praise of silence than any man who ever scolded all through life in honor of the strong arm and the silent tongue. The view across the narrow street from his front windows—"looks out mainly into trees," he wrote to Sir William Hamilton soon after moving here—

shows now nothing but a long, low, dreary wall, above which rises a many-windowed model dwelling-house, and is surely one of the least inspiring in all London; while from the back he could see nothing of interest except the last piece of the old wall of Henry VIII.'s manor-house garden, which still stands here. It gave him a hint in his pamphlet, "Shooting Niagara," wherein, speaking with contempt of modern bricks and bricklayers, he refers to this sixteenth century wall, still so sound and solid.

Long before his day there had lived, almost on this same spot, another "hermit of Chelsea," in the person of Dr. Tobias Smollett, who came here to live in retirement in 1750, fresh from the fame of his "Roderick Random," seeking such seclusion partly on account of his daughter's health and his own, and partly for the sake of his work. Here he wrote "Ferdinand Count Fathom," finished Hume's "History of England," and began his translation of "Don Quixote"; and here took place those Sunday dinners, the delicious description of which, and of the guests, he has put into the mouth of young Jerry Melford in "Humphrey Clinker." Here were spent some of his happiest days with his work and his friends from town, Johnson, Garrick, Sterne, John Wilkes, John Hunter,—the last probably coming from Earl's Court, Kensington, where his place—mansion, museum, and menagerie in one—is still standing. Smollett was as well known in the streets of Chelsea in his day as Carlyle in ours—"a good-sized, strongly made man, graceful, dignified, and pleasant."

It was a fine old place, with extensive grounds, which Smollett took—being the ancient manor-house of the Lawrences, once owned by Henry VIII., as we have seen. The house stood exactly on the site of the block of two-storied brick cottages called "Little Cheyne Row," between Great Cheyne Row and Lawrence Street. Its history has little that need detain us, until, in 1714, it became Monmouth House, from its new owner, the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch, who came here with Gay as her domestic steward or secretary, and who lived to the age of ninety. Faulkner, writing in 1829, says that Monmouth House was then "a melancholy scene of desolation and ruin"; and it was finally torn down and carted away in 1834.

The grounds of Monmouth House must have stretched back to those of the rectory of St. Luke's, a step to the northward. The rectory is an irregular brick building, delightful to the eye, set in an old-fashioned lawn with great trees, its tranquillity assured by a high brick wall. It is a very old house, built

by the Marquis of Winchester, and granted by him to the parish on May 6, 1566, at the request of Queen Elizabeth. Glebe Place, just at hand, shows the sight of the glebe land given in her time in exchange for the older parsonage, which stood still farther west behind Millman's Row.

The historic interest of this Chelsea rectory, however, is dwarfed by its personal appeal to all of us, for it was the home of three notable boys, in the order of their ages, Charles, George, and Henry Kingsley. They came here in the year 1836, their father, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, having received the living of St. Luke's, Chelsea, from Lord Cadogan. So their beloved west-country life was exchanged for the prim, parochial prosiness which made such a doleful difference to them all; for these boys were born, it seems to me, with the instant love of life and movement in their blood. Charles has shown it in almost everything he wrote; Henry gave utterance to it in his books, only in a less degree, because it found vent in his years of wandering; while George—better known as "The Doctor"—appears at spasmodic intervals at his home on Highgate Hill for a little while, then plunges into space again, and is vaguely heard of, now yachting in the South Seas, now conversing delightfully in a mining camp of Colorado. Henry, the youngest, was a sensitive, shy lad, delicate in health, and the old dames in this neighborhood tell of his quiet manner and modest bearing. Henry was born in 1830, studied at King's College, London, for a little over two years, 1844-6; his name was entered at Worcester College, Oxford, March 6, 1850, where he kept ten terms, leaving at Easter, 1853, without taking his degree. The Australian "gold-digging fever" was then raging, and he started for that country with two friends. There he did all sorts of things: tried mining, tried herding, became a stockman, was in the mounted police, and after five years of these varied vocations returned to England with no gold in his pockets. It was all in his brain: a precious possession of experience of life and of men, to be coined into the characters and the scenes which have passed current all over the globe. All his Australian stories are admirable, and "Geoffrey Hamlyn"—his first work, produced soon after his return, in 1859—is the best tale of colonial life ever written. His parents had intended that he should take holy orders and perhaps succeed his father in the living of old St. Luke's; but he felt himself unfitted for this profession, as he also found himself unfitted for that of the journalist, which he tried for a while when he came back to England, albeit as a correspondent he displayed dash enough, and after the

surrender of Sedan was the first man to enter within the French lines. He found his proper place as an essayist and a novelist, and in all his works there is to me a strange and nameless charm—a quaint humor, a genuine sentiment, an atmosphere all his own, breezy, buoyant, boyish, seeming to show a personality behind all his creations, that of their creator, a fair, frank, fresh-hearted man. He had true artistic talent, too, inherited from his grandfather, and he may have been just in judging himself capable of gaining far greater reputation as a painter than as a novelist even. His skill in drawing was amazing, and the few water-colors and oils left to his family—and unknown outside of its members—are masterpieces. On his return from Australia he lived with his mother at "The Cottage" at Eversley, never caring for Chelsea after the death of his father. He was married in 1864 by Charles Kingsley and Gerald Blunt, the present rector of Chelsea. On May 24, 1876, "on the vigil of the Ascension," only forty-six years of age, he died at Cuckfield, Sussex, which quiet retreat he had chosen twelve months before.

Henry Kingsley especially appeals to us, just here, for that he has given us, in "The Hillyars and Burtons," so vivid a picture of modern Chelsea: its streets and by-ways, its old houses, and its venerable church, in delightful detail, as he saw them when a boy. The Hillyar family is a romantic reproduction of that ancient Chelsea family, the Lawrences. In the Burtons he gives us his reminiscence of the Wyatt household, living at Wargrave, Henley-on-Thames. The brave girl, Emma Burton, is a portrait of Emma Wyatt. The old home of the Burtons—"the very large house which stood by itself, as it were, fronting the buildings opposite our forge, which contained twenty-five rooms, some of them very large, and which was called by us, indifferently, Church Place, or Queen Elizabeth's Place"—this was the only one of the grand mansions of Chelsea left standing when the Kingsleys came there. "It had been in reality the palace of the young Earl of Essex, a very large three-storied house of old brick, with stone-mullioned windows and doorways." You may see a print of it in "kind old Mr. Faulkner's" book, as he found it in 1830, dilapidated then, and let out to many tenants. Later, it sank lower still; and finally the grand old fabric, "which had been trodden often enough by the statesmen and dandies of Queen Elizabeth's court, and most certainly by the mighty woman herself," was demolished between 1840 and 1842.

From this ancient site I often walk down old Church Lane, now Church Street, to where,

at its foot, stands "Chelsea Old Church"—rather a delightful old church, if you sit here of an autumn afternoon, the sun streaming in from the south-west, slanting on the stone effigies, and the breeze breathing in through the little door beside More's monument, shaking the grass outside, and the noble river sparkling beyond the embankment garden. To me it has more of fascination than any church in London. Its entire absence of architectural effect, in its varying styles; its retention to this day of the simplicity of the village church, even as when built; its many monuments and mural tablets, each one a page of English history; its family escutcheons; its tattered battle-flags hung above; the living memories that are built in with every dead stone—all these combine to make it the quaintest, the most impressive, the most lovable of churches. Sir Thomas More's black marble slab, set deep under a plain gray Gothic arch, is placed on the chancel wall, just where he used to stand in his "surplis"; above it is his crest, a moor's head on a shield; and on it is cut his own long Latin inscription, sent by him to his friend Erasmus, who thought it worth printing in his collection of "Tracts and Letters, Antwerp, 1534." Twice have the characters been recut, and each time has care been taken, for his memory's sake, to leave blank the last word of the line, which describes him as "troublesome to thieves, murderers, and heretics." To the sturdy old Catholic these were all equal—all criminals to be put out of the way. The irony of chance has placed a tablet on the wall close beside his tomb which keeps alive the name of a Tyndale, of the family of that one whose books More burnt, and whose body he would probably have liked to burn also! His two wives are buried here, as well as others of his family; but whether his body lies here, or in a Tower grave, no one knows.

Three of Chelsea's grandest ladies lie under monuments in the church: Lady Dacre and her husband Gregory, with their dogs at their feet; Lady Jane Cheyne and her worthy husband Charles (notably did she benefit this church, towards the rebuilding of which she gave largely); and the great Duchess of Northumberland, mother of Elizabeth's Leicester, grandmother of Sir Philip Sidney.

In the Lawrence chapel we see a strange survival of a common custom of the pre-Reformation times, when a great family was wont to build and own its private chapel in the parish church, using it for worship during life, for burial in death, and deeding or bequeathing it as they did any other real estate. When Sir Thomas Lawrence became lord of the manor, he partly bought and

partly built this chapel; and now, although it forms the entire east end of the north aisle, it has not been modernized, like the rest of the church, but retains its high-backed pews and other ancient peculiarities unchanged since the church was repaired in 1667. Here is the quaint monument, in the Lawrence chapel, where, under a little arch, supported by columns, kneel wife and husband face to face, he in his armor, his three simple-seeming sons in ruffs kneeling behind him; she in her heavy stiff dress, six daughters on their knees in a dutiful row, and two dead babies on the cushion before her. It is still private property, belonging to the family to whom it has descended from the Lawrences, and to them goes the income from its pews.

Outside, the tiny graveyard is filled with slabs and monuments, many of them ugly, some curious, a few fine; from the stately tomb of Sir Hans Sloane and his wife—an urn entwisted with Æsculapian serpents, under a marble canopy—to the simple slab of Dr. Chamberlayne and his family, worn with wind and weather—whose daughter Anne, more famous than any of her brothers, "long declining wedlock, and aspiring above her sex and age, fought under her brother with arms and manly attire, in a fire-ship, against the French, on the 30th June, 1690—a maiden heroine"! She was then but twenty-three, and did not grow in courage with her years, for she soon after consented to marry one Spraggs, and then died! Among many unknown ones buried here are Magdalen Herbert, Shadwell, the poet laureate, Woodfall, the publisher of "Junius," and Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate of Bow Street, half-brother of the novelist.

As we stand here, the broad embankment, with its gay gardens, stretches between us and the river, spanned just above by old Battersea Bridge, the only wooden bridge left to the Thames here since that of Putney has gone. For centuries there had been a ferry just here, granted by James I. to some of his "dear relations" for forty pounds. In 1771 this bridge was built for foot-passengers only at first, enlarged later, and now comes to be used again only by foot-passengers, for it is condemned for carriage traffic, and is soon to be pulled down. Its rude and reverend timbers are already propped up here and there. Stand midway on it with me, while the ceaseless stream of men flows by, caring nothing for that which we are looking at.

On our right, along the southern shore, stretches Battersea Park, fringed with its great masses of cool foliage, where not long ago were marshes and meadows, and the barren, bleak Battersea fields.

Beyond the bridge, back of us, rises the square, squat tower of St. Mary's, Battersea, builded in the best church-warden style, and otherwise notable for that therein was married Blake the madman; that therein Turner loved to sit at the vestry window and sketch; and that therein lie the remains and stand the monuments of St. John Bolingbroke, and of his second wife, niece of Madame de Maintenon—both their epitaphs written by him. Not far from the church, next to the mill, on the river-bank, still stands one wing of Bolingbroke House, in which St. John was born, to which he returned from his stormy exile to pass his remaining days in study, and there to die. Through its many old-time rooms, with famous "sprawling" Verrio's ceiling paintings, I will lead you into the historic cedar-room, on the river-front, Bolingbroke's favorite sitting-room, whose four walls, all of cedar from floor to ceiling, are still as redolent as when Pope, Bolingbroke's guest, began in it his "Essay on Man"; and these two used to sit here with those other two—Chesterfield and Swift—of that brilliant quartette who hated and attacked Walpole. His house—Sir Robert's—forms part of the great mass of Chelsea Hospital, dim in the distance before us; between stretches the old Dutch front of Cheyne Walk, which near at hand resolves itself into most ancient houses, with quaint windows in their sloping roofs, their red tiles, and chocolate-colored bricks dark behind the green of the old lime-trees. Farther beyond the bridge are two buildings which bring the old and the new also close together: the "World's End Tavern," at the end of the passage of that name, famous three centuries ago as a rendezvous for improper parties, introduced in Congreve's "Love for Love" in that connection; and just west of the sedate little "public," "The Aquatic Stores," are two tiny houses set back from the embankment; stone steps lead down to their minute front gardens; on one of them vines clamber up to an iron balcony on the roof. That balcony was put there for his convenience by Turner the painter, and in that house, No. 119 Cheyne Walk, he lived for many years, and in that front room he died, on the 18th December, 1851. To that upper window, no longer able to paint, too feeble to

walk, he was wheeled every morning during his last days, that he might lose no light of the December sun on his beloved Thames. In Battersea church you may sit in the little vestry window wherein he was wont to sketch. The story of his escape from his grand and gloomy mansion in Queen Anne street is well known; he never returned to it, but made his home here with the burly Mrs. Booth. After long hunting, his aged housekeeper, in company with another decrepit dame, found him in hiding only the day before his death. The barber's son of Maiden Lane lies in the great cathedral of St. Paul's, and the evil that he did is buried with him—his eccentricity, his madness if you will; but he lives for all time as the greatest landscape-painter England has known.

The autumn day is waning, and the western sky, flaming with fading fires, floods broad Chelsea Reach with waves of dusky gold. The evening mist rises slowly, as yet hiding nothing, but transforming even commonplace objects in a weird, unwonted way. Those pretentious blocks of new mansions loom almost lordly now; the distant railway bridge is a ghost of graceful glimmering arches; money-making factory chimneys and commercial wharves pretend to picturesque possibilities; clumpish barges, sprawling on the mud, are no longer ugly; and a broad-bottomed coasting schooner, unloading stone at a dock, is just what we would select to see there. And here at the end of the bridge is a fragment of "real old Chelsea," left intact for our delectation: a clump of drooping trees on the bank, an unaccountable boat-house, stone steps leading down to a bit of beach, whereon are skiffs drawn up, and cordage lying about, and sail-wrapped spars. Out in the Reach there is but little movement: the river steamboats are anchored in a dark mass near the shore, and the last one edges up to its mooring beside them for the night; a burly barge drifts slowly under its dusky brown sails, or a "dumb-barge" floats with the tide, its crew of one man busied with his long sculls and his not-dumb blasphemy; a puffing tug with a red light in its nose drags anxiously a long line of tarpaulin-covered canal-boats. And each of these moving objects breaks the burnished waves into a golden gloom.

Benjamin Ellis Martin.

THE END.





SONGS OF CHRISTMAS.

I. CHRISTMAS EVE.

A legend tells us that on Christmas Eve the Christ-child, after visiting mortals, goes to Fairy-land, and there stays till morning light. If any of the fairy folk choose to follow him, he takes them with him; they are born on earth as human beings, and if faithful are saved.

"HASTEN, brothers, hasten!
Ringing sweet and clear,
Fairy bells are chiming,
'Christmas Eve is near!
Then the dear Child Jesus,
All in robes of white,
Dances with us gayly
Till the morning light!"

Down the mountains tumbling,
Laughing in their glee,
Sliding on the ice-bridge
O'er the Baltic Sea,
Scamp'ring thro' the valleys,—
Rubezahl ahead,—
See! the Trolls are coming,
All with caps of red.

Here the Gnomes are leaping
Down the mountain-side,
Springing from the caverns
Where they always hide.
Hasting through the forest
Now the Elves are seen;
Hear their bridles jingle!
See their plumes of green!

Riding on the snow-flakes,
Sailing down the streams,
Racing o'er the ice-plains
With their fairy teams,
Led by Queen Titania,
Fairest of the fair,
See the merry wee folk
Trooping through the air.

"Hasten, brothers, hasten!
Ringing sweet and clear,
Fairy bells are chiming,
Christmas Eve is here!
Now the dear Child Jesus,
All in robes of white,
Dances with us gayly
Till the morning light."

II. NOËL.

Being what *might* have been sung in the days of Fra Angelico.

NOËL! NOËL!
Hail to the day when Christ was born!
All in the early, early morn
Meek Mary Mother
Her baby kist:
The wond'ring oxen
I ween were whist.
Oh, but the babe was fair to see!

NOËL! NOËL!
"Jesu, my son, what aileth thee?
Why dost thou look with tears on me?
Thy Mother Mary,
I hold thee warm,
Thy head is pillowed
Upon my arm."
Oh, but the tears ran down his face!

NOËL! NOËL!
"Mother, thy breast, my resting-place,
Soon shall I pierce; God grant thee grace.
For Adam's children
Thy only son
Must suffer anguish
Till life is done.
Oh, but my tears run down for thee!"

NOËL! NOËL!
"Jesu, my son, alas, I see
Dolor and scorn for thee and me.
Yet bless thy mother
A little while,
And smile, my baby,
Upon me smile.
Oh, but I'll love thee, tho' I mourn!"

NOËL! NOËL!
Hail to the day when Christ was born!
All in the early, early morn
Slept Mary Mother
And Jesu sweet,
While angels watching
Knelt at their feet.
Oh, but the stable shone that morn!

NOËL! NOËL!
Hail to the day when Christ was born!
Gentles and dames, on Christmas morn

Came down the Saviour
Of sinful men;
Now give him welcome
To earth again.
Noël! Noël!
Sing with us all, our Lord is born!
Noël! Noël!

III. CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Being what some might think almost any Christmas day in our own time.

KEEN blew the wind across the naked wold,
Glimmered the snow-fields white;
Aweary with my longing, doubt, and pain,
I watched the silent night.

Ah me! joy comes and goes, but grief remains;
My days small comfort bring.
But hark! upon the frosty winter air
The Christmas chimings ring,

And like a guilty ghost at breath of dawn,
My coward moanings fly;
Echoes again th' adoring song that woke
Beneath Judæa's sky.

And sweeter, clearer, louder, chime on chime,
Ring out, O happy bells!
For every peal, with jubilant refrain,
The wondrous tidings tells:—

The wondrous tidings, old yet ever new,
That hallow Christmas mirth,
For on the blessed day when Christ was born
Joy comes to all on earth.

O hearts so weary with the pain of life,
That fain your bleeding feet
Would seek the gates of death to stop and rest—
Lo! rest and comfort sweet.

And ye who lift your happy brows to heaven
Joy-crowned this Christmas day,
Still brighter beams your earthly bliss, aglow
With that celestial ray.

O Star, that lit the dreary dark of sin!
O Babe, that bade us live!—
O God, who, moved by pity and by love,
The precious Babe didst give!—

O Love divine! dear Babe! Almighty God!
What praises can we sing?
How shall our voices faint thy beauty tell,
Our Saviour, Brother, King!

The laughter of the happy children sounds;
They know not what they say;
They only feel they love us for the joy
We give them Christmas day.

And so, albeit we have no power to speak
The thoughts that in us move,
Dear Father, though we are so low, so weak,
We love Thee for thy love.

Louise Both-Hendriksen.

THE FOOD QUESTION IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;

OR THE PUBLIC VICTUALING DEPARTMENT.



In the year 1865 the average production of grain to each inhabitant of the United States, man, woman, and child, was thirty-two and one-half bushels, consisting of Indian corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, and buckwheat.

In the year 1885 the average product was fifty-two and one-half bushels, an increase of more than sixty per cent.

The gain in the production of hay, of meat, of dairy products, of fruit and other articles of food cannot be accurately measured, but has doubtless been equal to the *per capita* increase of grain.

If objection be taken that the agricultural statistics of 1865 were incomplete, because taken so soon after the war, reference may be

made to the average of the decade 1865 to 1874 inclusive, in which years the crop of grain averaged 37 $\frac{88}{100}$ bushels per head, as against the average of 48 $\frac{16}{100}$ bushels per head in the years 1875 to 1885—a gain of over twenty-seven per cent. *per capita*. The gain is really greater than is indicated by this percentage, because the proportion of our population which was engaged in agriculture was less in the second period than it was in the first.

In 1861 the railway service between the East and the West had for the first time become a unit, by the completion of various sections of railway connecting the whole system at many points. The importance of this fact in its connection with the power of the North to concentrate its armed forces, and to supply them with food during the civil war, has yet to be treated. It was an important factor in

the power of the North to maintain the integrity of the nation.

It was not until 1869 that the first consolidation took place of a through line under one management, from Chicago to the seaboard. This was then accomplished by the late Cornelius Vanderbilt.

In 1865 the average charge for moving a ton of produce from Chicago to the seaboard, and for moving general merchandise from the East to the West, was at the rate of three cents and forty-five hundredths per ton per mile. In 1885 it was sixty-eight hundredths of a cent for the same service.

If we take certain typical quantities of flour, beef, pork, corn, dairy products, and of fleece wool, weighing thirteen tons, their value at the market prices for export in the city of New York in the year 1865 was \$1,124.33, either for export or for domestic consumption, and they remained substantially at this value during the years 1866, '67, and '68—the period of paper inflation. The cost of moving thirteen tons one thousand miles over the New York Central Railroad and its connections in 1865 was \$448.63, leaving to the producer or his agent in Chicago the net sum of \$675.70 in paper money, equal to \$475.76 in gold. The same quantities of the same articles were worth in the city of New York in June, 1885, \$575.98 in gold. The cost of moving them a thousand miles was \$88.40, leaving to the producer or his agent \$487.58 in gold. But in the interval the efficiency of the farmer, measured by the increase in the grain crop *per capita*, had increased by sixty per cent., so that he could have placed twenty tons in New York in 1885, as against thirteen tons in 1865, the value of which, after deducting the freight, was \$780.13. These figures may explain facts which are of common observation. The old mortgage debts have all been paid, and the rate of interest on capital in the West now differs little from that in the East on the same security.

Thus it appears that, notwithstanding a reduction of price by one-half, the increased efficiency of the railway service and the restoration of the gold standard of value have enabled the farmer of the West to grow rich on the low price of produce, where he would have inevitably become poor under the former system of paper money, high prices, and heavy railway charges.

If we apply the rates at the two periods to flour, as an example of the average food of the people, at ten barrels per ton of 2000 pounds,—which is within a fraction of the true quantity,—the cost of moving a barrel of flour 1000 miles in 1865 was \$3.45. In 1885 it was 68 cents. The average ration of wheat-

flour to each adult person in the United States is well ascertained to be one barrel each year. Our population is now computed at somewhat over 58,000,000, or, if we rate two children of ten years old or under as one adult, we number in our consuming power 50,000,000 adults, each requiring one barrel of wheat-flour a year, all of which is moved on the average at least 1000 miles from the producer to the consumer. Before railways were constructed, grain which was 150 miles distant from a waterway could not be moved that distance without an expenditure about equal to its value. If wheat had been subject in 1885 to the charge of 1865, the cost of moving 50,000,000 barrels of flour 1000 miles would have been \$172,500,000. At the actual charge of 1885 over the New York Central line, at the average traffic charge of the year on all merchandise, of 68 cents, the cost was \$34,000,000, a difference of \$138,500,000 on the flour only.

Bread, however, is a less important factor in the subsistence of the people of this meat-consuming country than it is in other countries. In the Eastern and Middle States recent investigations of the Bureaus of Statistics of Labor—especially in Massachusetts—sustain the substantial accuracy of previous computations made by the writer from the accounts of factory boarding-houses as to the average standard daily ration, or cost and quantity of the daily supply of food materials of adults who are occupied in the actual work of every-day life as artisans, mechanics, factory operatives, or laborers. The average in the factory boarding-houses—the occupants being mostly adult women—comes to 24 cents a day. A fair average cost of food for men and women engaged in manufacturing and mechanical arts appears to be 25 cents a day, varying in some measure in respect to the proportions, as the dietary of men varies somewhat from that of women, workmen consuming more animal food than the average of factory operatives, who are mostly women.

This daily ration consists of the following elements:

Meat (including poultry and fish, a half to one pound, according to kind and quantity) at an average cost of....	10	cents
Milk (half pint to one pint), butter (1 to 1½ ounces), and a scrap of cheese....	5	"
Eggs (one every other day) at 12 cents a dozen.....	½	"
Total cost of animal food.....	15½	cents
Bread (about ¾ of a pound).....	2½	"
Vegetables (green and dry).....	2-2½	"
Sugar and syrup.....	2	"
Tea and coffee.....	1	"
Fruit (green and dry).....	½	"
Salt, spices, ice, and sundries.....	1½-1	"
Average cost of daily ration.....	25	cents

The proportions vary somewhat under different conditions, but they may be taken as a fair average standard ration for adult workmen and women.

In the West the prices of meat and grain are less; the prices of groceries somewhat higher; but, on the whole, the same quantity of food can be purchased at somewhat less cost. In the South the habits of the people—especially of the colored race—are very different. Dairy products are much less used, and with the negro corn-bread and bacon (hog and hominy) take the place of most other varieties of food. On the whole, however, the proportion of wheat-bread to the other elements of the daily ration may probably be established at the proportion of one-tenth of the whole ration. If we, then, save \$138,500,000 per year in the cost of transportation on our bread-bill only, do we save tenfold on our whole food supply? Is our food, on the average, moved a thousand miles, either by railway or by waterway? No exact reply can be given to this question. We find, however, that the tonnage which was moved over all the railways of the United States in the year 1883 represented, on the average, a fraction over seven tons to each inhabitant, man, woman, or child, moved an average distance of 110 miles. In 1884 this quantity was slightly reduced *per capita*, but the distance was a little greater. The charge for this service in 1884 was \$8.75 per head of the whole population. In 1885 the quantity was a little more, the average rate per ton a little less, and the gross charge per person was \$8.88. The largest single item of this traffic—probably one-half—consisted of food for man or beast. When to this is added merchandise moved by waterways and by wagon, and when consideration is given to the fact that all these materials must be sorted, converted, reconverted, and finally distributed in small parcels by wagon or by hand, so that every adult person may be sure to have from three to five pounds of solid food and one to two pounds of liquids, together with the necessary modicum of fuel, clothing, and shelter, the mere mechanism of subsistence can be comprehended, and the relative importance of the victualing department may be fully realized.

The average cost of the food materials in the Eastern and Middle States has been given. The people of these sections are even more dependent on the mechanism of distribution than any others. Their proportion of the railway tonnage must be double, in respect to distance, that of the inhabitants of other sections; and yet such is the perfection of the railway service at the present day that one day's wages of a common mechanic—or one

holiday in a year devoted to work—in Massachusetts will pay the cost of moving a year's supply of bread and meat from the prairies of the West to the center of Eastern manufactures. This fact cannot be too often repeated.

In view of these data, if the gain compassed in twenty years in the cost of moving bread alone has been \$138,500,000 for one year, how much do we now save on all the necessities of life? No absolute reply will be attempted; but it may be remembered that by way of the railway, waterway, and steamship the whole world has been converted into a neighborhood. Within the lives of very many men now living, each little area of this country practically depended upon its own labor for its own food. To-day the wheat of Oregon and of California is carried around Cape Horn to England at a fraction of its value, while half the people of Great Britain derive their food from India, Australia, and America, or from fields which are from six to thirteen thousand miles away. A cube of coal which would pass through the rim of a quarter of a dollar will drive a ton of food and its proportion of the steamship two miles upon its way from the producer to the consumer. The great hotels of New York run special railway cars for carrying eggs from Michigan to New York, and yet we import hens' eggs in considerable quantity from Denmark and from Holland. If each adult in the United States consumes one egg every other day, at only twelve cents a dozen, which is the proportion of the factory operatives of New England, the value of our hens' eggs is \$91,250,000 per year, or twice the value of the product of silver bullion, 25 per cent. more than the value of our wool-clip, and greater than the value of the entire product of our iron furnaces, even if we increase the product of pig-iron this year to 5,000,000 tons at \$17 a ton, at the furnace, or \$85,000,000 in the aggregate; at which figures our iron industry would greatly prosper.

I may venture to give once more a table which shows statistically the food-bill of the people of this country, upon the assumption that each average adult ought to enjoy as good a supply of food as the adult factory operatives, mechanics, and artisans of New England and the Middle States:

	Per day.	Aggregate per year.
Meat, fish, and poultry	10 cts.	\$825,000,000
Milk, butter, and cheese	5 "	912,500,000
Eggs (one every other day).....	½ "	91,250,000
Animal food.....	15 ½ cts.	\$2,828,750,000
Bread (¾ lb. per day)	2 ½ "	456,250,000
Vegetables.....	2 ½ "	456,250,000
Sugar and syrup.....	2 "	365,000,000
Tea and coffee.....	1 "	182,500,000

Amounts bro't forw'd	Per day.	Aggregate per year.
Fruit (green and dry) $23\frac{1}{2}$ cts.	\$4,288,750,000
Salt, spice, ice, and sundries $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.	91,250,000
	1 "	182,500,000
	25 cts.	\$4,562,500,000
Deduct probable excess on sugar, tea, coffee, and dairy products		262,500,000
		\$4,300,000,000
Add spirits and fermented liquors at the average between the estimates of Mr. D. A. Wells and the advocates of prohibition, about		700,000,000
Probable price of food and drink constituting the victualing department for one year at the present time		\$5,000,000,000

These figures are, as to each separate item, greatly in excess of ordinary computations, very few persons ever daring to estimate the entire dairy product of the country at over two-thirds the sum which is given in this table. In explanation of this discrepancy, I may state that few persons comprehend the great cost of distributing food in small parcels at retail. Perhaps the most difficult problem in the victualing department is to reduce this element of the cost of food. For instance, in the foregoing dietary the estimate for bread is three-quarters of a pound per day, at a cost of two and a half cents, which would be at the rate of three and one-third cents per pound of bread, a quantity corresponding to the ration of one barrel of flour per year to each adult, each barrel yielding two hundred and eighty pounds of bread. Now, there is only one place within my knowledge where good bread can be purchased at so low a price as three and one-third cents per pound: that is in the shops of the Howe National Bakery in New York. In Boston I find the average price of bread which is sold in the bakers' and grocers' shops to be more than five cents per pound, at which price the larger portion of the population of this city is served. At five cents per pound the bread-bill of the people of the United States would come to \$700,000,000, in place of \$456,250,000. It therefore follows that if the food-bill of the people is not in quantity what this standard calls for, the reason is that the average dietary is not up to this standard, even after making the admitted deduction for the excess of tea, coffee, sugar, and dairy products which is consumed in the East, as compared to other parts of the country.

In order that some idea may be gained as to the accuracy of the proportions which are given in this dietary, I have been enabled, by the courtesy of Mr. McHugh, Chief of the Bureau of Labor Statistics in Ohio, to give the average cost of the daily rations of the inmates

of the insane asylums and of the reformatory institutions of Ohio. It is as follows:

Meat (including fish and poultry)	cents 6.40
Milk, butter, and cheese	" 3.30
Eggs	" .30
Animal food	" 10.00
Sugar, syrup, salt, spice, and other groceries (including beans and lard)	" 2.50
Bread	" 2.10
Vegetables and fruit (green and dry)	" 2.00
Tea and coffee	" .60
Total per day	" 17.20
Number of persons subsisted for one year ..	6256

Many other comparisons might be made from the excellent reports of other bureaus; but this will suffice to establish the proportions of the victualing department.

It is admitted that the ration of sugar, tea, coffee, and dairy products in the previous table is too high; but if, after making deductions for these elements of subsistence, the price of whisky and beer be added at the average between the lowest computation of the skilled economist, Mr. David A. Wells, say about \$500,000,000, and the estimate of prohibition advocates, \$900,000,000, there can be no question that the total cost of food of the people of the United States is \$5,000,000,000; and at this estimate it doubtless represents one-half the price of life measured in money to at least ninety per cent. of the population who do the actual physical work of the whole community.

It is a well-established fact that, with respect to the more thrifty and prosperous classes of mechanics, artisans, and other so-called working classes, as well as in regard to the larger proportion of salaried classes, one-half the cost of living is the price of materials for food. As we go down in the grade of work to the level of the common laborer, who can earn but from 80 cents to \$1.25 per day; the proportionate cost of food materials rises to 60 and even 70 per cent. of the income of the family.

Thus it appears that, notwithstanding the improvement in the mechanism of distribution, and in spite of the enormous increase in the *per capita* product of grain and other food, great numbers of persons, even in this country, can barely obtain their daily bread, while want exists in the midst of plenty. Why is this? Is it not because we waste enough in ignorant buying and in bad cooking to sustain another nation as numerous, and because no common attention has yet been given to what may be called the Art of Nutrition? The writer only ventures to refer to this art in anticipation of a series of articles upon the

Science of Food, which are to be given in future numbers of *THE CENTURY* by Professor W. O. Atwater, to which this article may serve as an introduction.

It is important to determine the causes of these false conditions in the United States. More difficult yet are the problems in such countries as Ireland and Egypt, each name representing one of the most productive areas of the earth's surface, capable of sustaining a greater population than exists in almost any other country in proportion to area, and yet both stricken with poverty, almost with famine. Why are fertile districts of northern Italy devastated by the *pellagra*, a loathsome disease which is induced by insufficient nutrition? Why has the Government of Germany undertaken to instruct the people in the art of nutrition, lest the sordid condition of great districts should end in socialism, nihilism, and violent revolution? What is the most important department in the political questions of Europe to-day? Is it not the Victualing Department?

It must be remembered that, in the nature of things, there must be a substantial equality in the daily supply of food, so far as weight and the elements of nutrition are concerned. If the masses of the people are to be well nourished, each adult person must have the due proportion of protein or nitrogenous material, of fats, and of carbohydrates or starchy materials, because if either one is deficient vital force cannot be sustained. Neither can there be any true mental vigor or spiritual life when the body is not well nourished. "*Non est animus cui non est corpus.*" So far as any disparity can be admitted, the workman or common laborer requires more than any one else. His food is his fuel, and his physical exertion must be sustained by a sufficient supply with the same regularity and certainty that the boiler of the steam-engine must be fed with coal; and, in fact, it will appear in Professor Atwater's future treatment of this subject that, although the standard rations which have been established as necessary to sustain a workman in full vigor by several leading authorities in Germany, France, and England vary somewhat in the relative proportions of protein, fats, and carbohydrates, yet when reduced to calories, or mechanical units, or equivalents of heat, they correspond almost exactly each to the other. He will also show that it has been found expedient for the employers of labor in certain brickyards of Massachusetts and Connecticut to serve their workmen with a supply of the best food which represents in its chemical proportions, as well as in its calories, twice the ration which is served to the soldier of the German army when upon a forced march, or when engaged in the most arduous struggle

of active service in war, in order to promote the largest production of brick per man at the lowest cost to the employer.

The actual production of the principal element of food in the United States, to wit, the grain crop, has been given. Attention has also been called to the perfection to which the mechanism of distribution has been brought.

A few words may now be given to the use of land—the source of nearly all our food. The arable portion of the United States is computed at more than one-half the total area of 3,000,000 square miles, omitting Alaska. Of this portion only 265,500 square miles are yet put to actual use in the production of grain, hay, roots, or other articles of food, omitting only that proportion of animal food which beasts derive from pastures. The several areas of arable, pasture, and mountain land are given below, and in the portion set off as pasture-land are given the areas which might suffice for a much larger production of beef, dairy products, mutton, and wool than we now enjoy, if known methods of agriculture were intelligently applied to these arts.

In the accompanying diagram the outer square indicates the total area of this country, omitting Alaska, substantially 3,000,000 square miles. This square has been subdivided into three parts. The upper half or section represents, in a rough-and-ready way, the arable land of the country. What is called arable land really constitutes a larger portion, but one-half at least may be called fairly good land.*

The lower half is divided into two sections. One of these sections fairly represents pasture or grazing land, too dry for agriculture without irrigation, but capable of sustaining great flocks and herds. The other portion is assigned to mountain and timber. But even this part has many fertile valleys, and much of it may be made use of for the production of food.

Within the lines of the upper half, certain proportions drawn on the same scale as the outer square, which represents the total area, will be observed. These smaller sections represent proportionately the actual cultivation, as it now is, in its ratio to the whole.

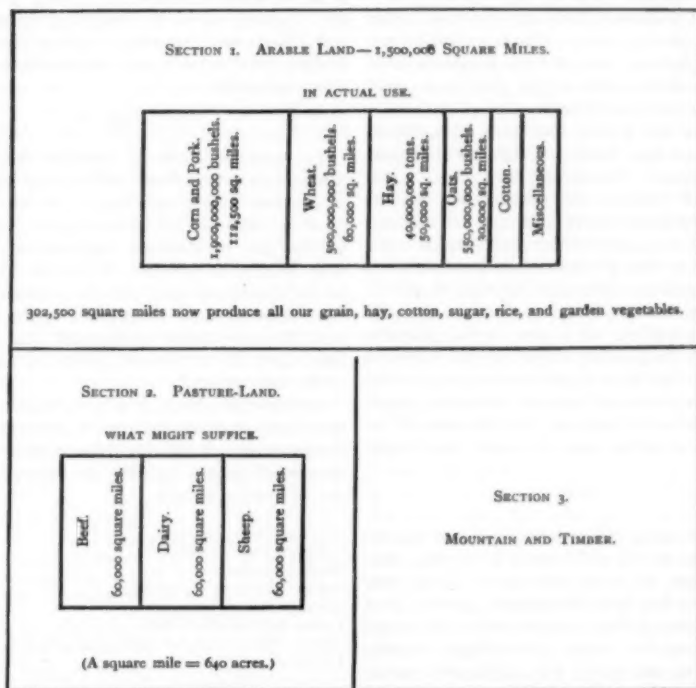
CORN AND PORK.

OUR average crop of Indian corn ranges from 1,800,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 bushels. At twenty-five to thirty bushels to the acre, the area of the corn-field is only 112,500 square miles, or less than four per cent. of the total area of the country. Our customary average

* The following analysis of the use of land has been previously submitted in "*Bradstreet's*" by the writer.

OUR NATIONAL DOMAIN.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE WITH IT, AND WHAT WE MIGHT DO WITH IT.



Compiled from the records of the Agricultural Department and other sources.

is less than thirty bushels, but on the best land fifty bushels are commonly produced, and sometimes one hundred. Corn may be reduced to pork at the ratio of about one bushel to ten pounds, including waste.

WHEAT.

ABOUT 60,000 square miles are all that are required or are now under cultivation in wheat. At only thirteen bushels to the acre, this little patch, constituting but two per cent. of our total area, would yield 500,000,000 bushels of wheat. This quantity, after setting aside enough for seed, would supply 80,000,000 people with their customary average of one barrel of flour per year.

HAY.

A HAY crop of 40,000,000 tons, at the average of a good season, one and a quarter tons per acre, calls for less than two per cent., or 50,000 square miles.

OATS.

THE oat crop of between 500,000,000 and 600,000,000 bushels, at thirty bushels to the acre, calls for one per cent., or 30,000 square miles.

COTTON.

WHILE the cotton crop has never reached 20,000 square miles, or two-thirds of one per cent. of the entire area of the country (less than two and a half per cent. of the area of the strictly cotton States), yet on this little patch, at the beggarly crop of one-half to three-fifths of a bale to the acre, 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 bales can be made each year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LASTLY, all our miscellaneous crops of barley, hay, potatoes and other roots, of rice, sugar, tobacco, hemp, and garden vegetables, are raised on one per cent. of our area, or 30,000 square miles.

POSSIBILITIES.

IT is perfectly safe to affirm that were a reasonably skillful mode of agriculture generally applied to these crops, the area now under cultivation would yield all that could be required by double the present population of the United States, and would yet leave over as much as we now export.

In the square which has been set aside to represent pasture-land certain subdivisions have been made which represent what *might* be done with the land, not what *is* done with it. Our cattle truly roam over a thousand hills and over wide plains, under the worst possible conditions for the best production of meat, or even of dairy products. When an intelligent and an intensive system of farming shall have been adopted, and when each one of the Eastern States (with the possible exception of Delaware and Rhode Island) shall produce within its own limits all its own meat and its own dairy products (as may soon happen), the area set off for beef, dairy, mutton, and wool will more than suffice.

BEEF.

THE area assigned to beef is 60,000 square miles. This would yield each year one two-year-old steer to every two acres. It is now admitted, as has been frequently proved, that sufficient green fodder can be made and saved in pits, under the name of ensilage, to carry two steers to one acre. The additional nutriment — meal from Indian corn, cottonseed meal, or hay — has been already provided for in the area set off for these crops. At the rate of one two-year-old steer taken off each two acres, each adult inhabitant of the United States, counting two children of ten years or under as one adult, could be served with very nearly one pound of dressed beef per day.

DAIRIES.

THE area set aside for dairy products is also 60,000 square miles. At the ratio of one cow to each two acres, fed on ensilage, cottonseed meal, and a modicum of hay, there would be a yield of fifty per cent. more milk, butter, and cheese than the people of the United States now enjoy; while the eggs, valued at the present time at not less than \$90,000,000 a year, and probably at \$120,000,000, could also be doubled in the same area.

MUTTON AND WOOL.

To a similar area of 60,000 square miles mutton and wool are assigned. Were sheep folded and fed as they are in England and in

some parts of this country, protected from cur dogs and properly nourished, wool to the amount of 500,000,000 pounds a year (which is more than our present entire production and import) could be readily produced from this little patch, together with a greater secondary product of mutton and lamb than we now consume.

CONCLUSIONS.

It may therefore be inferred that, for the present at least, there will be no danger of starvation within the limits of this country, or of the exhaustion of our land. No one yet knows the productive capacity of a single acre of land anywhere. When land is treated as a laboratory and not as a mine, subsistence may become more of a science than it now is, and neither prosperity nor adversity may then be attributed either to abundance or to lack of land.

In this connection it may be well to say that the distribution of the farm-lands of the United States is one of the most important factors in the social order. In 1880 the census disclosed the following facts:

Total number of farms.....	4,008,907
Cultivated by owners.....	2,984,306
Rented on shares.....	702,244
Rented for money payments.....	322,357
Average size of farm, acres.....	134
Farms of 50 acres or less.....	1,175,564
Farms over 50 and not exceeding 500 acres.....	2,728,973
Farms of over 500 acres.....	104,550

From these facts it may appear that if there is want in the midst of plenty in our own land, and if there is any difficulty in procuring daily food, it may not be attributed either to lack of land, want of capital, or scarcity of laborers. The modern miracle of the loaves is this: One man working the equivalent of three hundred days in the year, or three men working one hundred days in the harvest season on the far plains of Dakota in the production of wheat, aided by one man working three hundred days in milling and barreling the flour, and supplemented by two men working three hundred days in moving wheat and flour from Dakota to New York, and in keeping all the mechanism of the farm, the mill, and the railroad in good repair — four men's work for one year places one thousand barrels of flour at the mouth of the baker's oven in the city of New York — a yearly ration of bread for one thousand men and women.

What, then, is needed in order that all alike may have their necessary equal share of food — their three to five pounds per day of grain, meat, vegetables, and products of the dairy, and the like? Is it not a knowledge of the alphabet of food? Is not the missing factor

in our material welfare to-day the want of a common knowledge of what food to buy, and how to cook it? Half the mere price of life in money is the price of food. If we add to this the household labor in its proportion, the measure of the cost of food in terms of labor is far more than half the work of life. How many eight- and ten-hour men have fourteen-hour wives, whose work is toilsome and continuous, day in and day out, almost night and day, for the support of their families!

Although the food question is one of grave importance, even in this country, there can be with us no possible scarcity of food. Nearly one-fifth part of the products of agriculture (including cotton) is exported to feed and clothe the people of other lands. In return for these exports — the grain which we could not consume, and the cotton which we could not spin, and the oil which we could not burn, because there is enough and to spare besides what we export — we receive our great volume of imports, which has been divided into the following proportions by the measure of value in money, according to the average of recent years:

Articles of food and live animals.....	\$200,000,000
Articles in a crude condition, which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry.....	160,000,000
Articles fully or in part manufactured, which are used in the domestic arts or manufactures.....	75,000,000
Total.....	\$435,000,000
Manufactured goods ready for final consumption.....	\$130,000,000
Articles of voluntary use which may be classed as luxuries.....	65,000,000
	195,000,000
Total.....	\$630,000,000

The proportion of the product of agriculture exported varies year by year. If the declared value of exports be compared with the valuation of all crops at the farms, it ranges from twenty to twenty-five per cent. A fairer comparison is to extend the farm values to the final values at wholesale in the principal markets. The writer applied this method to the census figures of 1880 with the aid of other experts. The conclusion was that the wholesale value of all crops at the centers of wholesale distribution in the census year was a little less than \$4,000,000,000. Of this quantity somewhat

over \$700,000,000 worth was exported, or over seventeen per cent.; the proportion is now less.

In the production and movement of the crops to the centers of distribution 8,000,000 men were occupied, of whom seventeen per cent. or more, say 1,360,000, depended on a foreign market. In return we received imports classified as above, of which more than two-thirds consisted of articles of necessity or common comfort. It is in this way that the interdependence of nations asserts itself in spite of the obstructions of time, distance, and taxes, and that in all true commerce men and nations serve each other, both parties making a gain in every exchange of product for product.

The enormous export demand, especially of European countries, upon us for food, which is brought into notice by the fact of our large exports, brings into conspicuous observation the urgency of the demands of the victualing department, especially upon the continent of Europe; while the simple fact that several European states have obstructed the import of provisions from this country by heavy duties, or have absolutely prohibited the import of our pork upon the false pretense that it is especially unwholesome, bears witness also that, although the wages of labor in these countries are very low, yet the cost of the production of food, as measured by labor or in money, is very high. Where the product of agriculture is relatively small in proportion to the population and to the demand or purchasing power, it follows of necessity that the wages of labor must be very low, and the subsistence of the people inadequate. Only one or two examples can be given within the limits of this article.

I am permitted to give the following data, which have been furnished me by one of the most intelligent official observers in Germany, Consul J. S. Potter of Crefeld, Germany, in a report on the condition of German agriculture.* From this report I find that the income of a Prussian farm laborer, employed as a first hand upon a large farm, whose family consisted of himself, his wife, and five children, all under thirteen years old, averaged as follows in a recent year:

Wages of husband.....	\$142.80
Wages of wife in harvest time.....	11.90
Value of pork and potatoes raised and consumed.....	47.60
Value of goat's milk and vegetables sold.....	26.18
Total income.....	\$228.48

in respect to the several arts on which reports were desired, including agriculture. Responses to these questions thus prepared by experts are now being published, so that the reports of such consuls as have the capacity to report facts are becoming of great value to the student of social science.

* These reports and others of equal value have since been published among the consular reports issued by the State Department. Attention may well be called to these reports. At the request of the Secretary of State, the representatives of the great industries of the country prepared very careful forms of interrogatory

EXPENSES.

Wheat-bread.....	\$ 7.14
Rye black bread.....	24.75
Pork and potatoes (valued as before).....	47.60
Cheese.....	4.95
Syrup.....	5.00
Coffee.....	3.71
Salt, pepper, and sundries.....	1.24

Total food for seven persons for one year \$94.39

This makes a cost of three cents and seven-tenths per day per person. If the five children under thirteen be computed as two and one-half adults, making the family equal to four and one-half adults, the average per day is only five and three-quarter cents.

In my investigations of the food question I have found no statement of the food supply of a thrifty workingman and his family so meager as this, or at so low a cost *per capita*.

It may be interesting to give the other items of expenditure of this thrifty German peasant:

Clothing.....	\$39.97
Rent of house and three-quarters of an acre of land.....	35.75
Fuel and lights.....	14.24
Oil, soap, etc.....	3.71
Meal for goat and pig.....	16.66
Beer and tobacco.....	7.14
Sundries.....	14.28

Making a total expenditure for a family of seven persons..... \$226.14

In this same neighborhood, which is one of the most fertile parts of Prussia, the wages of other farm laborers who are supplied with food by their employers are as follows:

First laborer per year, \$71.50 with board.	
Second " " " 39.25 " "	
Third " " " 26.18 " "	

Average wages per year, \$44.25, or less than \$4 per month with board.

But when we turn to the production of a first-class Prussian farm and its cost, we find the product of a fraction less than ninety-one acres of land, which had been cultivated in a most skillful and intelligent manner, valued in all at \$3,942.47. Part of this product consisted of wheat, the cost of which is given at eighty-four cents per bushel of sixty pounds. Another portion consisted of rye, the cost of which is computed at sixty-eight cents per bushel of fifty-eight pounds.

It will be observed that although the wages of the farm laborer in this section average less than four dollars a month, with board added, the money cost of a bushel of wheat is set at eighty-four cents. In our great wheat-producing States and territories of the Far West wages are four- to five-fold, with board, and yet the cost

of a bushel of wheat in some places is not over one-half, or forty-two cents a bushel. It may be alleged that this is because we are converting the original fertility of a virgin soil into wheat, and thereby exhausting the land; but the rule holds true in only a little different proportion in the wheat-producing counties of New York and Pennsylvania, where fertilizers are as much required as in Germany. Wages in these sections are as high as those in the Far West, while the cost of wheat in money is not over two-thirds of that given as the cost in Germany at the farm.

It is interesting to consider the dietary of this prosperous Prussian farmer. The food is nearly one-half black bread made of rye. The proportion of meat is very small, as compared with the rations of this country. His family consisted of nine persons, three being children of over fourteen years of age. Their total living expenses for the year were \$736.28, divided as follows:

Food.....	\$300.41
Clothing.....	119.00
Fuel and light.....	23.89
Beer, wine, and spirits.....	71.40
Cigars, tobacco, and entertainments.....	47.60
Sundries.....	29.75
School expenses, and maintenance of son in army.....	144.23
Total.....	\$736.28

The cost of food per person each day is nine and a quarter cents.*

It is singular to compare the school expenses, the support of the son in the army, and the beer, wine, and spirits with the food bill. The food supply of this farmer, whose book accounts appear to have been kept with the accuracy of a merchant, and whose method of cultivation, as described, might serve as a lesson anywhere in scientific agriculture, is less in quantity and variety, and less in cost by at least one-third, as compared with the rations which are served in the prisons of Massachusetts.

The significant item in this expense account is the maintenance of the son in the army.

There are, of course, many other causes, aside from the military system of Europe, for the differences which are to be found in the subsistence of the people, which cannot be treated in the limits of this article. For instance, the relative area and population of European states, aside from Russia and Turkey, enter into the consideration. The area is about one-half that of the United States, while the population is little more than eight-

* For further comparisons of the food supply of working people in different countries, reference may be made to the first report of the National Bureau of the Statistics of Labor, by Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

fold, the ratio to the square mile being a little less than twenty in this country and one hundred and sixty in Europe.

This area is divided into fifteen empires, kingdoms, or states, omitting the petty states of eastern Europe, which are separated from each other by differences of race, creed, and language. Their commerce is obstructed among themselves by as many different systems of duties upon imports as there are states. The natural outlet for the crowded population of central Europe might be in southern Russia and in the fertile sections of Asiatic Turkey, were the relations of these several states to the eastern country the same as those of the Eastern States of this country to those of the West. There is land enough, and to spare; but the armies of Europe are sustained in order to prevent this very expansion of the people; and the misgovernment of the Turk, which renders Asia Minor almost a howling wilderness, is protected by the mutual jealousies of these very states, which are thus being destroyed by their own standing armies.

As war becomes more scientific, it becomes more costly. Victory rests not only on powder and iron, but yet more on bread and beef. It may have been the German sausage by which France was beaten, quite as much as the German rifle.

The food question in Europe may be one of possible revolution and repudiation of national debts, and of the disruption of nations as they now exist; and to this branch of the victualing department attention may well be called, because its conditions are so greatly in contrast to those of the United States; but this phase of the question will be treated separately in a subsequent article. May we not find in these costly armies, excessive debts, and excessive taxes not only the cause of pauper wages, but also the cause of the ineffectual and costly quality of so-called "pauper labor"? May there not also be found in these figures the incentives to socialism, to communism, and to anarchy? What hope for men and women, the whole of whose product would barely suffice for subsistence, when ten, twenty, and perhaps even thirty per cent. is diverted from their own use, and even food is denied them sufficient to maintain health and strength, in order that these great armies may be sustained?

The victualing department is therefore presented in these three phases:

First. In our own country the only question is how to save the waste of our abundance, and how to teach not only the working people, but even the prosperous, the right methods of obtaining a good and wholesome subsistence at less cost in money than they now spend for a poor and dyspeptic one.

Second. In Great Britain and Ireland the victualing department underlies a system of land tenure which is now on its trial, and which has led to such artificial conditions that great areas of good land have been thrown entirely out of cultivation, while half the people are being fed from fields from five thousand to fifteen thousand miles distant.

Third. Upon the continent of Europe the victualing department stands face to face with a forced method of distributing and wasting a food-product which, as a whole, is insufficient to maintain the whole population in vigor and health even if it were evenly distributed, as food must be equally distributed by weight if not by quality, in order that men and women may be equally well nourished.

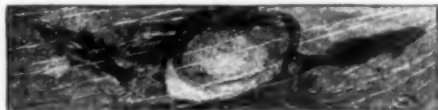
When a famished democracy becomes conscious of its power, what will be the end of privileges which are not founded on rights, and of national debts which have been incurred by dynasties without the consent of the people who are now oppressed by them? How will standing armies be disbanded, which now seem to be as incapable of being sustained as they are impossible of being disarmed?

Such are some of the appalling questions to which we are led when we attempt to analyze the way in which men, women, and children now obtain the modicum of meat and bread which they must have every day in order to exist, and that daily ration of dairy products, of fruit, of sugar, and of spice which is needed for common comfort.

There is but one element of life which all have in common, and that is Time. Who can teach us how to use our time so as to obtain the substantially even weight of food which is necessary to the adequate nutrition and to the common welfare of rich and poor alike?

The writer can only put these questions, and report the facts and figures which he has given. Some of them may be already familiar to the readers of *THE CENTURY*; but their true significance he himself hardly comprehended until they had been grouped together under the title of "The Food Question."

Edward Atkinson.



The Hand of Lincoln.

Look on this cast and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was — how large of mould
The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deeper sunk the ploughman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unswere.

+ + + + +
Lo, as I gaze, the slatted man,
Built up from your large hand, appears;
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance, passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

Edmund C. Sedgman.

DRAWN FROM THE CAST.
BY J. ALDEN WEIR. 1866.



CAST FROM THE RIGHT HAND OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN. MADE BY
LEONARD W. VOLK. 1866.

R. COLLINS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN AS SOLDIER, SURVEYOR, AND POLITICIAN.

NEW SALEM CONTINUED.—THE VOYAGE OF
THE TALISMAN.



We have anticipated a score of years in speaking of Mr. Lincoln's relations to his family. It was in August of the year 1831 that he finally left his father's roof, and swung out for himself into the current of the world to make his fortune in his own way. He went down to New Salem again to assist Offutt in the business that lively speculator thought of establishing there. He was more punctual than either his employer or the merchandise, and met with the usual reward of punctuality in being forced to waste his time in waiting for the tardy ones. He seemed to the New Salem people to be "loafing";

† Mrs. Lizzie H. Bell writes of this incident: "My father, Menton Graham, was on that day, as usual, appointed to be a clerk, and Mr. McNamee, who was to be the other, was sick and failed to come. They were looking around for a man to fill his place when my father noticed Mr. Lincoln and asked if he could write. He answered that 'he could make a few rabbit tracks.'"

several of them have given that description of him. He did one day's work, acting as clerk of a local election, a lettered loafer being pretty sure of employment on such an occasion.† He

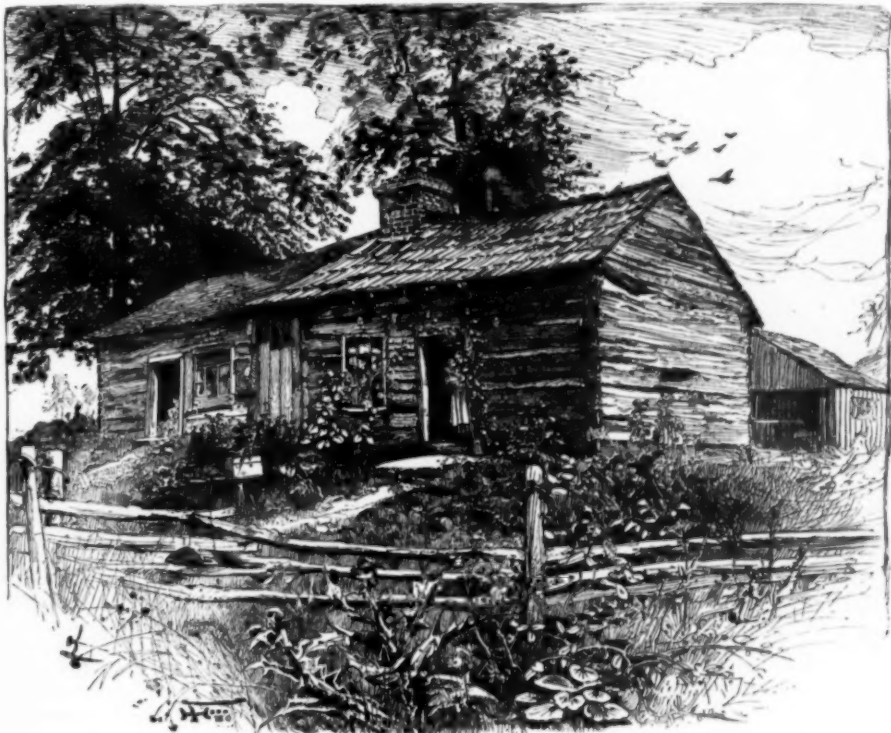


RUTLEDGE'S DAM AND MILL, NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS.

* Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.

also piloted a boat down the Sangamon for one Dr. Nelson, who had had enough of New Salem and wanted to go to Texas. This was probably a task not requiring much pilot-craft, as the river was much swollen, and navigators had in most places two or three miles of channel to count upon. But Offutt and his goods

He said that Abe knew more than any man in the United States; and he was certainly not warranted in making such an assertion, as his own knowledge of the actual state of science in America could not have been exhaustive. He also said that Abe could beat any man in the county running, jumping, or



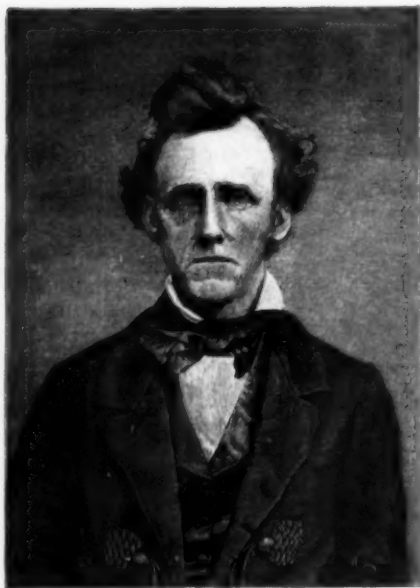
CABIN ON GOOSE-NEST PRAIRIE, NEAR FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS, WHERE THOMAS LINCOLN LIVED AND DIED.

arrived at last, and Lincoln and he got them immediately into position, and opened their doors to what commerce could be found in New Salem. There was clearly not enough to satisfy the volatile mind of Mr. Offutt, for he soon bought Cameron's mill at the historic dam, and made Abraham superintendent also of that branch of the business.

It is to be surmised that Offutt never inspired his neighbors and customers with any deep regard for his solidity of character. One of them says of him, with injurious pleonasm, that he "talked too much with his mouth." A natural consequence of his excessive fluency was soon to be made disagreeably evident to his clerk. He admired Abraham beyond measure, and praised him beyond prudence.

"wrestling." This proposition, being less abstract in its nature, was more readily grasped by the local mind, and was not likely to pass unchallenged.

Public opinion at New Salem was formed by a crowd of ruffianly young fellows who were called the "Clary's Grove Boys." Once or twice a week they descended upon the village and passed the day in drinking, fighting, and brutal horse-play. If a stranger appeared in the place, he was likely to suffer a rude initiation into the social life of New Salem at the hands of these jovial savages. Sometimes he was nailed up in a hogshead and rolled down hill; sometimes he was insulted into a fight and then mauled black and blue; for despite their pretensions to chivalry they had no



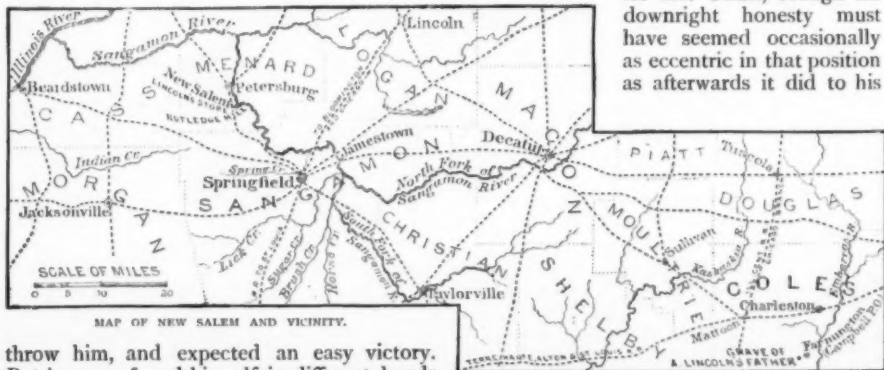
MENTON GRAHAM. (FROM A DAGUERRETYPE IN POSSESSION OF HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. LIZZIE H. BELL.)

scruples about fair play or any such superstitions of civilization. At first they did not seem inclined to molest young Lincoln. His appearance did not invite insolence; his reputation for strength and activity was a greater protection to him than his inoffensive good-nature. But the loud admiration of Offutt gave them umbrage. It led to dispute, contradictions, and finally to a formal banter to a wrestling-match. Lincoln was greatly averse to all this "wooling and pulling," as he called it. But Offutt's indiscretion had made it necessary for him to show his mettle. Jack Armstrong, the leading bully of the gang, was selected to

from any he had heretofore engaged with. Seeing he could not manage the tall stranger, his friends swarmed in, and by kicking and tripping nearly succeeded in getting Lincoln down. At this, as has been said of another hero, "the spirit of Odin entered into him," and putting forth his whole strength, he held the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, and almost choked the exuberant life out of him. For a moment a general fight seemed inevitable; but Lincoln, standing undismayed with his back to the wall, looked so formidable in his defiance that an honest admiration took the place of momentary fury, and his initiation was over. As to Armstrong, he was Lincoln's friend and sworn brother as soon as he recovered the use of his larynx, and the bond thus strangely created lasted through life. Lincoln had no further occasion to fight his own battle while Armstrong was there to act as his champion. The two friends, although so widely different, were helpful to each other afterwards in many ways, and Lincoln made ample amends for the liberty his hands had taken with Jack's throat, by saving, in a memorable trial, his son's neck from the halter.

This incident, trivial and vulgar as it may seem, was of great importance in Lincoln's life. His behavior in this ignoble scuffle did the work of years for him, in giving him the position he required in the community where his lot was cast. He became from that moment, in a certain sense, a personage, with a name and standing of his own. The verdict of Clary's Grove was unanimous that he was "the cleverest fellow that had ever broke into the settlement." He did not have to be constantly scuffling to guard his self-respect, and at the same time he gained the good-will of the better sort by his evident peaceableness and integrity.

He made on the whole a satisfactory clerk for Mr. Offutt, though his downright honesty must have seemed occasionally as eccentric in that position as afterwards it did to his



MAP OF NEW SALEM AND VICINITY.

throw him, and expected an easy victory. But he soon found himself in different hands

associates at the bar. Dr. Holland has preserved one or two incidents of this kind, which have their value. Once, after he had sold a woman a little bill of goods and received the money, he found on looking over the account again that she had given him six and a quarter cents too much. The money burned in his hands until he locked the shop and started on a walk of several miles in the night to make restitution before he slept. On another occasion, after weighing and delivering a pound of tea, he found a small weight on the scales. He immediately weighed out the quantity of tea of which he had innocently defrauded his customer and went in search of her, his sensitive conscience not permitting any delay. To show that the young merchant was not too good for this world, the same writer gives an incident of his shop-keeping experience of a different character. A rural bully having made himself especially offensive one day, when women were present, by loud profanity, Lincoln requested him to be silent. This was of course a cause of war, and the young clerk was forced to follow the incensed ruffian into the street, where the combat was of short duration. Lincoln threw him at once to the ground, and gathering a handful of the dog-fennel with which the roadside was plentifully bordered, he rubbed the ruffian's face and eyes with it until he howled for mercy. He did not howl in vain, for the placable giant, when his discipline was finished, brought water to bathe the culprit's smarting face, and doubtless improved the occasion with quaint admonition.

A few passages at arms of this sort gave Abraham a redoubtable reputation in the neighborhood. But the principal use he made of his strength and his prestige was in the capacity of peacemaker, an office which soon devolved upon him by general consent. Whenever old feuds blossomed into fights by Offutt's door, or the chivalry of Clary's Grove attempted in its energetic way to take the conceit out of some stranger, or a canine duel spread contagion of battle among the masters of the beasts, Lincoln usually appeared upon the scene, and with a judicious mixture of force and reason and invincible good-nature restored peace.

While working with Offutt his mind was turned in the direction of English grammar. From what he had heard of it he thought it a matter within his grasp, if he could once fall in with the requisite machinery. Consulting with Menton * Graham, the schoolmaster, in

regard to it, and learning the whereabouts of a vagrant "Kirkham's Grammar," he set off at once and soon returned from a walk of a dozen miles with the coveted prize. He devoted himself to the new study with that peculiar intensity of application which always remained his most valuable faculty, and soon knew all that can be known about it from rules. He seemed surprised, as others have been, at the meager dimensions of the science he had acquired and the ease with which it yielded all there was of it to the student. But it seemed no slight achievement to the New Salemites,



LEAF REDUCED IN SIZE FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EXERCISE BOOK, WRITTEN ABOUT HIS SEVENTEENTH YEAR. PRESENTED BY WILLIAM H. HERNDON, ESQ., TO KEVES LINCOLN MEMORIAL COLLECTION.

and contributed not a little to the impression prevalent of his learning.

His name is prominently connected with an event which just at this time caused an excitement and interest in Salem and the neighboring towns entirely out of proportion to its importance. It was one of the articles of faith of most of the settlers on the banks of the Sangamon River that it was a navigable stream, and the local politicians found that they could in no way more easily hit the fancy of their hearers than by discussing this assumed fact, and the logical corollary derived from it, that it was the duty of the State or the nation to

* This name has been always written in Illinois "Minter," but a letter from Mr. Graham's daughter, Mrs. Bell, says that her father's name is as given in the text.



GRAVE OF THOMAS LINCOLN, NEAR FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

clear out the snags and give free course to the commerce which was waiting for an opportunity to pour along this natural highway. At last one Captain Vincent Bogue, of Springfield, determined to show that the thing could be done by doing it. The first promise of the great enterprise appears in the "Sangamon Journal" of January 26, 1832, in a letter from the Captain, at Cincinnati, saying he would ascend the Sangamon by steam on the breaking up of the ice. He asked that he might be met at the mouth of the river by ten or twelve men, having axes with long handles, to cut away the overhanging branches of the trees on the banks. From this moment there was great excitement,—public meetings, appointment of committees, appeals for subscriptions, and a scattering fire of advertisements of goods and freight to be bargained for,—which sustained the prevailing interest. It was a day of hope and promise when the advertisement reached Springfield from Cincinnati that "the splendid upper-cabin steamer *Talisman*" would positively start for the Sangamon on a given day. As the paper containing this joyous intelligence also complained that no mail had reached Springfield from the east for three weeks, it is easy to understand the desire for more rapid and regular communications. From week to week the progress of the *Talisman*, impeded by bad weather and floating ice, was faithfully recorded, until at last the party with long-handled axes went down to Beardstown to welcome her. It is needless to state that

Lincoln was one of the party. His standing as a scientific citizen of New Salem would have been enough to insure his selection even if he had not been known as a bold navigator. He piloted the *Talisman* safely through the windings of the Sangamon, and Springfield gave itself up to extravagant gayety on the event that proved she "could no longer be considered an inland town." Captain Bogue announced "fresh and seasonable goods just received per steamboat *Talisman*," and the local poets illuminated the columns of the "Journal" with odes on her advent. The joy was short-lived. The *Talisman* met the natural fate of steamboats a few months later, being burned at the St. Louis wharf. Neither State nor nation has ever removed the snags from the Sangamon, and no subsequent navigator of its waters has been found to eclipse the fame of those earliest ones.

LINCOLN IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

A NEW period in the life of Lincoln begins with the summer of 1832. He then obtained his first public recognition, and entered upon the course of life which was to lead him to a position of prominence and great usefulness.

The business of Offutt had gone to pieces, and his clerk was out of employment, when Governor Reynolds issued his call for volunteers to move the tribe of Black Hawk across the Mississippi. For several years the raids of the old Sac chieftain upon that portion of his patrimony which he had ceded to the United States had kept the settlers in the neighborhood of Rock Island in terror, and menaced the peace of the frontier. In the spring of 1831 he came over to the east side of the river with a considerable band of warriors, having been encouraged by secret promises of coöperation from several other tribes. These failed him, however, when the time of trial arrived, and an improvised force of State volunteers, assisted by General Gaines and his detachment, had little difficulty in compelling the Indians to recross the Mississippi, and to enter into a solemn treaty on the 30th of June by which the former treaties were ratified and Black Hawk and his leading warriors bound themselves never again to set foot on the east side of the river, without express permission from the President or the Governor of Illinois.

But Black Hawk was too old a savage to learn respect for treaties or resignation under fancied wrongs. He was already approaching the allotted term of life. He had been king of his nation for more than forty years. He had scalped his first enemy when scarcely more than a child, having painted on his blanket the blood-red hand which marked his



EBENEZER PECK. (SEE PAGE 269.) FROM A PAINTING BY HEALY, IN 1864, IN POSSESSION OF CHARLES F. PECK, ESQ.

nobility at fifteen years of age. Peace under any circumstances would doubtless have been irksome to him, but a peace which forbade him free access to his own hunting-grounds and to the graves of his fathers was more than he could now school himself to endure. He had come to believe that he had been foully wronged by the treaty which was his own act; he had even convinced himself that "land cannot be sold,"* a proposition in political economy which our modern socialists would be puzzled to accept or confute. Besides this, the tenderest feelings of his heart were outraged by this exclusion from his former domain. He had never passed a year since the death of his daughter without mak-

ing a pilgrimage to her grave at Oquawka and spending hours in mystic ceremonies and contemplation.† He was himself prophet as well as king, and had doubtless his share of mania, which is the strength of prophets. The promptings of his own broken heart readily seemed to him the whisperings of attendant spirits; and day by day these unseen incitements increased around him, until they could not be resisted even if death stood in the way.

He made his combinations during the winter, and had it not been for the loyal attitude of Keokuk, he could have brought the entire nation of the Sacs and Foxes to the war-path. As it was, the flower of the young men came with him when, with the opening spring, he

* Governor Reynolds's "Life and Times," p. 325.

† Ford's "History of Illinois," p. 110.



Engraved by T. Johnson, after a portrait by Charles B. King.

From McKenney and Hall's "Indian Tribes of North America."

BLACK HAWK.

crossed the river once more. He came this time, he said, "to plant corn," but as a preliminary to this peaceful occupation of the land he marched up the Rock River, expecting to be joined by the Winnebagoes and Pottawatomies. But the time was past for honorable alliances among the Indians. His oath-bound confederates gave him little as-

sistance, and soon cast in their lot with the stronger party.

This movement excited general alarm in the State. General Atkinson, commanding the United States troops, sent a formal summons to Black Hawk to return; but the old chief was already well on his way to the lodge of his friend, the prophet Wabokishick, at Proph-

etstown, and treated the summons with contemptuous defiance. The Governor immediately called for volunteers, and was himself astonished at the alacrity with which the call was answered. Among those who enlisted at the first tap of the drum was Abraham Lincoln, and equally to his surprise and delight he was elected captain of his company. The volunteer organizations of those days were conducted on purely democratic principles. The company assembled on the green, an election was suggested, and three-fourths of the men walked over to where Lincoln was standing; most of the small remainder joined themselves to one Kirkpatrick, a man of some substance and standing from Spring Creek. We have the word of Mr. Lincoln for it, that no subsequent success ever gave him such unmixed pleasure as this earliest distinction. It was a sincere, unsought tribute of his equals to those physical and moral qualities which made him the best man of his hundred, and as such was accepted and prized.

At the Beardstown rendezvous, Captain Lincoln's company was attached to Colonel Samuel Thompson's regiment, the Fourth Illinois, which was organized at Richland, Sangamon County, on the 21st of April, and moved on the 27th, with the rest of the command under General Whiteside, for Yellow Banks, where the boats with provisions had been ordered to meet them. It was arduous marching. There were no roads and no bridges, and the day's work included a great deal of labor. The third day out they came to the Henderson River, a stream some fifty yards wide, swift and swollen with the spring thaws, with high and steep banks. To most armies this would have seemed a serious obstacle, but these backwoodsmen swarmed to the work like beavers, and in less than three hours* the river was crossed with the loss of only one or two horses and wagons. When they came to Yellow Banks, on the Mississippi, the provision-boats had not arrived, and for three days they waited there literally without food; very uncomfortable days for Governor Reynolds, who accompanied the expedition, and was forced to hear the outspoken comments of two thousand hungry men on his supposed inefficiency. But on the 6th of May the *William Wallace* arrived, and "this sight," says the Governor with characteristic sincerity, "was, I presume, the most interesting I ever beheld." From there they marched to the mouth of Rock River, and thence General Whiteside proceeded with his volunteers up the river some ninety miles to Dixon, where they halted to await the arrival of General Atkinson with the regular troops and

provisions. There they found two battalions of fresh horsemen, under Majors Stillman and Bailey, who had as yet seen no service and were eager for the fray. Whiteside's men were tired with their forced march, and besides, in their ardor to get forward, they had thrown away a good part of their provisions and left their baggage behind. It pleased the Governor, therefore, to listen to the prayers of Stillman's braves, and he gave them orders to "proceed to the head of Old Man's Creek, where it was supposed there were some hostile Indians, and coerce them into submission." "I thought," says the Governor in his memoirs, "they might discover the enemy."

The supposition was certainly well founded. They rode merrily away, came to Old Man's Creek, thereafter to be called Stillman's Run, and encamped for the night. By the failing light a small party of Indians was discovered on the summit of a hill a mile away, and a few courageous gentlemen hurriedly saddled their horses, and, without orders, rode after them. The Indians retreated, but were soon overtaken, and two or three of them killed. The volunteers were now strung along a half mile of hill and valley, with no more order or care than if they had been chasing rabbits. Black Hawk, who had been at supper when the running fight began, hastily gathered a handful of warriors and attacked the scattered whites. The onset of the savages acted like an icy bath on the red-hot valor of the volunteers; they turned and ran for their lives, stampeding the camp as they fled. There was very little resistance—so little that Black Hawk, fearing a ruse, tried to recall his warriors from the pursuit, but in the darkness and confusion could not enforce his orders. The Indians killed all they caught up with; but the volunteers had the fleetest horses, and only eleven were overtaken. The rest reached Dixon by twos and threes, rested all night, and took courage. General Whiteside marched out to the scene of the disaster the next morning, but the Indians were gone. They had broken up into small parties, and for several days they reaped the bloody fruit of their victory in the massacre of the peaceful settlements in the adjacent districts.

The time of enlistment of the volunteers had now come to an end, and the men, seeing no prospect of glory or profit, and weary of the work and the hunger which were the only certain incidents of the campaign, refused in great part to continue in service. But it is hardly necessary to say that Captain Lincoln was not one of these homesick soldiers. Not even the trammels of rank, which are usually so strong among the trailers of the saber, could restrain him from what he considered his sim-

* Reynolds's "Life and Times," p. 356.

I CERTIFY, That

Samuel M. Farmer
as a private volunteered and served
 in the Company of Mounted Volunteers under my
 command, in the Regiment commanded by Col. SAMUEL M. THOMPSON, in the Brigade under the com-
 mand of Generals S. WHITESIDE and H. ATKINSON, called into the service of the United States by
 the Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of the State, for the protection of the North Western Frontier
 against an invasion of the British Band of Sac and other tribes of Indians,—that he was enrolled on the

21st day of *April* 1832, and was HONORABLY DISCHARGED on the

7th day of *June* thereafter, having served *48 days*

Given under my hand, this

21st day of *September* 1832.

A Lincoln "at"

*This discharge is the property of George Carpenter of Springfield, Ill.
 being found among the papers of his father Col. Wm. Carpenter paymaster of the above regt.*

A SOLDIER'S DISCHARGE FROM THE BLACK HAWK WAR, SIGNED BY A. LINCOLN, CAPTAIN.
 (IN POSSESSION OF O. H. OLDROYD, ESQ., SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.)

ple duty. As soon as he was mustered out of his captaincy, he reenlisted on the same day, May 27, as a private soldier. Several other officers did the same, among them General Whiteside and Major Stuart. Lincoln became a member of Captain Elijah Iles's company of mounted volunteers, sometimes called the "Independent Spy Battalion," an organization unique of its kind, if we may judge from the account given by one of its troopers. It was not, says Mr. George W. Harrison, "under the control of any regiment or brigade, but received orders directly from the Commander-in-Chief, and always, when with the army, camped within the lines, and had many other privileges, such as having no camp duties to perform and drawing rations as much and as often as we pleased," which would seem to liken this battalion as nearly as possible to the fabled "regiment of brigadiers." With this *elite* corps Lincoln served through his second enlistment, though it was not his fortune to take part in either of the two engagements in which General Henry broke and destroyed forever the power of Black Hawk and the British band of Sacs and Foxes at the Wisconsin Bluffs and the Bad Axe.

After Lincoln was relieved of the weight of dignity involved in his captaincy, the war became a sort of holiday, and the tall private from New Salem enjoyed it as much as any one. He entered with great zest into the athletic sports with which soldiers love to beguile

the tedium of camp. He was admitted to be the strongest man in the army, and, with one exception, the best wrestler. Indeed his friends never admitted the exception, and severely blamed Lincoln for confessing himself defeated on the occasion when he met the redoubtable Thompson, and the two fell together on the turf. His popularity increased from the beginning to the end of the campaign, and those of his comrades who still survive always speak with hearty and affectionate praise of his character and conduct in those rough yet pleasantly remembered days.

The Spy Battalion formed no part of General Henry's forces when, by a disobedience of orders as prudent as it was audacious, he started with his slender force on the fresh trail which he was sure would lead him to Black Hawk's camp. He found and struck the enemy at bay on the bluffs of the Wisconsin River on the 21st of July, and inflicted upon them a signal defeat. The broken remnant of Black Hawk's power then fled for the Mississippi River, the whole army following in close pursuit—General Atkinson in front and General Henry bringing up the rear. Fortune favored the latter once more, for while Black Hawk with a handful of men was engaging and drawing away the force under Atkinson, General Henry struck the main trail, and brought on the battle of the Bad Axe, if that could be called a battle which was an easy slaughter of the weary and discouraged sav-

ages, fighting without heart or hope, an army in front and the great river behind. Black Hawk escaped the fate of his followers, to be captured a few days later through the treachery of his allies. He was carried in triumph to Washington and presented to President Jackson, to whom he made this stern and defiant speech, showing how little age or disaster could do to tame his indomitable spirit: "I am a man, and you are another. I did not expect to conquer the white people. I took up the hatchet to avenge injuries which could no longer be borne.* Had I borne them longer my people would have said: 'Black Hawk is a squaw; he is too old to be a chief; he is no Sac.' This caused me to raise the war-whoop. I say no more of it; all is known to you." He returned to Iowa, and lived to a great age. When he died he received the supreme honors paid only to mighty men of war among his people, and was buried on the high bank of the Mississippi, in arms and in war-paint, facing the rising sun.

It was on the 16th of June, a month before the slaughter of the Bad Axe, that the battalion to which Lincoln belonged was finally mustered out, at Whitewater, Wisconsin. His final release from the service was signed by a young lieutenant of artillery, Robert Anderson, who, twenty-nine years later, in one of the most awful crises in our annals, was to sustain to Lincoln relations of prodigious importance, on a scene illuminated by the flash of the opening guns of the civil war.† The men started home the next day in high spirits, like

*It is a noteworthy coincidence that President Lincoln's proclamation at the opening of the war calls for troops "to redress wrongs already long enough endured."

† A story to the effect that Lincoln was mustered into service by Jefferson Davis has for a long time been current, but the strictest search in the records fails to confirm it. We are indebted to General R. C. Drum, Adjutant-General of the Army, for an interesting letter giving all the known facts in relation to this story. General Drum says: "The company of the Fourth Regiment Illinois Mounted Volunteers, commanded by Mr. Lincoln, was with others called out by Governor Reynolds, and was organized at Richland, Sangamon County, Illinois, April 21, 1832. The muster-roll is not on file, but the records show that the company was mustered out at the mouth of Fox River, May 27, 1832, by Nathaniel Buckmaster, Brigade-Major to General Samuel Whiteside, Illinois Volunteers. On the muster-roll of Captain Elijah Hles's company, Illinois Mounted Volunteers, A. Lincoln (Sangamon County) appears as a private from May 27, 1832, to June 16, 1832, when the company was mustered out of service by Lieutenant Robert Anderson, Third United States Artillery and Colonel (Assistant Inspector-General) Illinois volunteers. Brigadier-General Henry Atkinson, in his report of May 30, 1832, stated that the Illinois Volunteers were called out by the Governor of that State, but in haste and on no definite period of service. On their arrival at Ottawa they became clamorous for their discharge, which the Governor granted, retaining—of those who were

school-boys for their holidays. Lincoln had need, like Horatio, of his good spirits, for they were his only outfit for the long journey to New Salem, he and his mess-mate Harrison‡ having had their horses stolen the day before by some patriot over-anxious to reach home. But, as Harrison says, "I laughed at our fate, and he joked at it, and we all started off merrily. The generous men of our company walked and rode by turns with us, and we fared about equal with the rest. But for this generosity our legs would have had to do the better work; for in that day this dreary route furnished no horses to buy or to steal; and whether on horse or afoot, we always had company, for many of the horses' backs were too sore for riding." It is not hard to imagine with what quips and quirks of native fancy Lincoln and his friends beguiled the way through forest and prairie. With youth, good health, and a clear conscience, and even then the dawn of a young and undefiled ambition in his heart, nothing was wanting to give zest and spice to this long, sociable walk of a hundred leagues. One joke is preserved, and this one is at the expense of Lincoln. One chilly morning he complained of being cold. "No wonder," said some facetious cavalier, "there is so much of you on the ground."§ We hope Lincoln's contributions to the fun were better than this, but of course the prosperity of these jests lay rather in the liberal ears that heard them than in the good-natured tongues that uttered them.

Lincoln and Harrison could not have been discharged and volunteered for a further period of twenty days—a sufficient number of men to form six companies, which General Atkinson found at Ottawa on his arrival there from Rock River. General Atkinson further reports that these companies and some three hundred regular troops, remaining in position at Rock River, were all the force left him to keep the enemy in check until the assemblage of the three thousand additional Illinois militia called out by the Governor upon his (General A.'s) requisition, to rendezvous at Ottawa, June 12-15, 1832.

"There can be no doubt that Captain Hles's company, mentioned above, was one of the six which served until June 16, 1832, while the fact is fully established that the company of which Mr. Lincoln was a member was mustered out by Lieutenant Robert Anderson, who, in April, 1861, was in command of Fort Sumter. There is no evidence to show that it was mustered in by Lieutenant Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis's company (B, First United States Infantry) was stationed at Fort Crawford, Wisconsin, during the months of January and February, 1832, and he is borne on the rolls as 'absent on detached service at the Dubuque mines by order of Colonel Morgan.' From March 26 to August 18, 1832, the muster-rolls of his company report him as absent on furlough."

‡ George W. Harrison, who gives an entertaining account of his personal experiences in Lamon, p. 116.

§ Dr. Holland gives this homely joke, p. 71, but transfers it to a time four years later, when Lincoln had permanently assumed shoes and had a horse of his own.

altogether penniless, for at Peoria they bought a canoe and paddled down to Pekin. Here the ingenious Lincoln employed his hereditary talent for carpentry by making an oar for the frail vessel while Harrison was providing the commissary stores. The latter goes on to say: "The river, being very low, was without current, so that we had to pull hard to make half the speed of legs on land; in fact, we let her float all night, and on the next morning always found the objects still visible that were beside us the previous evening. The water was remarkably clear for this river of plants, and the fish appeared to be sporting with us as we moved over or near them. On the next day after we left Pekin we overhauled a raft of saw-logs, with two men afloat on it to urge it on with poles and to guide it in the channel. We immediately pulled up to them and went on the raft, where we were made welcome by various demonstrations, especially by an invitation to a feast on fish, corn-bread, eggs, butter, and coffee, just prepared for our benefit. Of these good things we ate almost immoderately, for it was the only warm meal we had made for several days. While preparing it, and after dinner, Lincoln entertained them, and they entertained us for a couple of hours very amusingly." Kindly human companionship was a luxury in that green wilderness, and was readily appreciated and paid for.

The returning warriors dropped down the river to the village of Havana—from Pekin to Havana in a canoe! The country is full of these geographical nightmares, the necessary result of freedom of nomenclature bestowed by circumstances upon minds equally destitute of taste or education. There they sold their boat,—no difficult task, for a canoe was a staple article in any river-town,—and again set out "the old way, over the sand-ridges, for Petersburg. As we drew near home, the impulse became stronger and urged us on amazingly. The long strides of Lincoln, often slipping back in the loose sand six inches every step, were just right for me; and he was greatly diverted when he noticed me behind him stepping along in his tracks to keep from slipping." Thus the two comrades came back from their soldiering to their humble homes, from which Lincoln was soon to start on the way marked out for him by Providence, with strides which no comrade, with whatever good-will, might hope to follow.

He never took his campaigning seriously.

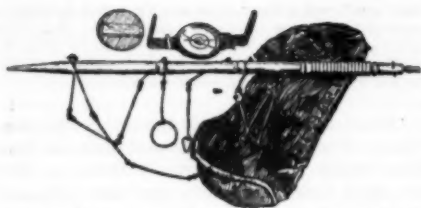
* We are aware that all former biographers have stated that Lincoln's candidacy for the Legislature was subsequent to his return from the war, and a consequence of his service. But his circular is

The politician's habit of glorifying the petty incidents of a candidate's life always seemed absurd to him, and in his speech, made in 1848, ridiculing the effort on the part of General Cass's friends to draw some political advantage from that gentleman's respectable but obscure services on the frontier in the war with Great Britain, he estopped any future eulogist from painting his own military achievements in too lively colors. "Did you know, Mr. Speaker," he said, "I am a military hero? In the days of the Black Hawk war I fought, bled, and came away. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as General Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterwards. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break, but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. If General Cass went in advance of me picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges on the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker, if ever I should conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest that they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."

AN UNSUCCESSFUL CANVASS.

THE discharged volunteer arrived in New Salem only ten days before the August election, in which he had a deep personal interest. Before starting for the wars he had announced himself, according to the custom of the time, by a handbill circular, as a candidate for the Legislature from Sangamon County.* He had done this in accordance with his own natural bent for public life and desire for usefulness and distinction, and not without strong encouragement from friends whose opinion he valued. He had even then considerable experience in speaking and thinking on his feet. He had begun his practice in that direction before leaving Indiana, and continued it everywhere he had gone. Mr. William Butler tells us that on one occasion, when Lincoln was a farm-hand at Island Grove, the famous circuit-rider, Peter Cart-

dated March 9, 1832, and the "Sangamon Journal" mentions his name among the candidates in July, and apologizes for having accidentally omitted it in May.



A. LINCOLN'S SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS AND SADDLE-BAG.
(IN POSSESSION OF LINCOLN MONUMENT COLLECTION.)

wright, came by, electioneering for the Legislature, and Lincoln at once engaged in a discussion with him in the cornfield, in which the great Methodist was equally astonished at the close reasoning and the uncouth figure of Mr. Brown's extraordinary hired man. At another time, after one Posey, a politician in search of office, had made a speech in Macon, John Hanks, whose admiration of his cousin's oratory was unbounded, said that "Abe could beat it." He turned a keg on end, and the tall boy mounted it and made his speech. "The subject was the navigation of the Sangamon, and Abe beat him to death," says the loyal Hanks. So it was not with all the tremor of a complete novice that the young man took the stump during the few days left him between his return and the election.

He ran as a Whig. As this has been denied on authority which is generally trustworthy, it is well enough to insist upon the fact. In one of the few speeches of his which, made at this time, have been remembered and reported, he said: "I am in favor of a national bank; I am in favor of the internal improvement system, and of a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles." Nothing could be more unqualified or outspoken than this announcement of his adhesion to what was then and for years afterwards called "the American System" of Henry Clay. Other testimony is not wanting to the same effect. Both Major Stuart and Judge Logan* say that Lincoln ran in 1832 as a Whig, and that his speeches were unequivocally in defense of the principles of that party. Without discussing the merits of the party or its purposes, we may insist that his adopting them thus openly at the outset of his career was an extremely characteristic act, and marks thus early the scrupulous conscientiousness which shaped every action of his life. The State of Illinois was by a large majority Democratic,

hopelessly attached to the person and policy of Jackson. Nowhere had that despotic leader more violent and unscrupulous partisans than there. They were proud of their very servility, and preferred the name of "whole-hog Jackson men" to that of Democrats. The Whigs embraced in their scanty ranks the leading men of the State, those who have since been most distinguished in its history, such as S. T. Logan, Stuart, Browning, Dubois, Hardin, Breese, and many others. But they were utterly unable to do anything except by dividing the Jackson men, whose very numbers made their party unwieldy, and by throwing their votes with the more decent and conservative portion of them. In this way, in the late election, they had secured the success of Governor Reynolds—the Old Ranger—against Governor Kinney, who represented the vehement and proscriptive spirit which Jackson had just breathed into the party. He had visited the General in Washington, and had come back giving out threatenings and slaughter against the Whigs in the true Tennessee style, declaring that "all Whigs should be whipped out of office like dogs out of a meat-house"; the force of south-western simile could no farther go.† But the great popularity of Reynolds and the adroit management of the Whigs carried him through successfully. A single fact will show on which side the people who could read were enlisted. The "whole-hog" party had one newspaper, the opposition five. Of course it would have been impossible for Reynolds to poll a respectable vote if his loyalty to Jackson had been seriously doubted. As it was, he lost many votes through a report that he had been guilty of saying that "he was as strong for Jackson as any reasonable man should be." The Governor himself, in his naïve account of the canvass, acknowledges the damaging nature of this accusation, and comforts himself with quoting an indiscretion of Kinney's, who opposed a projected canal on the ground that "it would flood the country with Yankees."

It showed some moral courage, and certainly an absence of the shuffling politician's fair-weather policy, that Lincoln, in his friendless and penniless youth, at the very beginning of his career, when he was not embarrassed by antecedents or family connections, and when, in fact, what little social influence he knew would have led him the other way, chose to oppose a furiously intolerant majority,

* The Democrats of New Salem worked for Lincoln out of their personal regard for him. That was the general understanding of the matter here at the time. In this he made no concession of principle whatever. He was as stiff as a man could be in his

Whig doctrines. They did this for him simply because he was popular—because he was Lincoln.

July 6, 1875.

STEPHEN T. LOGAN.

† Reynolds's "My Own Times," p. 291.

and to take his stand with the party which was doomed to long-continued defeat in Illinois. The motives which led him to take this decisive course are not difficult to imagine. The better sort of people in Sangamon County were Whigs, though the majority were Democrats, and he preferred through life the better sort to the majority. The papers he read were the Louisville "Journal" and the "Sangamon Journal," both Whig. Reading the speeches and debates of the day, he sided with Webster against Calhoun, and with Clay against anybody. Though his notions of politics, like those of any ill-educated young man of twenty-two, must have been rather crude, and not at all sufficient to live and to die by, he had adopted them honestly and sincerely, with no selfish regard to his own interests; and though he ardently desired success, he never abated one jot or tittle of his convictions for any possible personal gain, then or thereafter.

In the circular in which he announced his candidacy he made no reference to national politics, but confined himself mainly to a discussion of the practicability of improving the navigation of the Sangamon, the favorite hobby of the place and time. He had no monopoly of this "issue." It formed the burden of nearly every candidate's appeal to the people in that year. The excitement occasioned by the trip of the *Talisman* had not yet died away, although the little steamer was now dust and ashes, and her bold commander had left the State to avoid an awkward meeting with the sheriff. The hope of seeing Springfield an emporium of commerce was still lively among the citizens of Sangamon County, and in no one of the handbills of the political aspirants of the season was that hope more judiciously encouraged than in the one signed by Abraham Lincoln. It was a well-written circular, remarkable for its soberness and reserve when we consider the age and the limited advantages of the writer. It concluded in these words:

"Upon the subjects of which I have treated, I have spoken as I have thought. I may be wrong in regard to any or all of them; but holding it a sound maxim that it is better only sometimes to be right than at all times wrong, so soon as I discover my opinions to be erroneous, I shall be ready to renounce them. . . . Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born and have ever remained in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or powerful relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; and, if elected, they will

have conferred a favor upon me, for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

This is almost precisely the style of his later years. The errors of grammar and construction which spring invariably from an effort to avoid redundancy of expression remained with him through life. He seemed to grudge the space required for necessary parts of speech. But his language was at twenty-two, as it was thirty years later, the simple and manly attire of his thought, with little attempt at ornament and none at disguise. There was an intermediate time when he sinned in the direction of fine writing; but this ebullition soon passed away, and left that marvelously strong and transparent style in which his two inaugurals were written.

Of course, in the ten days left him after his return from the field, a canvass of the county, which was then some thousands of square miles in extent, was out of the question. He made a few speeches in the neighborhood of New Salem, and at least one in Springfield. He was wholly unknown there except by his few comrades in arms. We find him mentioned in the county paper only once during the summer, in an editorial note adding the name of Captain Lincoln to those candidates for the Legislature who were periling their lives on the frontier and had left their reputations in charge of their generous fellow-citizens at home. On the occasion of his speaking at Springfield, most of the candidates had come together to address a meeting there to give their electors some idea of their quality. These were severe ordeals for the rash aspirants for popular favor. Besides those citizens who came to listen and judge, there were many whose only object was the free whisky provided for the occasion, and who, after potations pottle-deep, became not only highly unparliamentary but even dangerous to life and limb. This wild chivalry of Lick Creek was, however, less redoubtable to Lincoln than it might be to an urban statesman unacquainted with the frolic brutality of Clary's Grove. Their gambols never caused him to lose his self-possession. It is related that once, while he was speaking, he saw a ruffian attack a friend of his in the crowd, and the rencontre not resulting according to the orator's sympathies, he descended from the stand, seized the objectionable fighting man by the neck, "threw him some ten feet," then calmly mounted to his place, and finished his speech, the course of his logic undisturbed by this athletic parenthesis. Judge Logan saw Lincoln for the first time on the day when he came up to Spring-

field on his canvass this summer. He thus speaks of his future partner: "He was a very tall, gawky, and rough-looking fellow then; his pantaloons didn't meet his shoes by six inches. But after he began speaking I became very much interested in him. He made a very sensible speech. His manner was very much the same as in after life; that is, the same peculiar characteristics were apparent then, though of course in after years he evinced more knowledge and experience. But he had then the same novelty and the same peculiarity in presenting his ideas. He had the same individuality that he kept through all his life."

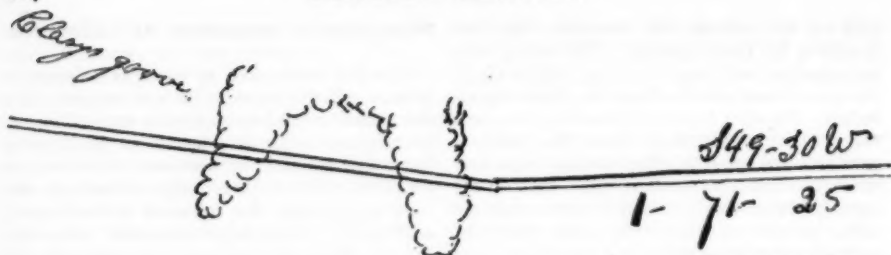
There were two or three men at the meeting whose good opinion was worth more than all the votes of Lick Creek to one beginning life: Stephen T. Logan, a young lawyer who had recently come from Kentucky with the best equipment for a *nisi prius* practitioner ever brought into the State; Major Stuart, whom we have met in the Black Hawk war, once commanding a battalion and then marching as a private; and William Butler, afterwards prominent in State politics, at that time a young man of the purest Western breed in body and character, clear-headed and courageous, and ready for any emergency where a friend was to be defended or an enemy punished. We do not know whether Lincoln gained any votes that day, but he gained what was far more valuable, the active friendship of these able and honorable men, all Whigs and all Kentuckians like himself.

The acquaintances he made in his canvass, the practice he gained in speaking, and the added confidence which this experience of measuring his abilities with those of others gave, were all the advantages which Lincoln derived from this attempt. He was defeated, for the only time in his life, in a contest before the people. The fortunate candidates were E. D. Taylor, J. T. Stuart, Achilles Morris, and Peter Cartwright, the first of whom received 1127 votes and the last 815.* Lincoln's position among the eight defeated candidates was a very respectable one. He had 657 votes, and there were five who fared worse, among them his old adversary Kirkpatrick. What must have been especially gratifying to him was the fact that he received the almost unanimous vote of his own neighborhood, the precinct of New Salem, 277 votes against 3, a result which showed more strongly than any words could do the extent of the attachment and the confidence which his genial and upright character had inspired among those who knew him best.

* "Sangamon Journal," August 11, 1832.

STOREKEEPER, POSTMASTER AND SURVEYOR.

HAVING been, even in so slight a degree, a soldier and a politician, he was unfitted for a day laborer; but being entirely without means of subsistence, he was forced to look about for some suitable occupation. It is said by Dr. Holland that he thought seriously at this time of learning the trade of a blacksmith, and using in that honest way the sinew and brawn which nature had given him. But an opening for another kind of business occurred, which prevented his entering upon any merely mechanical occupation. Two of his most intimate friends were the brothers Herndon, called, according to the fashion of the time, which held it unfriendly to give a man his proper name, and arrogant for him to claim it, "Row" and "Jim." They kept one of those grocery stores in which everything salable on the frontier was sold, and which seem to have changed their occupants as rapidly as sentry-boxes. "Jim" sold his share to an idle and dissolute man named Berry, and "Row" soon transferred his interest to Lincoln. It was easy enough to buy, as nothing was ever given in payment but a promissory note. A short time afterwards, one Reuben Radford, who kept another shop of the same kind, happened one evening to attract the dangerous attention of the Clary's Grove boys, who, with their usual prompt and practical facetiousness, without a touch of malice in it, broke his windows and wrecked his store. The next morning, while Radford was ruefully contemplating the ruin, and doubtless concluding that he had had enough of a country where the local idea of neighborly humor found such eccentric expression, he hailed a passer-by named Greene, and challenged him to buy his establishment for four hundred dollars. This sort of trade was always irresistible to these Western speculators, and Greene at once gave his note for the amount. It next occurred to him to try to find out what the property was worth, and doubting his own skill, he engaged Lincoln to make an invoice of it. The young merchant, whose appetite for speculation had just been whetted by his own investment, undertook the task, and finding the stock of goods rather tempting, offered Greene two hundred and fifty dollars for his bargain, which was at once accepted. Not a cent of money changed hands in all these transactions. By virtue of half a dozen signatures, Berry and Lincoln became proprietors of the only mercantile establishment in the village, and the apparent wealth of the community was increased by a liberal distribution of their notes among the Herndons, Radford, Greene, and a Mr. Rutledge whose business they had also bought.



PLAN OF ROAD SURVEYED

Fortunately for Lincoln and for the world, the enterprise was not successful. It was entered into without sufficient reflection, and from the very nature of things was destined to fail. To Berry the business was merely the refuge of idleness. He spent his time in gossip and drank up his share of the profits, and it is probable that Lincoln was far more interested in politics and general reading than

in the petty traffic of his shop. In the spring of the next year, finding that their merchandise was gaining them little or nothing, they concluded to keep a tavern in addition to their other business, and the records of the County Court of Sangamon County show that Berry took out a license for that purpose on the 6th of March, 1833.* But it was even then too late for any expedients to save the

* The following is an extract from the court record: "March 6, 1833. Ordered that William F. Berry, in the name of Berry and Lincoln, have license to keep a tavern in New Salem, to continue twelve months from this date, and that they pay one dollar in addition to six dollars heretofore prepaid as per Treasurer's receipt, and that they be allowed the following rates,

viz.: French brandy, per pint, 25; Peach, 18½; Apple, 12; Holland gin, 18½; Domestic, 12½; Wine, 25; Rum, 18½; Whisky, 12½; Breakfast, dinner, or supper, 25; Lodging for night, 12½; Horse for night, 25; Single feed, 12½; Breakfast, dinner, or supper, for stage passengers, 37½.

"Who gave bond as required by law."

To the county commissioners court for the County of Sangamon at 15 June term 1834.

We the undersigned being appointed to view and locate a road. Beginning at Musick's ferry on Salt creek. (Via) New Salem to the County line in the direction to Jacksonville. respectfully report that we have performed the duties of said view and location as required by law and that we have made the location on good ground and believe the establishment of the said to be necessary and proper.

The enclosed Map gives the courses and distances as required by law

[SURVEYOR'S REPORT
OF ABOVE.]

Michael Killian
Hugh Armstrong
A. Lincoln



BY A. LINCOLN AND OTHERS.

moribund partnership. The tavern was never opened, for about this time Lincoln and Berry were challenged to sell out to a pair of vagrant brothers named Trent, who, as they had no idea of paying, were willing to give their notes to any amount. They soon ran away, and Berry expired, extinguished in rum. Lincoln was thus left loaded with debts, and with no assets except worthless notes of Berry and the Trents. It is greatly to his credit that he never thought of doing by others as others had done by him. The morality of the frontier was deplorably loose in such matters, and most of these people would have concluded that the failure of the business expunged its liabilities. But Lincoln made no effort even to compromise the claims against him. He promised to pay when he could, and it took the labor of years to do it; but he paid at last every farthing of the debt, which seemed to him and his friends so large that it was called among them "the national debt."

He had already begun to read elementary books of law, borrowed from Major Stuart and other kindly acquaintances. Indeed, it is quite possible that Berry and Lincoln might have succeeded better in business if the junior member of the firm had not spent so much of his time reading Blackstone and Chitty in the shade of a great oak just outside the door, while the senior quietly fuddled himself within. Eye-witnesses still speak of the grotesque youth, habited in homespun tow, lying on his back with his feet on the trunk of the tree, and poring over his book by the hour, "grinding around with the shade," as it shifted from north to east. After his store, to use his own expression, had "winked out," he applied himself with more continuous energy to his reading, doing merely what odd jobs came to his hand to pay his current expenses, which were of course very slight. He sometimes helped his friend Ellis in his store; sometimes went into the field and renewed his exploits as a farm-hand, which had gained him a traditional fame in Indiana; sometimes employed his clerkly hand in straightening up a neglected ledger. It is probable that he worked for his board oftener than for any

other compensation, and his hearty friendliness and vivacity, as well as his industry in the field, made him a welcome guest in any farmhouse in the county. His strong arm was always at the disposal of the poor and needy; it is said of him, with a graphic variation of a well-known text, "that he visited the fatherless and the widow and chopped their wood."

In the spring of this year, 1833, he was appointed Postmaster of New Salem, and held the office for three years. Its emoluments were slender and its duties light, but there was in all probability no citizen of the village who could have made so much of it as he. The mails were so scanty that he was said to carry them in his hat, and he is also reported to have read every newspaper that arrived; it is altogether likely that this formed the leading inducement to his taking the office. His incumbency lasted until New Salem ceased to be populous enough for a post-station and the mail went by to Petersburg. Dr. Holland relates a sequel to this official experience which illustrates the quaint honesty of the man. Several years later, when he was a practicing lawyer, an agent of the Post-office Department called upon him, and asked for a balance due from the New Salem office, some seventeen dollars. Lincoln rose, and opening a little trunk which lay in a corner of the room, took from it a cotton rag in which was tied up the exact sum required. "I never use any man's money but my own," he quietly remarked. When we consider the pinching poverty in which these years had been passed, we may appreciate the self-denial which had kept him from making even a temporary use of this little sum of government money.

John Calhoun, the Surveyor of Sangamon County, was at this time overburdened with work. The principal industry then was speculation in land. Every settler of course wanted his farm surveyed and marked out for him, and every community had its syndicate of leading citizens who cherished a scheme of laying out a city somewhere. In many cases the city was plotted, the sites of the principal buildings, including a court-house and a university, were determined, and a sonorous

name was selected out of Plutarch, before its location was even considered. For this latter office the intervention of an official surveyor was necessary, and therefore Mr. Calhoun had more business than he could attend to without assistance. Looking about for a young man of good character, intelligent enough to learn surveying at short notice, his attention was soon attracted to Lincoln. He offered young

Abraham a book containing the elements of the art, and told him when he had mastered it he should have employment. The offer was a flattering one, and Lincoln, with that steady self-reliance of his, accepted it, and armed with his book went out to the schoolmaster's (Menton Graham), and in six weeks' close application made himself a surveyor.*

It will be remembered that Washington in

Know all men by these presents that we Thomas Lincoln and Richard Berry are held and firmly bound unto his Excellency the governor of Kentucky back the just and full sum of fifty pounds current money to the payment of which we do and justly to be made to the said governor and his successors be bind our selves our heirs & jointly and severally firmly by these presents sealed with our seals and dated this 10th day of June 1806. The condition of the above obligation is such that whereas there is an amount thirty entered between the above bound Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks for which she owes her self now if there be no lawful cause to obstruct the said marriage then this obligation shall void and to remain in full force & virtue in law

Thomas Lincoln
Richard Berry

John H. Condit
Richard Berry

MARRIAGE BOND OF THOMAS LINCOLN.

* There has been some discussion as to whether Lincoln served as deputy under Calhoun or Neale. The truth is that he served under both of them. Calhoun was surveyor in 1833, when Lincoln first learned the business. Neale was elected in 1835, and immediately appointed Lincoln and Calhoun as his deputies. The "Sangamon Journal" of Sept. 12, 1835, contains the following official advertisement:

SURVEYOR'S NOTICE.—I have appointed John B. Watson, Abram Lincoln, and John Calhoun deputy surveyors for Sangamon County. In my absence from town, any persons wishing their lands surveyed will do well to call at the Recorder's office and enter his or their names in a book left for that purpose, stating township and range in which they respectively live, and their business shall be promptly attended to.

T. M. NEALE.

An article by Colonel G. A. Pierce, printed April 21, 1881, in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," describes an interview held in that month with W. G. Green, of Menard County, in which this matter is referred to. But Mr. Green relies more on the document in his

possession than on his recollection of what took place in 1833. "Where did Lincoln learn his surveying?" I asked. "Took it up himself," replied Mr. Green, "as he did a hundred things, and mastered it too. When he acted as surveyor here he was a deputy of T. M. Neale, and not of Calhoun, as has often been said. There was a dispute about this, and many sketches of his life gave Calhoun (Candle-box Calhoun, as he was afterwards known during the Kansas troubles and election frauds) as the surveyor, but it was Neale." Mr. Green turned to his desk and drew out an old certificate, in the handwriting of Lincoln, giving the boundaries of certain lands, and signed, "T. M. Neale, Surveyor, by A. Lincoln, Deputy," thus settling the question. Mr. Green was a Democrat, and has leaned towards that party all his life, but what he thought and thinks of Lincoln can be seen by an indorsement on the back of the certificate named, which is as follows:

Preserve this, as it is from the noblest of God's creation — A. Lincoln, the 2d preserver of his country. May 3, 1865. — Penned by W. G. Green, who taught Lincoln the English grammar in 1831.

his youth adopted the same profession, but there were few points of similarity in the lives of the two greatest of our Presidents, in youth or later manhood. The Virginian had every social advantage in his favor, and was by nature a man of more thrift and greater sagacity in money matters. He used the knowledge gained in the practice of his profession so wisely that he became rather early in life a large land-holder, and continually increased his possessions until his death. Lincoln, with almost unbounded opportunities for the selection and purchase of valuable tracts, made no use whatever of them. He employed his skill and knowledge merely as a bread-winner, and made so little provision for the future that when Mr. Van Bergen, who had purchased the Radford note, sued and got judgment on it, his horse and his surveying instruments were taken to pay the debt, and only by the generous intervention of a friend was he able to redeem these invaluable means of living. He was, nevertheless, an excellent surveyor. His portion of the public work executed under the directions of Mr. Calhoun and his successor, T. M. Neale, was well performed, and he soon found his time pretty well employed with private business which came to him from Sangamon and the adjoining counties. Early in the year 1834 we find him appointed one of three "viewers" to locate a road from Salt Creek to the county line in the direction of Jacksonville. The board seems to have consisted mainly of its chairman, as Lincoln made the deposit of money required by law, surveyed the route, plotted the road, and wrote the report.*

Though it is evident that the post-office and the surveyor's level were not making a rich man of him, they were sufficient to enable him to live decently, and during the year he greatly increased his acquaintance and his influence in the county. The one followed the other naturally; every acquaintance he made became his friend, and even before the end of his unsuccessful canvass in 1832 it had be-

come evident to the observant politicians of the district that he was a man whom it would not do to leave out of their calculations. There seemed to be no limit to his popularity nor to his aptitudes, in the opinion of his admirers. He was continually called on to serve in the most incongruous capacities. Old residents say he was the best judge at a horse-race the county afforded; he was occasionally second in a duel of fisticuffs, though he usually contrived to reconcile the adversaries on the turf before any damage was done; he was the arbiter on all controverted points of literature, science, or woodcraft among the disputatious denizens of Clary's Grove, and his decisions were never appealed from. His native tact and humor were invaluable in his work as a peacemaker, and his enormous physical strength, which he always used with a magnanimity rare among giants, placed his off-hand decrees beyond the reach of contemptuous question. He composed differences among friends and equals with good-natured railery, but he was as rough as need be when his wrath was roused by meanness and cruelty. We hardly know whether to credit some of the stories, apparently well-attested by living witnesses, of his prodigious muscular powers. He is said to have lifted, at Rutledge's mill, a box of stones weighing over half a ton. It is also related that he could raise a barrel of whisky from the ground and drink from the bung—but the narrator adds that he never swallowed the whisky. Whether these traditions are strictly true or not, they are evidently founded on the current reputation he enjoyed among his fellows for extraordinary strength, and this was an important element in his influence. He was known to be capable of handling almost any man he met, yet he never sought a quarrel. He was everybody's friend, and yet used no liquor or tobacco. He was poor and had scarcely ever been at school, yet he was the best-informed young man in the village. He had grown up on the frontier, the utmost

* As this is probably the earliest public document extant written and signed by Lincoln, we give it in full:

March 3, 1834. Reuben Harrison presented the following petition: We, the undersigned, respectfully request your honorable body to appoint viewers to view and locate a road from Musick's ferry on Salt Creek, via New Salem, to the county line in the direction of Jacksonville.

And Abram Lincoln deposited with the clerk \$10, as the law directs. Ordered, that Michael Killion, Hugh Armstrong, and Abram Lincoln be appointed to view said road, and said Lincoln to act as surveyor.

To the County Commissioners' Court for the county of Sangamon, at its June term, 1834. We, the undersigned, being appointed to view and locate a road, beginning at Musick's ferry on Salt Creek, via New Salem, to the county line in the direction to

Jacksonville, respectfully report that we have performed the duties of said view and location, as required by law, and that we have made the location on good ground, and believe the establishment of the same to be necessary and proper.

The inclosed map gives the courses and distances as required by law. Michael Killion, Hugh Armstrong, A. Lincoln.

(Indorsement in pencil, also in Lincoln's handwriting:)

A. Lincoln, 5 days at \$3.00, \$15.00. John A. Kelsoe, chain-bearer, for 5 days, at 75 cents, \$3.75. Robert Lloyd, at 75 cents, \$3.75. Hugh Armstrong, for services as axeman, 5 days at 75 cents, \$3.75. A. Lincoln, for making plot and report, \$2.50.

(On Map.)

Whole length of the road, 26 miles and 70 chains. Scale, 2 inches to the mile.

fringe of civilization, yet he was gentle and clean of speech, innocent of blasphemy or scandal. His good qualities might have excited resentment if displayed by a well-dressed stranger from an Eastern State, but the most uncouth ruffians of New Salem took a sort of proprietary interest and pride in the decency and the cleverness and the learning of their friend and comrade, Abe Lincoln.

It was regarded, therefore, almost as a matter of course that Lincoln should be a candidate for the Legislature at the next election, which took place in August, 1834. He was sure of the united support of the Whigs, and so many of the Democrats also wanted to vote for him that some of the leading members of that party came to him and proposed they should give him an organized support. He was too loyal a partisan to accept their overtures without taking counsel from the Whig candidates. He laid the matter before Major Stuart, who at once advised him to make the canvass. It was a generous and chivalrous action, for by thus encouraging the candidacy of Lincoln he was endangering his own election. But his success two years before, in the face of a vindictive opposition led by the strongest Jackson men in the district, had made him somewhat confident, and he perhaps thought he was risking little by giving a helping hand to his comrade in the Spy Battalion. Before the election Lincoln's popularity developed itself in rather a portentous manner, and it required some exertion to save the seat of his generous friend. At the close of the poll, the four successful candidates held the following relative positions: Lincoln, 1376; Dawson, 1370; Carpenter, 1170; and Stuart, at that time probably the most prominent young man in the district, and the one marked out by the public voice for an early election to Congress, 1164.

LEGISLATIVE EXPERIENCE.—MEETING WITH
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.—THE
"LONG NINE."

THE election of Mr. Lincoln to the Legislature may be said to have closed the pioneer portion of his life. He was done with the wild carelessness of the woods, with the jolly ruffianism of Clary's Grove, with the petty chaffering of grocery stores, with odd jobs for daily bread, with all the uncouth squalor of the frontier poverty. It was not that his pecuniary circumstances were materially improved. He was still, and for years continued to be, a very poor man, harassed by debts which he was always working to pay, and sometimes in distress for the means of decent subsistence. But from this time forward his asso-

ciations were with a better class of men than he had ever known before, and a new feeling of self-respect must naturally have grown up in his mind from his constant intercourse with them—a feeling which extended to the minor morals of civilized life. A sophisticated reader may smile at the mention of anything like social ethics in Vandalia in 1834; but, compared with Gentryville and New Salem, the society which assembled in the winter at that little capital was polished and elegant. The State then contained nearly two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and the members of the Legislature, elected purely on personal grounds, nominated by themselves or their neighbors without the intervention of party machinery, were necessarily the leading men, in one way or another, in their several districts. Among the colleagues of Lincoln at Vandalia were young men with destinies only less brilliant than his own. They were to become governors, senators, and judges; they were to organize the Whig party of Illinois, and afterwards the Republican; they were to lead brigades and divisions in two great wars. Among the first persons he met there—not in the Legislature proper, but in the lobby, where he was trying to appropriate an office then filled by Colonel Hardin—was his future antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas. Neither seemed to have any presentiment of the future greatness of the other. Douglas thought little of the raw youth from the Sangamon timber, and Lincoln said the dwarfish Vermonter was "the least man he had ever seen." To all appearance, Vandalia was full of better men than either of them—clever lawyers, men of wit and standing, some of them the sons of provident early settlers, but more who had come from older States to seek their fortunes in these fresh fields.

During his first session Lincoln occupied no especially conspicuous position. He held his own respectably among the best. One of his colleagues tells us he was not distinguished by any external eccentricity; that he wore, according to the custom of the time, a decent suit of blue jeans; that he was known simply as a rather quiet young man, good-natured and sensible. Before the session ended he had made the acquaintance of most of the members, and had evidently come to be looked upon as possessing more than ordinary capacity. His unusual common-sense began to be recognized. His name does not often appear in the records of the year. He introduced a resolution in favor of securing to the State a part of the proceeds of the sales of public lands within its limits; he took part in the organization of the ephemeral "White"

party, which was designed to unite all the anti-Jackson elements under the leadership of Hugh L. White, of Tennessee; he voted with the minority in favor of Young against Robinson for senator, and with the majority that passed the Bank and Canal bills, which were received with such enthusiasm throughout Illinois, and which were only the precursors of those gigantic and ill-advised schemes that came to maturity two years later, and inflicted such incalculable injury upon the State.

Lincoln returned to New Salem, after this winter's experience of men and things at the little capital, much firmer on his feet than ever before. He had had the opportunity of measuring himself with the leading men of the community, and had found no difficulty whatever in keeping pace with them. He continued his studies of the law and surveying together, and became quite indispensable in the latter capacity—so much so that General Neale, announcing in September, 1835, the names of the deputy surveyors of Sangamon County, places the name of Lincoln before that of his old master in the science, John Calhoun. He returned to the Legislature in the winter of 1835-6, and one of the first important incidents of the session was the election of a senator to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Elias Kent Kane. There was no lack of candidates. A journal of the time says: "This intelligence reached Vandalia on the evening of the 26th December, and in the morning nine candidates appeared in that place, and it was anticipated that a number more would soon be in, among them 'the lion of the North,' who, it is thought, will claim the office by preëmption."* It is not known who was the roaring celebrity here referred to, but the successful candidate was General William L. D. Ewing, who was elected by a majority of one vote. Lincoln and the other Whigs voted for him, not because he was a "White" man, as they frankly stated, but because "he had been proscribed by the Van Buren party." Mr. Semple, the candidate of the regular Democratic caucus, was beaten simply on account of his political orthodoxy.

A minority is always strongly in favor of independent action and bitterly opposed to caucuses, and therefore we need not be surprised at finding Mr. Lincoln, a few days later in the session, joining in hearty denunciation of the convention system, which had already become popular in the East, and which General Jackson was then urging upon his faithful followers. The missionaries of this new system in Illinois were the shifty young lawyer from Morgan County, who had just

succeeded in having himself made circuit attorney in place of John J. Hardin, Stephen A. Douglas, recently from Vermont, and a man who was then regarded in Vandalia as a far more important and dangerous person than Douglas, Ebenezer Peck, of Chicago. He was looked upon with distrust and suspicion for several reasons, all of which seemed valid to the rural legislators assembled there. He came from Canada, where he had been a member of the provincial parliament, and was therefore imagined to be permeated with secret hostility to republican institutions; his garb, his furs, were of the fashion of Quebec; and he passed his time indoctrinating the Jackson men with the theory and practice of party organization, teachings which they eagerly absorbed, and which seemed sinister and ominous to the Whigs. He was showing them, in fact, the way in which elections were to be won; and though the Whigs denounced his system as subversive of individual freedom and private judgment, it was not long before they were also forced to adopt it, or be left alone with their virtue. The organization of political parties in Illinois really takes its rise from this time, and in great measure from the work of Mr. Peck with the Vandalia Legislature. There was no man more dreaded and disliked than he was by the stalwart young Whigs against whom he was organizing that solid and disciplined opposition. But a quarter of a century brings wonderful changes. Twenty-five years later Mr. Peck stood shoulder to shoulder with these very men who then reviled him as a Canadian emissary of tyranny and corruption,—with S. T. Logan, Browning, and Dubois,—organizing a new party for victory under the name of Abraham Lincoln.

The Legislature adjourned on the 23d of January, having made a beginning, it is true, in the work of improving the State by statute, though its modest work, incorporating canal and bridge companies and providing for public roads, bore no relation to the ambitious essays of its successor. Among the bills passed at this session was an Apportionment act, by which Sangamon County became entitled to seven representatives and two senators, and early in the spring nine statesmen of the county were ready for the field. It seems singular to us of a later day that just nine prominent men should have offered themselves for these places, without the intervention of any primary meetings. Such a thing, if we mistake not, was never known again in Illinois. The convention system was afterwards seen to be an absolute necessity to prevent the disorganization of parties through the restless vanity of obscure and insubordinate aspirants. But the nine who "took the stump" in San-

* "Sangamon Journal," January 2.

gamon in the summer of 1836 were supported as loyally and as energetically as if they had been nominated with all the solemnity of modern days. They became famous in the history of the State, partly for their stature and partly for their influence in legislation. They were called the "Long Nine"; their average height was over six feet, and their aggregate altitude was said to have been fifty-five feet. Their names were Abraham Lincoln, John Dawson, Dan Stone, Ninian W. Edwards, William F. Elkin, R. L. Wilson, Andrew McCormick: these were candidates for the House of Representatives, and Job Fletcher and Archer Herndon for the State Senate.

Mr. Lincoln began his canvass with the following circular:

"NEW SALEM, June 13, 1836.

"To the Editor of the 'Journal.'"

"In your paper of last Saturday I see a communication over the signature 'Many Voters' in which the candidates who are announced in the 'Journal' are called upon to 'show their hands.' Agreed. Here's mine.

"I go for all sharing the privileges of the Government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females).

"If elected, I shall consider the whole people of Sangamon my constituents, as well those that oppose as those that support me.

"While acting as their representative I shall be governed by their will on all subjects upon which I have the means of knowing what their will is, and upon all others I shall do what my own judgment teaches me will best advance their interests. Whether elected or not, I go for distributing the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to the several States, to enable our State, in common with others, to dig canals and construct railroads without borrowing money and paying interest on it.

"If alive on the first Monday in November, I shall vote for Hugh L. White for President."

"Very respectfully,

"A. LINCOLN."

It would be hard to imagine a more audacious and unqualified declaration of principles and intentions. But it was the fashion of the hour to promise exact obedience to the will of the people, and the two practical questions touched by this circular were the only ones then much talked about. The question of suffrage for aliens was a living problem in the State, and Mr. Lincoln naturally took liberal ground on it; and he was also in favor of getting from the sale of public lands a portion of the money he was ready to vote for internal improvements. This was good Whig doctrine at that time, and the young politician did not fancy he could go wrong in following in such a matter the lead of his idol, Henry Clay.

* This phrase seems to have been adopted as a formula by the anti-Jackson party. The "cards" of several candidates contain it.

He made an active canvass, and spoke frequently during the summer. He must have made some part of the campaign on foot, for we find in the county paper an advertisement of a horse which had strayed or been stolen from him while on a visit to Springfield. It was not an imposing animal, to judge from the description; it was "plainly marked with harness," and was "believed to have lost some of his shoes"; but it was a large horse, as suited a cavalier of such stature, and "trotted and paced" in a serviceable manner. In July a rather remarkable discussion took place at the county seat, in which many of the leading men on both sides took part. Mr. Ninian Edwards, son of the late Governor, is said to have opened the debate with much effect. Mr. Early, who followed him, was so roused by his energetic attack that he felt his only resource was a flat contradiction, which in those days meant mischief. In the midst of great and increasing excitement Dan Stone and John Calhoun made speeches which did not tend to pour oil on the waters of contention, and then it came to Mr. Lincoln's turn. An article in the "Journal" states that he seemed embarrassed in his opening, for this was the most important contest in which he had ever been engaged. But he soon felt his easy mastery of his powers come back to him, and finished by making what was universally regarded as the strongest speech of the day. One of his colleagues says that on this occasion he used in his excitement for the first time that singularly effective clear tenor tone of voice which afterwards became so widely known in the political battles of the West.

The canvass was an energetic one throughout, and excited more interest in the district than even the presidential election which occurred some months later. Mr. Lincoln was elected at the head of the poll by a majority greatly in excess of the average majority of his friends, which shows conclusively how his influence and popularity had increased. The Whigs in this election effected a revolution in the politics of the county. By force of their ability and standing they had before managed to divide the suffrages of the people, even while they were unquestionably in the minority; but this year they completely defeated their opponents and gained that control of the county which they never lost as long as the party endured.

BEDLAM LEGISLATION.

If Mr. Lincoln had no other claims to be remembered than his services in the Legislature of 1836-7, there would be little to say in his favor. Its history is one of disaster to the

State. Its legislation was almost wholly unwise and hurtful. The most we can say for Mr. Lincoln is that he obeyed the will of his constituents, as he promised to do, and labored with singular skill and ability to accomplish the objects desired by the people who gave him their votes. The especial work intrusted to him was the subdivision of the county, and the project for the removal of the capital of the State to Springfield.* In both of these he was successful. In the account of errors and follies committed by the Legislature to the lasting injury of the State, he is entitled to no praise or blame beyond the rest. He shared in that sanguine epidemic of financial and industrial quackery which devastated the entire community, and voted with the best men of the country in favor of schemes which appeared then like a promise of an immediate millennium, and seem now like midsummer madness.

He entered political life in one of those eras of delusive prosperity which so often precede great financial convulsions. The population of the State was increasing at the enormous rate of two hundred per centum in ten years. It had extended northward along the lines of the wooded valleys of creeks and rivers in the center to Peoria; on the west by the banks of the Mississippi to Galena; on the east with wide intervals of wilderness to Chicago.† The edge of the timber was everywhere pretty well occupied, though the immigrants from the forest States of Kentucky and Tennessee had as yet avoided the prairies. The rich soil and equable climate were now attracting an excellent class of settlers from the older States, and the long-neglected northern counties were receiving the attention they deserved. The war of Black Hawk had brought the country into notice; the utter defeat of his nation had given the guarantee of a permanent peace; the last lodges of the Pottawatomies had disappeared from the country in 1833.‡ The money spent by the General Government during the war, and paid to the volunteers at its close, added to the common prosperity. There was a brisk trade in real estate, and there was even a beginning in Chicago of that passion for speculation in town lots which afterwards became a frenzy.

It was too much to expect of the Illinois Legislature that it should understand that the best thing it could do to forward this prosperous tendency of things was to do nothing; for this is a lesson which has not yet been learned by any legislature in the world. For several years they had been tinkering, at first modestly and tentatively, at a scheme of

internal improvements which should not cost too much money. In 1833 they began to grant charters for railroads, which remained in embryo, as the stock was never taken. Surveys for other railroads were also proposed, to cross the State in different directions; and the project of uniting Lake Michigan with the Illinois River by a canal was of too evident utility to be overlooked. In fact, the route had been surveyed, and estimates of cost made, companies incorporated, and all preliminaries completed many years before, though nothing further had been done, as no funds had been offered from any source. But at the special session of 1835 a law was passed authorizing a loan of half a million dollars for this purpose; the loan was effected by Governor Duncan the following year, and in June a board of canal commissioners having been appointed, a beginning was actually made with pick and shovel.

A restless feeling of hazardous speculation seemed to be taking possession of the State. "It commenced," says Governor Ford, in his admirable chronicle, § "at Chicago, and was the means of building up that place in a year or two from a village of a few houses to be a city of several thousand inhabitants. The story of the sudden fortunes made there excited at first wonder and amazement; next, a gambling spirit of adventure; and lastly, an all-absorbing desire for sudden and splendid wealth. Chicago had been for some time only one great town-market. The plots of towns for a hundred miles around were carried there to be disposed of at auction. The Eastern people had caught the mania. Every vessel coming west was loaded with them, their money and means, bound for Chicago, the great fairy-land of fortunes. But as enough did not come to satisfy the insatiable greediness of the Chicago sharpers and speculators, they frequently consigned their wares to Eastern markets. In fact, lands and town-lots were the staple of the country, and were the only articles of export." The contagion spread so rapidly, towns and cities were laid out so profusely, that it was a standing joke that before long there would be no land left in the State for farming purposes.

The future of the State for many years to come was thus discounted by the fervid imaginations of its inhabitants. "We have every requisite of a great empire," they said, "except enterprise and inhabitants," and they thought that a little enterprise would bring the inhabitants. Through the spring and summer of 1836 the talk of internal improve-

* Lincoln was at the head of the project to remove the seat of government to Springfield; it was entirely intrusted to him to manage. The members were all

elected on one ticket, but they all looked to Lincoln as the head.—STEPHEN T. LOGAN.

† Ford, p. 102.

‡ Reynolds's "Life and Times." § Ford, p. 181.

ments grew more general and more clamorous. The candidates for office spoke about little else, and the only point of emulation among the parties was which should be the more reckless and grandiose in its promises. When the time arrived for the assembling of the Legislature, the members were not left to their own zeal and the recollection of their campaign pledges, but meetings and conventions were everywhere held to spur them up to the fulfillment of their mandate. The resolutions passed by the principal body of delegates who came together in December directed the Legislature to vote a system of internal improvements "commensurate with the wants of the people," a phrase which is never lacking in the mouth of the charlatan or the demagogue.

These demands were pressed upon a not reluctant Legislature. They addressed themselves at once to the work required of them, and soon devised, with reckless and unreasoning haste, a scheme of railroads covering the vast uninhabited prairies as with a gridiron. There was to be a railroad from Galena to the mouth of the Ohio River; from Alton to Shawneetown; from Alton to Mount Carmel; from Alton to the eastern State boundary—by virtue of which lines Alton was to take the life of St. Louis without further notice; from Quincy to the Wabash River; from Bloomington to Pekin; from Peoria to Warsaw;—in all, one thousand three hundred and fifty miles of railway. Some of these terminal cities were not in existence except upon neatly designed surveyors' maps. The scheme provided also for the improvement of every stream in the State on which a child's shingle-boat could sail; and to the end that all objections should be stifled on the part of those neighborhoods which had neither railroads nor rivers, a gift of two hundred thousand dollars was voted to them, and with this sop they were fain to be content and not trouble the general joy. To accomplish this stupendous scheme, the Legislature voted eight million dollars, to be raised by loan.* Four millions were also voted to complete the canal. These sums, monstrous as they were, were still ridiculously inadequate to the purpose in view. But while the frenzy lasted there was no consideration of cost or of possibilities. These vast works were voted without estimates, without surveys, without any rational consideration of their necessity. The voice of reason seemed to be silent in the Assembly; only the utterances of fervid prophecy found listeners. Governor Ford speaks of one orator who insisted, amid enthusiastic plaudits, that the State could well afford to borrow one hundred millions for internal im-

provements. The process of reasoning, or rather predicting, was easy and natural. The roads would raise the price of land; the State could enter large tracts and sell them at a profit; foreign capital would be invested in land, and could be heavily taxed to pay bonded interest; and the roads, as they were built, could be operated at a great profit to pay for their own construction. The climax of the whole folly was reached by the provision of law directing that work should be begun at once at the termini of all the roads and the crossings of all rivers.

It is futile and disingenuous to attempt, as some have done, to fasten upon one or the other of the political parties of the State the responsibility of this bedlam legislation. The Governor and a majority of the Legislature were elected as Jackson Democrats, but the Whigs were as earnest in passing these measures as their opponents; and after they were adopted, the superior wealth, education, and business capacity of the Whigs had their legitimate influence, and they filled the principal positions upon the boards and commissions which came into existence under the acts. The bills were passed by a large majority, and the news was received by the people of the State with the most extravagant demonstrations of delight. The villages were illuminated; bells were rung in the rare steeples of the churches; "fire-balls," bundles of candlewick soaked in turpentine, were thrown by night all over the country. The day of payment was far away, and those who trusted the assurances of the sanguine politicians thought that in some mysterious way the scheme would pay for itself.

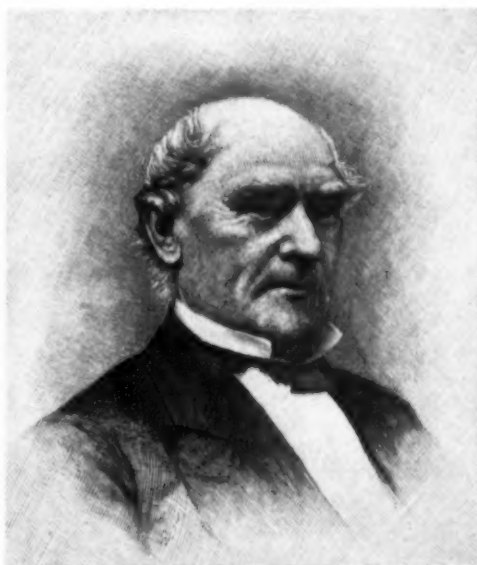
Mr. Lincoln is continually found voting with his friends in favor of this legislation, and there is nothing to show that he saw any danger in it. He was a Whig, and as such in favor of internal improvements in general and a liberal construction of constitutional law in such matters. As a boy, he had interested himself in the details of local improvements of rivers and roads, and he doubtless went with the current in Vandalia in favor of this enormous system. He took, however, no prominent part in the work by which these railroad bills were passed. He considered himself as specially commissioned to procure the removal of the State capital from Vandalia to Springfield, and he applied all his energies to the accomplishment of this work. The enterprise was hedged around with difficulties; for although it was everywhere agreed, except at Vandalia, that the capital ought to be moved, every city in the State, and several which existed only on paper, demanded to be made the seat of government. The ques-

* Ford's "History," p. 184.

tion had been submitted to a popular vote in 1834, and the result showed about as many cities desirous of opening their gates to the Legislature as claimed the honor of being the birthplace of Homer. Of these Springfield was only third in popular estimation, and it was evident that Mr. Lincoln had need of all his wits if he were to fulfill the trust confided to him. It is said by Governor Ford that the "Long Nine" were not averse to using the hopes and fears of other members in relation to their special railroads to gain their adherence to the Springfield programme, but this is by no means clear. We are rather inclined to trust the direct testimony of Mr. Jesse K. Dubois, that the success of the Sangamon County delegation in obtaining the capital was due to the adroit management of Mr. Lincoln — first in inducing all the rival claimants to unite in a vote to move the capital from Vandalia, and then in carrying a direct vote for Springfield through the joint convention by the assistance of the southern counties. His personal authority accomplished this in great part. Mr. Dubois says, "He made Webb and me vote for the removal, though we belonged to the southern end of the State. We defended our vote before our constituents by saying that necessity would ultimately force the seat of government to a central position. But in reality we gave the vote to Lincoln because we liked him, because we wanted to oblige our friend, and because we recognized him as our leader." To do this, they were obliged to quarrel with their most intimate associates, who had bought a piece of waste land at the exact geographical center of the State and were striving to have the capital established there in the interest of their own pockets and territorial symmetry.

The bill was passed only a short time before the Legislature adjourned, and the "Long Nine" came back to their constituents, wearing their well-won laurels. They were complimented in the newspapers, at public meetings, and even at subscription dinners. We read of one at Springfield, at the "Rural Hotel," to which sixty guests sat down, where there were speeches by Browning, Lincoln, Douglas (who had resigned his seat in the Legislature to become Register of the Land Office at the new capital), S. T. Logan, Baker, and others, whose wit and wisdom were lost to history through the absence of reporters. Another dinner was given them at Athens a few weeks later. Among the toasts on these occasions were two which we may transcribe:

VOL. XXXIII.—36.



HON. O. H. BROWNING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WAIDE.)

"Abraham Lincoln: He has fulfilled the expectations of his friends, and disappointed the hopes of his enemies"; and "A. Lincoln: One of Nature's noblemen."

THE LINCOLN-STONE PROTEST.

ON the 3d of March, the day before the Legislature adjourned, Mr. Lincoln caused to be entered upon its records a paper which excited but little interest at the time, but which will probably be remembered long after the good and evil actions of the Vandalia Assembly have faded away from the minds of men. It was the authentic record of the beginning of a great and momentous career.

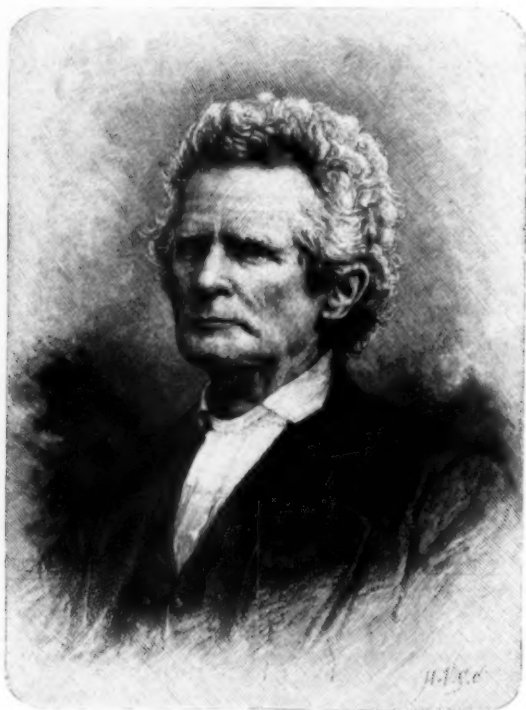
The following protest was presented to the House, which was read and ordered to be spread on the journals, to wit:

"Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

"They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the



JUDGE STEPHEN T. LOGAN. (FROM THE PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. L. H. COLEMAN.)

power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of the District.

"The difference between these opinions and those contained in the above resolutions is their reason for entering this protest.

(Signed)

"DAN STONE,

"A. LINCOLN,

"Representatives from the county of Sangamon."

It may seem strange to those who shall read these pages that a protest so mild and cautious as this should ever have been considered either necessary or remarkable. We have gone so far away from the habits of thought and feeling prevalent at that time that it is difficult to appreciate such acts at their true value. But if we look a little carefully into the state of politics and public opinion in Illinois in the first half of this century, we shall see how much of inflexible conscience and reason there was in this simple protest.

The whole of the North-west Territory had, it is true, been dedicated to freedom by the ordinance of 1787, but in spite of that famous prohibition slavery existed in a modified form throughout that vast territory wherever there was any considerable population. An act legalizing a sort of slavery by indenture was

passed by the Indiana territorial Legislature in 1807,* and this remained in force in the Illinois country after its separation. Another act providing for the hiring of slaves from Southern States was passed in 1814, for the ostensible reason that "mills could not be successfully operated in the territory for want of laborers, and that the manufacture of salt could not be successfully carried on by white laborers."† Yet, as an unconscious satire upon such pretenses, from time to time the most savage acts were passed to prohibit the immigration of free negroes into the territory which was represented as pining for black labor. Those who held slaves under the French domination, and their heirs, continued to hold them and their descendants in servitude after Illinois had become nominally a free territory and a free State, on the ground that their vested rights of property could not have been abrogated by the ordinance, and under the rule of the civil law *partus sequitur ventrem*.

But this quasi-toleration of the institution

* Edwards, p. 179.

† Edwards, p. 180.

was not enough for the advocates of slavery. Soon after the adoption of the State Constitution, which prohibited slavery "hereafter," it was evident that there was a strong undercurrent of desire for its introduction into the State. Some of the leading politicians, exaggerating the extent of this desire, imagined they saw in it a means of personal advancement, and began to agitate the question of a convention to amend the Constitution. At that time there was a considerable emigration setting through the State from Kentucky and Tennessee to Missouri. Day by day the teams of the movers passed through Illinois settlements, and wherever they halted for rest and refreshment they would affect to deplore the short-sighted policy which, by prohibiting slavery, had prevented their settling in that beautiful country. When young bachelors came from Kentucky on trips of business or pleasure, they dazzled the eyes of the women and excited the envy of their male rivals with their black retainers. The early Illinoisians were perplexed with a secret and singular sense of inferiority to even so new and raw a community as Missouri; because of its possession of slavery. Governor Edwards, complaining so late as 1829 of the superior mail facilities afforded to Missouri, says: "I can conceive of no reason for this preference, unless it be supposed that because the people of Missouri have negroes to work for them they are to be considered as gentlefolks entitled to higher consideration than us plain 'free-State' folks who have to work for ourselves."

The attempt was at last seriously made to open the State to slavery by the Legislature of 1822-3. The Governor, Edward Coles of Virginia, a strong anti-slavery man, had been



Elijah Lovejoy

(FROM SILHOUETTE IN POSSESSION OF HIS SISTER.)

elected by a division of the pro-slavery party, but came in with a Legislature largely against him. The Senate had the requisite pro-slavery majority of two-thirds for a convention. In the House of Representatives there was a contest for a seat upon the result of which the two-thirds majority depended. The seat was claimed by John Shaw and Nicholas Hanson, of Pike County. The way in which the contest was decided affords a curious illustration of the moral sense of the advocates of slavery. They wanted at this session to elect a senator and provide for the convention. Hanson would vote for their senator and not for the convention. Shaw would vote for the convention, but



LOVEJOY'S PRINTING-OFFICE, ALTON, ILLINOIS. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE LOVEJOY MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.)



HON. JOHN J. STUART.
(FROM THE DAGUERRETYPE IN POSSESSION OF HIS WIFE.)

not for Thomas, their candidate for senator. In such a dilemma they determined not to choose, but impartially to use both. They gave the seat to Hanson, and with his vote elected Thomas; they then turned him out, gave the place to Shaw, and with his vote carried the act for submitting the convention question to a popular vote. They were not more magnanimous in their victory than scrupulous in the means by which they had gained it. The night after the vote was taken they formed in a wild and drunken procession, and visited the residences of the Governor and the other free-State leaders, with loud and indecent demonstrations of triumph.

They considered their success already assured; but they left out of view the value of the moral forces called into being by their insolent challenge. The better class of people in the State, those heretofore unknown in politics, the schoolmasters, the ministers, immediately prepared for the contest, which became one of the severest the State has ever known. They established three newspapers, and sustained them with money and contributions. The Governor gave his entire salary for four years to the expenses of this contest, in

which he had no personal interest whatever. The anti-slavery members of the Legislature made up a purse of a thousand dollars. They spent their money mostly in printer's ink and in the payment of active and zealous colporteurs. The result was an overwhelming defeat for the slave party. The convention was beaten by eighteen hundred majority, in a total vote of 11,612, and the State saved forever from slavery.

But these supreme efforts of the advocates of public morals, uninfluenced by considerations of personal advantage, are of rare occurrence, and necessarily do not survive the exigencies that call them forth. The apologists of slavery, beaten in the canvass, were more successful in the field of social opinion. In the reaction which succeeded the triumph of the anti-slavery party, it seemed as if there had never been any anti-slavery sentiment in the State. They had voted, it is true, against the importation of slaves from the South, but they were content to live under a code of Draconian ferocity, inspired by the very spirit of slavery, visiting the immigration of free negroes with penalties of the most savage description.

Even Governor Coles, the public-spirited and popular politician, was indicted and severely fined for having brought his own freedmen into the State and having assisted them in establishing themselves around him upon farms of their own. The Legislature remitted the fine, but the Circuit Court declared it had no constitutional power to do so, though the Supreme Court afterwards overruled this decision. Any mention of the subject of slavery was thought in the worst possible taste, and no one could avow himself opposed to it without the risk of social ostracism. Every town had its one or two abolitionists, who were regarded as harmless or dangerous lunatics, according to the energy with which they made their views known.

From this arose a singular prejudice against New England people. It was attributable partly to the natural feeling of distrust of strangers which is common to ignorance and provincialism, but still more to a general suspicion that all Eastern men were abolitionists. Mr. Cook, who so long represented the State in Congress, used to relate with much amusement how he once spent the night in a farmer's cabin, and listened to the honest man's denunciations of that — Yankee Cook. Cook was a Ken-

tuckian, but his enemies could think of no more dreadful stigma to apply to him than that of calling him a Yankee. Senator McDougal once told us that although he made no pretense of concealing his Eastern nativity, he never could keep his ardent friends in Pike County from denying the fact and fighting any one who asserted it. The great preacher, Peter Cartwright, used to denounce Eastern men roundly in his sermons, calling them "imps who lived on oysters" instead of honest corn-bread and bacon. The taint of slavery, the contagion of a plague they had not quite escaped, was on the people of Illinois. They were strong enough to rise once in their might and say they would not have slavery among them. But in the petty details of every day, in their ordinary talk, and in their routine legislation, their sympathies were still with the slave-holders. They would not enlist with them, but they would fight their battles in their own way.

Their readiness to do what came to be called later, in a famous speech, the "dirty work" of the South was seen in the tragic death of Lovejoy, which occurred in this very year of 1837. He had for some years been publishing a religious newspaper in St. Louis, but finding the atmosphere of that city becoming dangerous to him on account of the freedom of his comments upon their institutions, he moved to Alton, in Illinois, a few miles further up the river. His arrival excited an immediate tumult in that place; a mob gathered there on the day of his arrival — it was Sunday, and the good people were at leisure — and threw his press into the Mississippi. Having thus expressed their determination to vindicate the law, they held a meeting, and cited him before it to declare his intentions. He said they were altogether peaceful and legal; that he intended to publish a religious newspaper and not meddle with politics. This seemed satisfactory to the people, and he was allowed to fish out his press, buy new types, and set up his paper. But Mr. Lovejoy was a predestined martyr. He felt there was a "woe" upon him if he held his peace against the wickedness across the river. He wrote and published what was in his heart to say, and Alton was again vehemently moved. A committee appointed itself to wait upon him; for this sort of outrage is usually accomplished with a curious formality which makes it seem to the participants legal and orderly. The preacher met them with an undaunted front and told them he must do his duty as it appeared to him; that he was amenable to law, but nothing else; he even spoke in condemnation of mobs. Such language "from a minister of the gospel" shocked and

infuriated the committee and those whom they represented. "The people assembled," says Governor Ford, "and quietly took the press and types and threw them into the river." We venture to say that the word "quietly" never before found itself in such company. It is not worth while to give the details of the bloody drama that now rapidly ran to its close. There was a futile effort at compromise, which to Lovejoy meant merely surrender, and which he firmly rejected. The threats of the mob were answered by defiance from the little band that surrounded the abolitionist. A new press was ordered, and arrived, and was stored in a warehouse, where Lovejoy and his friends shut themselves up, determined to defend it with their lives. They were there besieged by the infuriated crowd, and after a short interchange of shots Lovejoy was killed, his friends dispersed, and the press once more — and this time finally — thrown into the turbid flood.

These events took place in the autumn of 1837, but they indicate sufficiently the temper of the people of the State in the earlier part of the year. There was no sympathy nor even toleration for any public expression of hostility to slavery. The zeal of the followers of Jackson, although he had ceased to be President, had been whetted by his public denunciations of the anti-slavery propaganda; little more than a year before he had called upon Congress to take measures to "prohibit under severe penalties" the further progress of such incendiary proceedings as were "calculated to stimulate the slaves to insurrection and to produce all the horrors of civil war." But in spite of all this, the people with uneasy consciences continued to write and talk and petition Congress against slavery, and most of the State Legislatures began to pass resolutions denouncing them. Those passed by the Illinois Legislature have not been recorded, but they were doubtless as vehement as possible, for a Legislature so deeply engaged in financial legerdemain as this never fails to denounce with especial energy anything likely to injure the prospects of trade. The resolutions went the way of all buncombe; the sound and fury of them have passed away into silence; but they woke an echo in one sincere heart which history will be glad to perpetuate.

There was no reason that Abraham Lincoln should take especial notice of these resolutions, more than another. He had done his work at this session in effecting the removal of the capital. He had only to shrug his shoulders at the violence and untruthfulness of the majority, vote against them, and go back to his admiring constituents, to his dinners and his toasts. But his conscience

and his reason forbade him to be silent; he felt a word must be said on the other side to redress the distorted balance. He wrote his protest, saying not one word he was not ready to stand by then and thereafter, wasting not a syllable in rhetoric or feeling, keeping close to law and truth and justice. When he had finished it he showed it to some of his colleagues for their adhesion; but one and all refused, except Dan Stone, who was not a candidate for reelection, having retired from politics to a seat on the bench. The risk was too great for the rest to run. Lincoln was twenty-eight years old; after a youth of singular privations and struggles he had arrived at an enviable position in the politics and the society of the State. His intimate friends, those whom he loved and honored, were Browning, Butler, Logan, and Stuart,—Kentuckians all, and strongly averse to any discussion of the question of slavery. The public opinion of his county, which was then little less than the breath of his life, was all the same way. But all these considerations could not withhold him from performing a simple duty—a duty which no one could have blamed him for leav-

ing undone. The crowning grace of the whole act is in the closing sentence: "The difference between these opinions and those contained in the said resolutions is their reason for entering this protest." Reason enough for the Lincolns and Luthers.

He had many years of growth and development before him. There was a long distance to be traversed between the guarded utterances of this protest and the heroic audacity which launched the proclamation of emancipation. But the young man who dared declare, in the prosperous beginning of his political life, in the midst of a community imbued with slave-State superstitions, that "he believed the institution of slavery was founded both on injustice and bad policy,"—attacking thus its moral and material supports, while at the same time recognizing all the constitutional guarantees which protected it,—had in him the making of a statesman and, if need be, a martyr. His whole career was to run in the lines marked out by these words, written in the hurry of a closing session, and he was to accomplish few acts, in that great history which God reserved for him, wiser and nobler than this.



THE SECOND DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

BY THE CHIEF OF ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ON June 30th General Meade at Taneytown received information that the enemy was advancing on Gettysburg, and corps commanders were at once instructed to hold their commands in readiness to march against him. The next day, July 1st, Meade wrote to Reynolds that telegraphic intelligence from Couch, and the movements reported by Buford, indicated a concentration of the enemy's army either at Chambersburg, or at some point on a line drawn from that place through Heidlersburg to York. Under these circumstances, Meade informed Reynolds that he had not yet de-

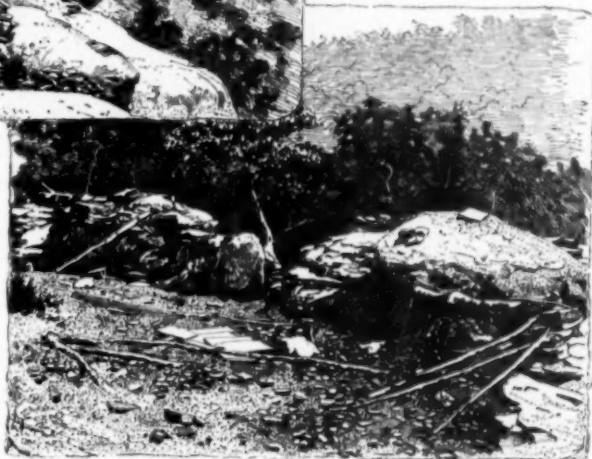
cided whether it was his best policy to move to attack before he knew more definitely Lee's point of concentration. He seems, however, soon to have determined not to advance until the movements or position of the enemy gave strong assurance of success; and that if the enemy took the offensive, he would withdraw his own army from its actual positions and form line of battle behind Pipe Creek, between Middleburg and Manchester. The considerations probably moving him to this are not difficult to divine. Examination of the map [see the November CENTURY]



will show that such a line would cover Baltimore and Washington in all directions from which Lee could advance and that Westminster, his depot, would be immediately behind him, with short railroad communication to Baltimore. It would, moreover, save much hard marching, and restore to the ranks the thousands of stragglers who did not reach Gettysburg.

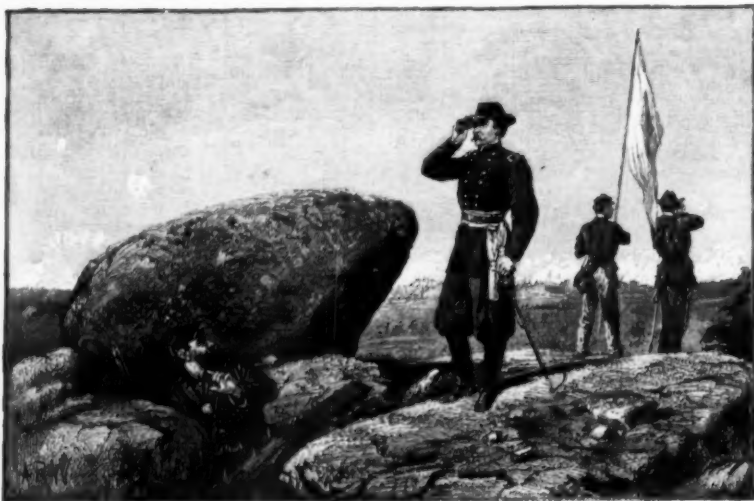
From Westminster—which is in Parr's Ridge, the eastern boundary of the valley of the Monocacy—good roads led in all directions, and gave the place the same strategic value for Meade that Gettysburg had for Lee. The new line could not be turned by Lee without imminent danger to his own army, nor could he afford to advance upon Baltimore or Washington, leaving the Army of the Potomac intact behind and so near him;—that would be to invite the fate of Burgoyne. Meade then could safely select a good "offensive-defensive line" behind Pipe Creek and establish himself there, with perfect liberty of action in all directions. Without magazines or assured communications, Lee would have to scatter his army, more or less, in order to subsist it, and so expose it to Meade; or else keep it united, and so starve it, and Meade could compel the latter alternative by simple demonstrations. There would then be but two courses for Lee,—either to attack Meade in his chosen position or to retreat without a battle. The latter, neither the temper of his army nor that of his Government would probably permit. In case of a defeat Meade's line of retreat would be comparatively short, and easily covered, whilst Lee's would be for two marches through an open country before he could gain the moun-

tain passes. As Meade believed Lee's army to be at least equal to his own, all the elements of the problem were in favor of the Pipe Creek line. But Meade's orders for July 1st, drawing his corps towards the threatened flank, carried Reynolds to



UNION BREASTWORKS ON LITTLE ROUND TOP—BIG ROUND TOP IN THE DISTANCE.
(FROM WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS.)

Gettysburg, and Buford's report hastened this movement. Reynolds, who probably never received the Pipe Creek circular, was eager for the conflict, and his collision with Heth assuming the dimension of a battle, caused an immediate concentration of both armies at Gettysburg. Prior to this, the assembling of Meade's army behind Pipe Creek would have been easy, and all fears of injuring thereby the morale of his troops were idle; the Army of the Potomac was of "sterner stuff" than that implies. The battle of July 1st changed the situation. Overpowered by numbers, the First and Eleventh corps had, after hard fighting and inflicting as well as incurring heavy losses, been forced back to Cemetery Hill, which they still held. To have withdrawn them now would have been a retreat, and might have discouraged the Federal, as it certainly would have elated the Confederate troops; especially as injurious reports unjust to both the corps named had been circulated. It would have been to acknowledge a defeat when there was no defeat. Meade therefore resolved to fight at Gettysburg. An ominous dispatch from General Halleck to Meade, that afternoon, suggesting that whilst his tactical arrangements were good, his strategy was



GENERAL G. K. WARREN AT THE SIGNAL STATION ON LITTLE ROUND TOP.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE BY A. R. WAUD AT THE TIME.)

at fault, that he was too far east, that Lee might attempt to turn his left, and that Frederick was preferable as a base to Westminster, probably confirmed Meade in this decision.

In pursuance of his instructions, I had that morning (July 1st) reconnoitered the country behind Pipe Creek for a battle-ground. On my return I found General Hancock at General Meade's tent. He informed me that Reynolds was killed, that a battle was going on at Gettysburg, and that he was under orders to proceed to that place. His instructions were to examine it and the intermediate country for a suitable field, and if his report was favorable the troops would be ordered forward. Before the receipt of Hancock's written report from Cemetery Hill, which was not very encouraging, General Meade had received from others information as to the state of affairs at the front, set his troops in motion towards Gettysburg, afterwards urged them to forced marches, and under his orders I gave the necessary instructions to the Artillery Reserve and Park for a battle there. The move was, under the circumstances, a bold one, and Meade, as we will see, took great risks. We left Taneytown towards eleven P. M., and reached Gettysburg after midnight. Soon after, General Meade, accompanied by General Howard and myself, inspected our lines so far as then occupied, after which he directed me to examine them again in the morning, and to see that the artillery was properly posted. He had thus recognized my "command" of the artillery; indeed, he did not know it had been suspended.

I resumed it, therefore, and continued it to the end of the battle.

At the close of July 1st, Johnson's and Anderson's divisions of the Confederate army were up. Ewell's corps now covered our front from Benner's Hill to the Seminary, his line



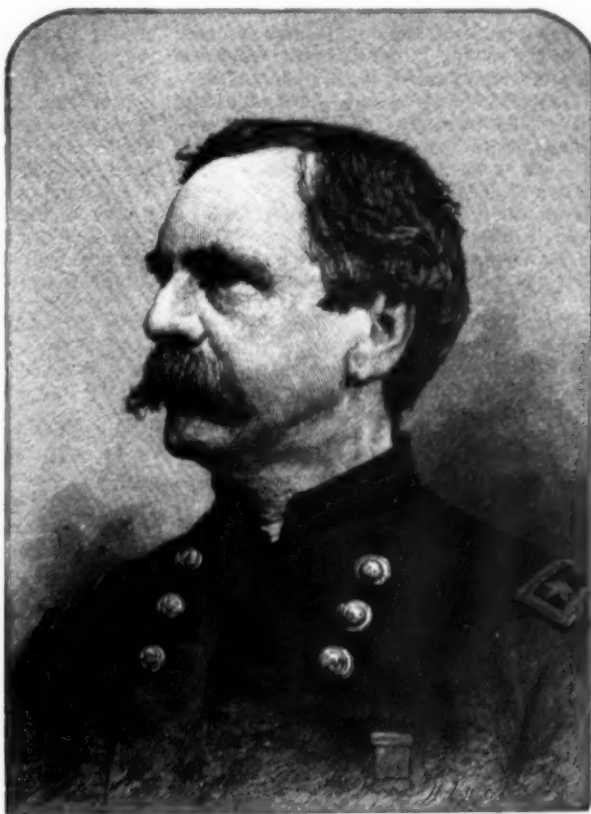
BRIGADIER-GENERAL STRONG VINCENT, MORTALLY WOUNDED,
JULY 2D, IN THE STRUGGLE FOR THE ROUND TOPS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

passing through the town—Johnson on the left, Early in the center, Rodes on the right. Hill's corps occupied Seminary Ridge, and early next morning extended its line from the Seminary south nearly to the Peach Orchard on the Emmetsburg road, Trimble—*vice* Pender, wounded—on the left, Anderson on the right, Pettigrew—*vice* Heth, wounded—in reserve. Of Longstreet's corps, McLaws's division and Hood's—except Law's brigade not yet up—camped that night on Marsh Creek, four miles from Gettysburg. His Reserve Artillery did not reach Gettysburg until nine A. M. of the 2d. Pickett's division had been left at Chambersburg as rear-guard, and joined the corps on the night of the 2d.

It had not been General Lee's intention to deliver a general battle whilst so far from his base unless attacked, but he now found himself by the mere force of circumstances committed to one. If it must take place, the sooner the better. His army was now nearly all on the ground, and delay, whilst it could not improve his own position, would certainly better that of his antagonist. Longstreet, indeed, urged General Lee instead of attacking to turn Meade's left, and by interposing between him and Washington, and threatening his communications, to force him to attack the Confederate army in position; but General Lee probably saw that Meade would be under no such necessity; would have no great difficulty in obtaining supplies, and—disregarding the clamor from Washington—could play a waiting game which it would be impossible for Lee to maintain in the open country. He could not advance on Baltimore or Washington with Meade in his rear, nor could his army subsist itself in a hostile region which would soon swarm with additional enemies. His communications could be cut off, for his recommendation to assemble even a small army at Culpepper to cover them and aid him had not been complied with.

A battle was a necessity to Lee, and a de-

feat would be more disastrous to Meade, and less so to himself, at Gettysburg than at any point east of it. With the defiles of the South Mountain range close in his rear, which could



MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

be easily held by a small force, a safe retreat through the Cumberland Valley was assured, so that his army, once through these passes, would be practically on the banks of the Potomac, at a point already prepared for crossing. Any position east of Gettysburg would deprive him of these advantages. It is more probable that General Lee was influenced by cool calculation of this nature than by hot blood, or that the opening success of a chance battle had thrown him off his balance. Whatever his reasons, he decided to accept the gage of battle offered by Meade, and to attack as soon as practicable. Ewell had made arrangements to take possession of Culp's Hill in the early morning, and his troops were under arms for the purpose by the time General Meade had finished the moonlight inspection

of his lines, when it was ascertained by a reconnoitering party sent out by Johnson, that the hill was occupied and its defenders on the alert; and further, from a captured dispatch from General Sykes to General Slocum, that the Fifth Corps was on the Hanover road only four miles off, and would march at four A. M. for Culp's Hill. Johnson thereupon deferred his attack and awaited Ewell's instructions.

General Lee had, however, during the night determined to attack the Federal left with Longstreet's corps, and now instructed Ewell, so soon as he heard Longstreet's guns, to make a diversion in his favor, to be converted, if opportunity offered, into a real attack.

Early on the morning of July 2d, when nearly all the Confederate army had reached Gettysburg or its immediate vicinity, a large

pecially the night marches, were trying and had caused much straggling.

All this morning Meade was busily engaged personally or by his staff in rectifying his lines, assigning positions to the commands as they came up, watching the enemy, and studying the field, parts of which we have described in general terms, and now refer the reader to the map (page 286) to aid our further description of some necessary even if tedious details. Near the western base of Cemetery Hill is Ziegler's Grove. From this grove the distance nearly due south to the base of the Little Round Top is a mile and a half. A well-defined ridge known as Cemetery Ridge follows this line from Ziegler's for nine hundred yards to another small grove, or clump of trees, where it turns sharply to the east for two hundred



TROSTLE'S FARM, THE SCENE OF THE HARD FIGHTING BY BIGELOW'S NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

portion of the Army of the Potomac was still on the road. The Second Corps and Sykes, with two divisions of the Fifth, arrived about seven A. M., Crawford's division not joining until noon; Lockwood's brigade—two regiments from Baltimore—at eight; De Trobriand's and Burling's brigades of the Third Corps, from Emmetsburg, at nine, and the Artillery Reserve and its large ammunition trains from Taneytown at 10:30 A. M. Sedgwick's Sixth Corps, the largest in the army, after a long night march from Manchester, reached Rock Creek at four P. M. The rapidity with which the army was assembled was creditable to it and to its commander. The heat was oppressive, the long marches, es-

pecially the night marches, were trying and had caused much straggling. All this morning Meade was busily engaged personally or by his staff in rectifying his lines, assigning positions to the commands as they came up, watching the enemy, and studying the field, parts of which we have described in general terms, and now refer the reader to the map (page 286) to aid our further description of some necessary even if tedious details. Near the western base of Cemetery Hill is Ziegler's Grove. From this grove the distance nearly due south to the base of the Little Round Top is a mile and a half. A well-defined ridge known as Cemetery Ridge follows this line from Ziegler's for nine hundred yards to another small grove, or clump of trees, where it turns sharply to the east for two hundred



MONUMENT OF BIGELOW'S NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

broken ground was wooded through its whole extent from north to south. Between this wood and Plum Run is an open cleared space three hundred yards wide—a continuation of the open country in front of Cemetery Ridge; Plum Run flows south-easterly towards Little Round Top, then makes a bend to the south-west where it receives a small stream or "branch" from Seminary Ridge. In the angle between these streams is Devil's Den, a bold rocky hill, steep on its eastern face, and prolonged as a ridge to the west. It is five hundred yards due west of Little Round Top, and one hundred feet lower. The northern extremity is composed of huge rocks and bowlders, forming innumerable crevices and holes, from the largest of which the hill derives its name. Plum Run valley is here marshy but strewn with similar bowlders, and the slopes of the Round Tops are covered with them. These afforded lurking-places for a multitude of sharp-shooters whom, from the difficulties of the ground, it was impossible to dislodge, and who were opposed by similar methods on our part; so that at the close

of the battle these hiding-places, and especially the "Den" itself, were filled with dead and wounded men. This kind of warfare was specially destructive to Hazlett's battery on Round Top, as the cannoneers had to expose themselves in firing, and in one case three were shot in quick succession, before the fourth succeeded in discharging the piece. A cross-road between the Taneytown and Emmetsburg roads runs along the northern base of Devil's Den. From its Plum Run crossing to the Peach Orchard is eleven hundred yards. For the first four hundred yards of this distance, there is a wood on the north and a wheat-field on the south of the road, beyond which the road continues for seven hundred yards to the Emmetsburg road along Devil's Den ridge, which slopes on the north to Plum Run, on the south to Plum "Branch." From Ziegler's Grove the Emmetsburg road runs diagonally across the interval between Cemetery and Seminary ridges, crossing the latter two miles from Ziegler's Grove. From Peach Orchard to Ziegler's is nearly a mile and a half. For half a mile the road runs along a ridge at right angles to that of Devil's Den, which slopes back to Plum Run. The angle at the Peach Orchard is thus formed by the intersection of two bold ridges, one from Devil's Den, the other along the Emmetsburg road. It is distant about six hundred yards from the wood which skirts the whole length of Seminary Ridge and covers the movement of troops between it and Willoughby Run, half a mile beyond. South of the Round Top and Devil's Den ridge the country is open, and the principal obstacles to free movement are the fences—generally of stone—which surround the numerous fields.



TROSTLE'S HOUSE, NEAR WHICH BIGELOW'S BATTERY LOST EIGHTY OUT OF EIGHTY-EIGHT HORSES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



SICKLES'S POSITION AT THE PEACH ORCHARD, VIEWED FROM THE EMMETTSBURG ROAD LOOKING SOUTH, THE ROUND TOPS ON THE LEFT.

(This and the other outline sketches were made recently by C. W. Reed, who, during the battle, was with Bigelow's Battery.)

As our troops came up they were assigned to places on the line: the Twelfth Corps, General A. S. Williams,—*vice* Slocum, commanding the right wing,—to Culp's Hill, on Wadsworth's right; Second Corps to Cemetery Ridge: Hays's and Gibbon's divisions, from Ziegler's to the clump of trees, Caldwell's to the short ridge to its left and rear. This ridge had been occupied by the Third Corps, which was now directed to prolong Caldwell's line to Round Top, relieving Geary's division, which had been stationed during the night on the extreme left, with two regiments at the base of Little Round Top. The Fifth Corps was placed in reserve near the Rock Creek crossing of the Baltimore pike; the Artillery Reserve and its large trains were parked in a central position on a cross-road from the Baltimore pike to the Taneytown road; Buford's cavalry, except Merritt's brigade at Emmettsburg, was near Round Top, from which it was ordered that morning to Westminster, thus uncovering our left flank; Kilpatrick's and Gregg's divisions were well out on the right flank, from which, after a brush with Stuart on the evening of the 2d, Kilpatrick was sent next morn-

ing to replace Buford, Merritt being also ordered up to our left.

The morning was a busy and in some respects an anxious one; it was believed that the whole Confederate army was assembled, that it was equal if not superior to our own in numbers, and that the battle would commence before our troops were up. There was a gap in Slocum's line awaiting a division of infantry, and as some demonstrations of Ewell about daylight indicated an immediate attack at that point, I had to draw batteries from other parts of the line—for the Artillery Reserve was just then starting from Taneytown—to cover it until it could be properly filled. Still there was no hostile movement of the enemy, and General Meade directed Slocum to hold himself in readiness to attack Ewell with the Fifth and Twelfth, so soon as the Sixth Corps arrived. After an examination Slocum reported the ground as unfavorable, in which Warren concurred and advised against an attack there. The project was then abandoned, and Meade postponed all offensive operations until the enemy's intentions should be more clearly developed. In the mean time he took precau-



THE "WHEAT-FIELD."

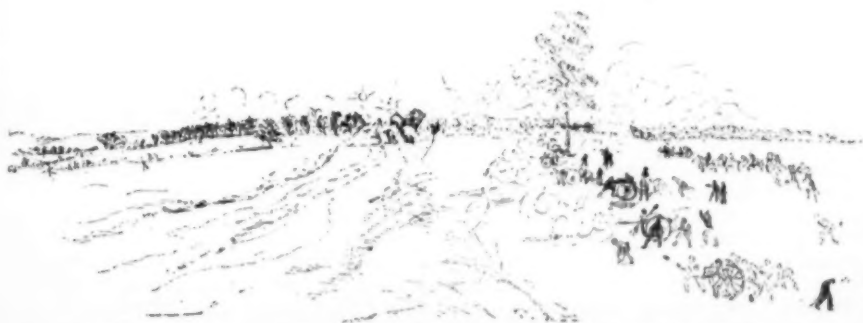


SICKLES' POSITION AT THE PEACH ORCHARD, VIEWED FROM LONGSTREET'S POSITION ON THE EMMETTSTOWN ROAD, LOOKING NORTH.

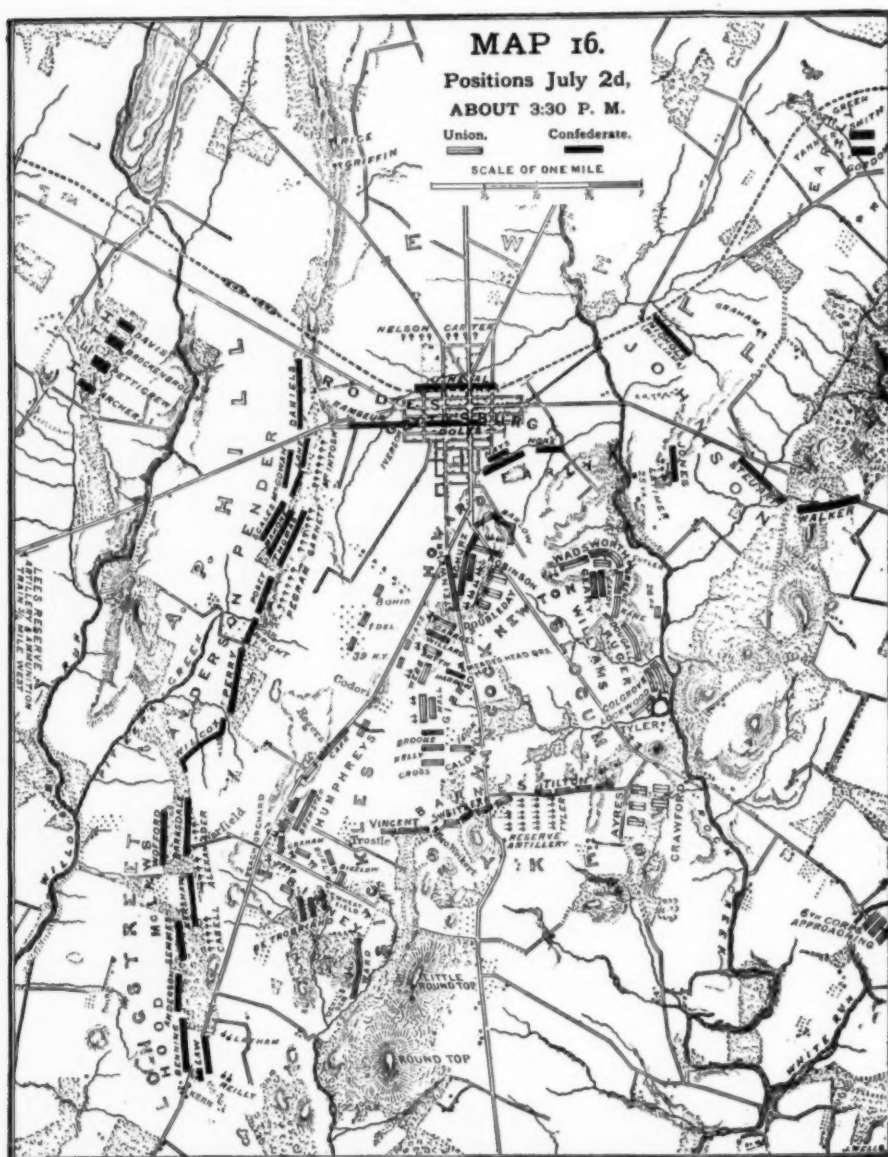
tionary measures. It was clearly now to his advantage to fight the battle where he was, and he had some apprehension that Lee would attempt to turn his flank, and threaten his communications, just what Longstreet had been advising. In this case it might be necessary to fall back to the Pipe Creek line if possible, or else to follow Lee's movement into the open country. In either case, or in that of a forced withdrawal, prudence dictated that arrangements should be made in advance, and General Meade gave instructions for examining the roads and communications, and to draw up an order of movement which General Butterfield, the chief of staff, seems to have considered an order-absolute for the withdrawal of the army without a battle.

These instructions must have been given early in the morning, for General Butterfield states that it was on his arrival from Taneytown, which place he left at daylight. An order was drawn up accordingly, given to the adjutant-general, and perhaps prepared for issue in case of necessity to corps commanders; but it was not recorded, nor issued, nor even a copy of it preserved. General Meade declared that he never contemplated the issue of such an order unless contingencies made it necessary; and his acts and dispatches during the day were in accordance with his statement. There is one

circumstance pertaining to my own duties which to my mind is conclusive, and I relate it because it may have contributed to the idea that General Meade intended to withdraw from Gettysburg. He came to me that morning before the Artillery Reserve had arrived, and, therefore, about the time that the order was in course of preparation, and informed me that one of the army corps had left its whole artillery ammunition train behind it and that others were also deficient, notwithstanding his orders on that subject. He was very much disturbed, and feared that, taking into account the large expenditure of the preceding day by the First and Eleventh Corps, there would not be sufficient to carry us through the battle. This was not the first nor the last time that I was called upon to meet deficiencies under such circumstances, and I was, therefore, prepared for this, having directed General Tyler, commanding the reserve artillery, whatever else he might leave behind, to bring up every round of ammunition in his trains, and I knew he would not fail me. I had, moreover, on my own responsibility, and unknown to General Hooker, formed a special ammunition column, attached to the Artillery Reserve, carrying twenty rounds per gun, over and above the authorized amount, for every gun in the army, in order to meet such emergencies.



SICKLES' ANGLE AT THE PEACH ORCHARD, AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD LEADING FROM THE WHEAT-FIELD TO THE PEACH ORCHARD.



I was therefore able to assure General Meade that there would be enough ammunition for the battle, but none for idle cannonades, the besetting sin of some of our commanders. He was much relieved, and expressed his satisfaction. Now, had he had at this time any intention of withdrawing the army, the first thing to get rid of would have been this Artillery Reserve and its large trains, which were

then blocking the roads in our rear; and he would surely have told me of it.

Still, with the exception of occasional cannonading, and some skirmishing near the Peach Orchard, the quiet remained unbroken, although Lee had determined upon an early attack on our left. He says in his detailed report that our line extended "upon the high-ground along the Emmetsburg road, with a steep

ridge [Cemetery] in rear which was also occupied"; and in a previous "outline" report he says: "In front of General Longstreet the enemy held a position [the salient angle at the Peach Orchard] from which, if he could be driven, it was thought our artillery could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to gain the crest of the ridge." It would appear from this that General Lee mistook the few troops on the Peach Orchard ridge in the morning for our main line, and that by taking it, and sweeping up the Emmetsburg road under cover of his batteries, he expected to "roll up" our lines to Cemetery Hill. That would be an "oblique order of battle," in which the attacking line, formed obliquely to its opponent, marches directly forward, constantly breaking in the end of his enemy's line and gaining his rear.

General Longstreet was ordered to form the divisions of Hood and McLaws, on Anderson's right, so as to envelop our left and drive it in. These divisions were only three miles off at daylight, and moved early, but there was great delay in forming them for battle, owing principally to the absence of Law's brigade, for which it would have been well to substitute Anderson's fresh division, which could have been replaced by Pettigrew's, then in reserve. There seems to have been no good reason why the attack should not have been made by eight or nine A. M. at the latest, when the Federal Third Corps was not yet all up, nor Crawford's division, nor the Artillery Reserve, nor the Sixth Corps, and our lines still very incomplete. This is one of the cheap criticisms, after all the facts on both sides are known; but it is apt for its purpose, as it shows how great a risk Meade took in abandoning his Pipe Creek line for Gettysburg, on the chances of Lee's army not being yet assembled; and also, that there was no lack of boldness and decision on Meade's part. Indeed his course, from the hour that he took command, had been marked by these qualities.

A suggestive incident is worth recording here. In the course of my inspection of the lines that morning, while passing along Culp's

Hill, I found the men hard at work intrenching, and in such fine spirits as at once to attract attention. One of them finally dropped his work, and, approaching me, inquired if the reports just received were true. On asking what he referred to, he replied that twice word had been passed along the line that General McClellan had been assigned to the command of the army, and the second time



OUTLINE SKETCH OF WEED'S POSITION ON LITTLE ROUND TOP, LOOKING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PEACH ORCHARD.

it was added that he was on the way to the field and might soon be expected. He continued, "The boys are all jubilant over it, for they know that if *he* takes command everything will go right." I have been told recently by the commander of a Fifth Corps battery, that during the forced march of the preceding night the same report ran through that corps, excited great enthusiasm amongst the men, and renewed their vigor. It was probably from this corps—just arrived—that the report had spread along the line.

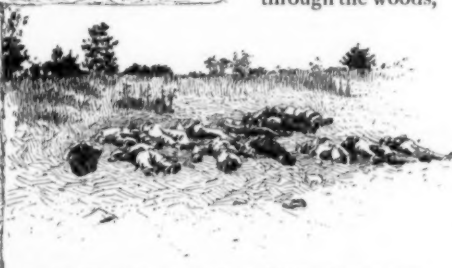
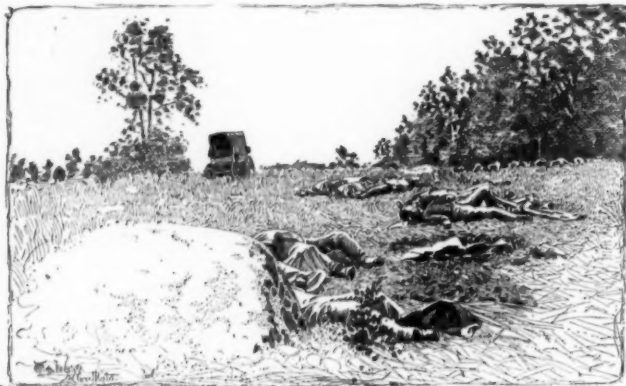
On my return to headquarters from this inspection General Meade told me that General Sickles, then with him, wished me to examine a new line, as he thought that assigned to him was not a good one, especially that he could not use his artillery there. I had been as far as Round Top that morning, noticed the unfavorable character of the ground, and, therefore, accompanied Sickles direct to the Peach Orchard, where he pointed out the ridges, already described, as his proposed line. They commanded all the ground behind, as well as in front of them, and together constituted a favorable position for *the enemy* to hold. This was one good reason for our taking possession of it. It would, it is true, in our hands present a salient angle, which generally exposes both

its sides to enfilade fires; but here the ridges were so high that each would serve as a "traverse" for the other, and reduce that evil to a minimum. On the other hand it would so greatly lengthen our line — which in any case must rest on Round Top, and connect with the left of the Second Corps — as to require a larger force than the Third Corps alone to hold it, and it would be difficult to occupy

to the front of the "direct line" than it appeared from the orchard itself. In fact there was a third line between them, which appears, as seen from the orchard, to be continuous with Cemetery Ridge, but is nearly six hundred yards in front of it. This is the open ground east of Plum Run already described, and which may be called the Plum Run line. Its left where it crosses the run abuts rather on

Devil's Den than Round Top; it was commanded by the much higher Peach Orchard crests, and therefore not an eligible line to occupy, although it became of importance during the battle.

As to the other two lines, the choice between them would depend on circumstances. The direct short line through the woods,



THE DEAD IN THE "WHEAT-FIELD," GATHERED FOR BURIAL.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

and strengthen the angle if the enemy already held the wood in its front. At my instance General Sickles ordered a couple of companies to ascertain if the wood was occupied.

About this time a cannonade was opened at Cemetery Hill, which indicated an attack there, and as I had examined the Emmettsburg Ridge, I said I would not wait the result of the reconnoissance, but return to headquarters by way of Round Top, and examine that part of the proposed line. As I was leaving, General Sickles asked me if he should move forward his corps. I answered, "Not on my authority; I will report to General Meade for his instructions." I had not reached the Wheat-field when a sharp rattle of musketry showed that the enemy held the wood in front of the Peach Orchard angle.

As I rode back, a view from that direction showed how much farther Peach Orchard was

and including the Round Tops, could be occupied, intrenched, and made impregnable to a front attack. But, like that of Culp's Hill, it would be a purely defensive one, from which, owing to the nature of the ground and the enemy's commanding position on the ridges at the angle, an advance in force would be impracticable. The salient line proposed by General Sickles, although much longer, afforded excellent positions for our artillery; its occupation would cramp the movements of the enemy, bring us nearer his lines, and afford us facilities for taking the offensive. It was in my judgment the better line of the two, provided it were strongly occupied, for it was the only one on the field from which we could have passed from the defensive to the offensive with a prospect of decisive results. But General Meade had not, until the arrival of the Sixth Corps, a sufficient number of troops at his disposal to

risk such an extension of his lines; it would have required both the Third and Fifth Corps, and left him without any reserve. Had he known that Lee's attack would be postponed until four P. M., he might have occupied this line in the morning; but he did not know this, expected an attack at any moment, and in view of the vast interests involved, adopted a defensive policy, and ordered the occupation of the *safe* line. In taking risks, it would not be for his army alone, but also for Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, with the political consequences of their capture. Gettysburg was not a good strategical position for us, and the circumstances under which our army was assembled limited us tactically to a strictly defensive battle.

After finishing my examination I returned to headquarters and briefly reported to General Meade that the proposed line was a good one in itself, that it offered favorable positions for artillery, but that its relations to other lines were such that I could not advise, and suggested that he examine it himself before ordering its occupation. He nodded assent, and I proceeded to Cemetery Hill.

The cannonade there still continued; it had been commenced by the enemy, and was accompanied by some movements of troops towards our right. As soon as I saw that it would lead to nothing serious, I returned direct to the Peach Orchard, knowing that its occupation would require large reinforcements of artillery. I was here met by Captain Randolph, the corps chief of artillery, who informed me that he had been ordered to place his batteries on the new line. Seeing Generals Meade and Sickles, not far off, in conversation, and supposing that General Meade had consented



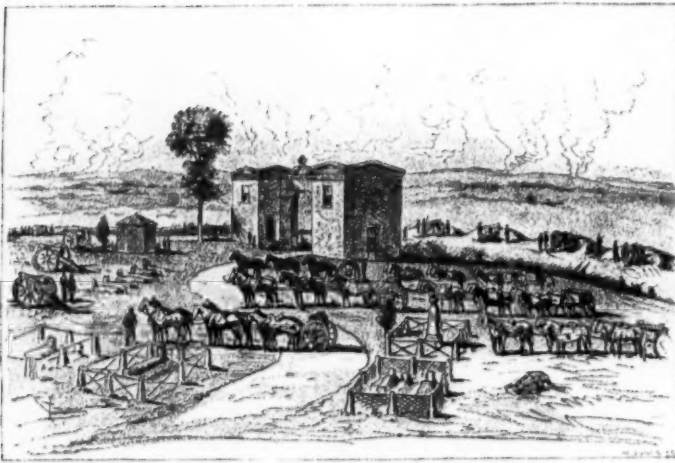
BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL K. ZOOK, COMMANDING THE THIRD BRIGADE OF CALDWELL'S DIVISION, KILLED IN THE "WHEAT-FIELD" JULY 2D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

to the occupation, I sent at once to the reserve for more artillery, and authorized other general officers to draw on the same source. Here perhaps I may be allowed to say *en passant* that this large reserve, organized by the wise forethought of General McClellan, sometimes threatened with destruction, and once actually broken up, was often, as at Malvern Hill, and now at Gettysburg, an invaluable resource in the time of greatest need. When in 1864 in the Rapidan campaign it was "got rid of," it reconstituted itself, without orders, and in a few weeks, through the necessities of the army, showing that "principles vindicate themselves."

When I arrived Birney's division was already posted on the crest from Devil's Den to the Peach Orchard, and along the Emmetsburg road, Ward's brigade on the left, Graham's at the angle, De Trobriand's connecting them by a thin line. Humphreys's division was on Graham's right, near the Emmetsburg-road, Carr's brigade in the front line, about the Smith house, Brewster's in second line. Burling's, with the exception of Sewell's Fifth New Jersey Regiment, then in skirmish order at the front, was sent to reinforce Birney. Seeley's battery, at first posted on the right, was soon after sent to the left of the Smith house, and replaced on the right by Turnbull's from the Artillery Reserve. Randolph had ordered Smith's battery, Fourth New York, to the rocky hill at the Devil's Den; Winslow's to the Wheat-field. He had placed Clark on the crest looking south, and his own ("E," First Rhode Island) near the angle, facing west. The whole corps was, however, too weak for the ground to be covered, and it was too late for Meade to withdraw it. Sykes's Fifth Corps had already been ordered up and was



COLONEL GEORGE L. WILLARD, COMMANDING THE THIRD BRIGADE OF HAYS'S DIVISION, KILLED ON JULY 2D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)



INSIDE EVERGREEN CEMETERY, CEMETERY HILL.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

momentarily expected. As soon as fire opened, which was just as he arrived on the ground, General Meade sent also for Caldwell's division from Cemetery Ridge, and a division of the Twelfth Corps from Culp's, and soon after for troops from the Sixth Corps. McGilvery's artillery brigade soon arrived, from the reserve, and Bigelow's, Phillips's, Hart's, Ames's, and Thompson's batteries had been ordered into position on the crests, when the enemy opened from a long line of guns, stretching down to the crossing of the Emmettsburg pike. Smith's position at Devil's Den gave him a favorable oblique fire on a part of this line, and as he did not reply, I proceeded to the Den. Finding the acclivity steep and rocky, I dismounted and tied my horse to a tree before crossing the valley. My rank, brigadier-general, the command being that of a lieutenant-general, gave me a very small and insufficient staff, and even this had been recently cut down. The inspector of artillery Lieutenant-Colonel Warner, adjutant-general Captain Craig, my only aide Lieutenant Bissel, my one orderly, and even the flag-bearer necessary to indicate my presence to those seeking me, were busy conveying orders or messages, and I was alone; a not infrequent and an awkward thing for a general who had to keep up communications with every part of a battle-field and with the general-in-chief. On climbing to the summit, I found that Smith had just got his guns, one by one, over the rocks and chasms, into an excellent position. After pointing out to me the advancing lines of the enemy, he opened, and very effectively. Many guns were immediately turned on him, relieving so far the rest of the line. Telling him he

would probably lose his battery, I left to seek for infantry supports, very doubtful if I would find my horse, for the storm of shell bursting over the place was enough to drive any animal wild. On reaching the foot of the cliff, I found myself in a plight at once ludicrous, painful, and dangerous. A herd of horned cattle had been driven into the valley between Devil's Den and Round Top, from

which they could not escape. A shell had exploded in the body of one of them, tearing it to pieces; others were torn and wounded. All were *stampeded*, bellowing and rushing in their terror first to one side, then to the other, to escape the shells that were bursting over and amongst them. Cross I must, and in doing so I had my most trying experience of the battle of Gettysburg. Luckily the poor beasts were as much frightened as I was, but their rage was subdued by terror, and they were good enough to let me pass through scot-free, but "badly demoralized." However, my horse was safe, I mounted, and in the busy excitement that followed almost forgot my scare.

It was not until about four P. M. that Longstreet got his two divisions into position in two lines, McLaws's on the right of Anderson's division of Hill's corps, and opposite the Peach Orchard; Hood's on the extreme Confederate right and crossing the Emmettsburg road. Hood had been ordered, keeping his left on that road, to break in the end of our line, supposed to be at the orchard; but perceiving that our left was "refused" (bent back towards Devil's Den), and noticing the importance of Round Top, he suggested to Longstreet that the latter be turned and attacked. The reply was that General Lee's orders were to attack along the Emmettsburg road. Again Hood sent his message and received the same reply, notwithstanding which he directed Law's brigade upon Round Top, in which movement a portion of Robertson's brigade joined, and the rest of the division was thrown upon Devil's Den and the ridge between it and the Peach Orchard. The first assaults were repulsed, but, after hard fighting, McLaws's division



COLONEL EDWARD E. CROSS, COMMANDING THE FIRST BRIGADE OF CALDWELL'S DIVISION, KILLED NEAR DEVIL'S DEN, JULY 2D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

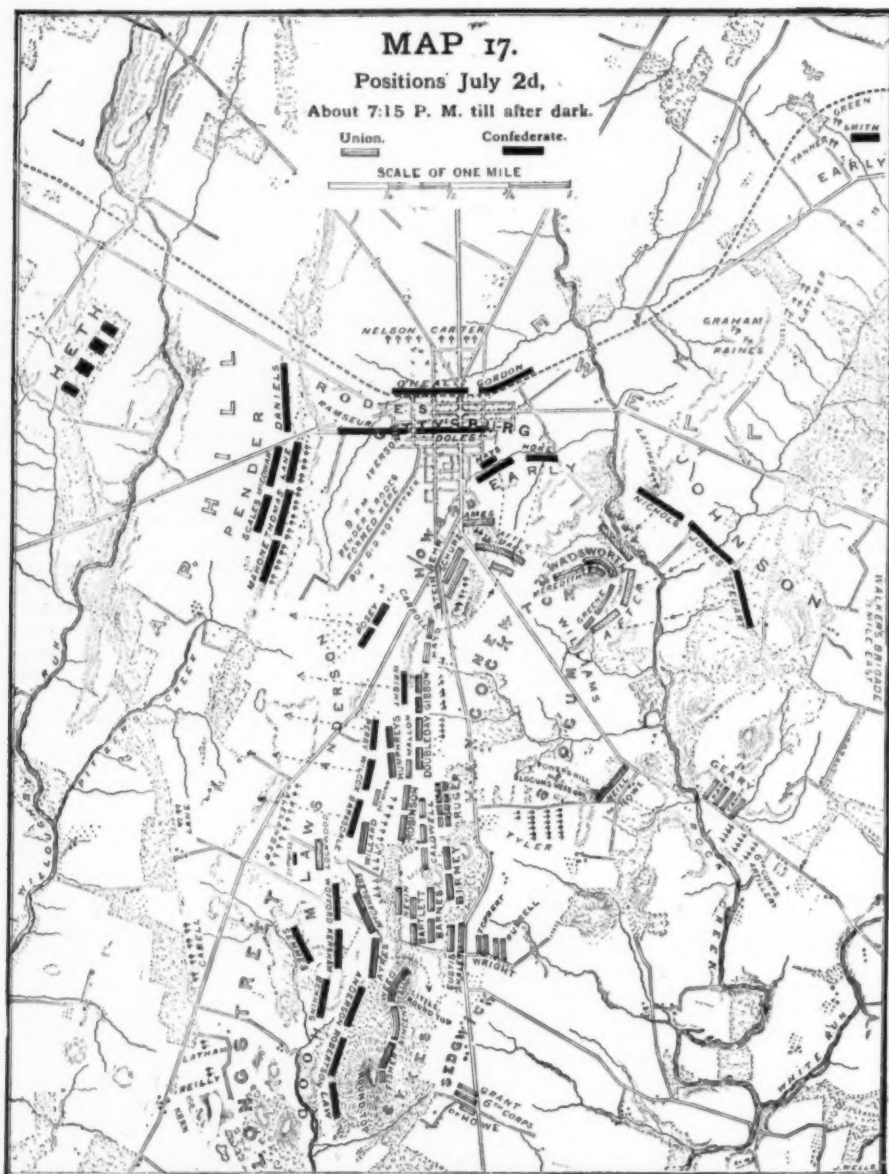
being also advanced, the angle was, towards six o'clock, broken in, after a resolute defense and with great loss on both sides. In the mean time three of Anderson's brigades were advancing on Humphreys, and the latter received orders from Birney, now in command of the corps, Sickles being severely wounded soon after six o'clock near the Trostle house, to throw back his left, form an oblique line in his rear, and connect with the right of Birney's division, then retiring. The junction

was not effected, and Humphreys, greatly outnumbered, slowly and skillfully fell back to Cemetery Ridge, Gibbon sending two regiments and Brown's Rhode Island battery to his support. But the enemy was strong and covered the whole Second Corps front, now greatly weakened by detachments. Wilcox's, Perry's, and Wright's brigades pressed up to the ridge, outflanking Humphreys's right and left, and Wright broke through our line and seized the guns in his front, but was soon driven out, and not being supported all fell back, about dusk, under a heavy artillery fire.

As soon as Longstreet's attack commenced, General Warren was sent by General Meade to see to Little Round Top. He found it unoccupied by troops, and seeing the advance of Hood's lines, and also the near approach of Sykes's Fifth Corps from Rock Creek, immediately caused Weed's and Vincent's brigades and Hazlett's battery to be detached from the latter and hurried them to the summit. The passage of the six guns through the roadless woods and amongst the rocks was marvelous. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been considered an impossible feat, but the eagerness of the men to get into action with their comrades of the infantry, and the skillful driving, brought them without delay to the very summit, where they went immediately into battle. They were barely in time, for the enemy were also climbing the hill. A close and bloody hand-to-hand struggle ensued, which



CONFEDERATE PRISONERS ON THE BALTIMORE PIKE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



left both Round Tops in our possession. Weed and Hazlett were killed, and Vincent mortally wounded—all young men of great promise. Weed had served with much distinction as an artillerist in the Peninsular, Second Bull Run, and Antietam campaigns, had become chief of artillery of his army corps, and at Chan-

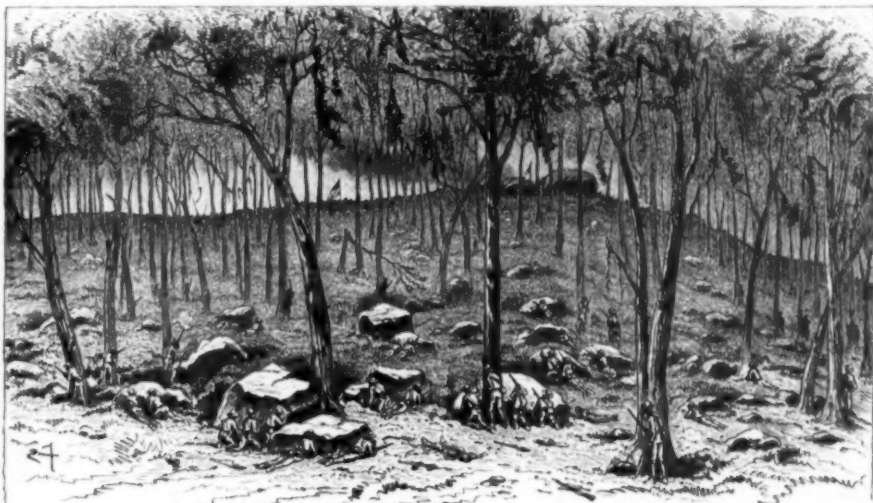
cellorsville showed such special aptitude and fitness for large artillery commands that he was immediately promoted from captain to brigadier-general and transferred to the infantry. Hazlett was killed whilst bending over his former chief, to receive his last message, and Lieutenant Rittenhouse efficiently

commanded the battery during the remainder of the battle.

The enemy, however, clung to the woods and rocks at the base of Round Top, carried Devil's Den and its woods, and captured three of Smith's guns, who, however, effectively deprived the enemy of their use by carrying off all the implements.

The breaking in of the Peach Orchard angle

low's battery was withdrawn, it was closely pressed by Humphries's Twenty-first Mississippi, the only Confederate regiment which succeeded in crossing the run. His men had entered the battery and fought hand-to-hand with the cannoneers; one was killed whilst trying to spike a gun, and another knocked down with a handspike whilst endeavoring to drag off a prisoner. Of the four battery-officers

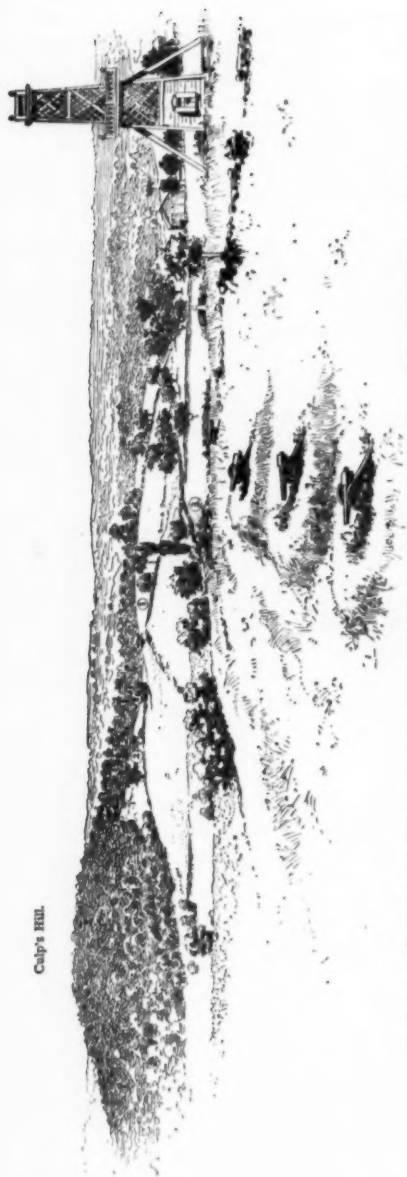


CONFEDERATE SKIRMISHERS AT THE FOOT OF CULP'S HILL.

exposed the flanks of the batteries on its crests, which retired firing, in order to cover the retreat of the infantry. Many guns of different batteries had to be abandoned because of the destruction of their horses and men; many were hauled off by hand; all the batteries lost heavily. Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts made a stand close by the Trostle house in the corner of the field through which he had retired fighting with prolonges fixed. Although already much cut up, he was directed by McGilvery to hold that point at all hazards until a line of artillery could be formed in front of the wood beyond Plum Run; that is, on what we have called the "Plum Run line." This line was formed by collecting the serviceable batteries, and fragments of batteries, that were brought off, with which, and Dow's Maine battery fresh from the reserve, the pursuit was checked. Finally some twenty-five guns formed a solid mass, which unsupported by infantry held this part of the line, aided Humphreys's movements, and covered by its fire the abandoned guns on the field until they could be brought off, as all were, except perhaps one. When, after fully accomplishing its purpose, all that was left of Bige-

low's battery was withdrawn, it was closely pressed by Humphries's Twenty-first Mississippi, the only Confederate regiment which succeeded in crossing the run. His men had entered the battery and fought hand-to-hand with the cannoneers; one was killed whilst trying to spike a gun, and another knocked down with a handspike whilst endeavoring to drag off a prisoner. Of the four battery-officers

one was killed, another mortally, and a third, Captain Bigelow, severely wounded. Of seven sergeants, two were killed and four wounded; or a total of twenty-eight men, including two missing; and eighty out of eighty-eight horses were killed and wounded. As the battery had sacrificed itself for the safety of the line, its work is specially noticed as typical of the service that artillery is not infrequently called upon to render, and did render in other instances at Gettysburg besides this one. When Sickles was wounded General Meade directed Hancock to take command of the Third as well as his own corps, which he again turned over to Gibbon. About 7:15 P. M., the field was in a critical condition. Birney's division was now broken up; Humphreys's was slowly falling back, under cover of McGilvery's guns; Anderson's line was advancing. On its right, Barksdale's brigade, except the Twenty-first Mississippi, was held in check only by McGilvery's artillery, to whose support Hancock now brought up Willard's brigade, of the Second Corps. Placing the Thirty-ninth New York in reserve, Willard with his other three regiments charged Barksdale's brigade and drove



Culp's Hill.

VIEW OF CULP'S HILL FROM THE POSITION OF THE BATTERIES NEAR THE CEMETERY GATE. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIPTON.)
 1. Position of Stevens's 4th Maine Battery which entailed Early's division in the charge upon East Cemetery Hill. 2. Left of the line of field-works on Culp's Hill.
 3. Position of the 33d Massachusetts behind the fence of a lane where the left of the Confederate charge was repulsed. — EDITOR.

it back nearly to the Emmettsburg road, when he was himself repulsed by a heavy artillery and infantry fire, and fell back to his former position near the sources of Plum Run. In this affair Willard was killed and Barksdale mortally wounded. Meanwhile the Twenty-first Mississippi crossed the run from the neighborhood of the Trostle house, and drove out

the men of Watson's battery ("I," Fifth United States), on the extreme left of McGilvery's line, but was in turn driven off by the Thirty-ninth New York led by Lieutenant Peebles of the battery, musket in hand, who thus recovered his guns, Watson being severely wounded.

Birney's division once broken, it was difficult to stem the tide of defeat. Hood's and McLaws's divisions—excepting Barksdale's brigade—compassed the Devil's Den and its woods, and as the Federal reinforcements from other corps came piecemeal, they were beaten in detail until by successive accretions they greatly outnumbered their opponents, who had all the advantages of position, when the latter in turn retired, but were not pursued. This fighting was confined almost wholly to the woods and Wheat-field between the Peach Orchard and Little Round Top, and the great number of brigade and regimental commanders, as well as of inferior officers and soldiers, killed and wounded on both sides, bears testimony to its close and desperate character. General Meade was on the ground active in bringing up and putting in reinforcements, and in doing so had his horse shot under him. At the close of the day the Confederates held the base of the Round Tops, Devil's Den, its woods, and the Emmettsburg road, with skirmishers thrown out as far as the Trostle house; the Federals had the two Round Tops, the Plum Run line, and Cemetery Ridge. During the night the Plum Run line, except the wood on its left front (occupied by McCandless's brigade, Crawford's division, his other brigade being on Big Round Top), was abandoned; the Third Corps was massed to the left and rear of Caldwell's division, which had reoccupied its short ridge, with McGilvery's artillery on its crest. The Fifth Corps remained on and about Round Top, and Ruger's division of the Twelfth returned to Culp's Hill.

When Longstreet's guns were heard, Ewell opened a cannonade, which after an hour's firing was overpowered by the Federal artillery on Cemetery Hill. Johnson's division then advanced, and found only one brigade—Greene's—of the Twelfth Corps in position, the others having been sent to the aid of Sickles at the Peach Orchard. Greene fought with skill and determination for two or three hours, and, reinforced by seven or eight hundred men of the First and Eleventh Corps, succeeded in holding his own intrenchments, the enemy taking possession of the abandoned works of Geary and Ruger. This brought Johnson's troops near the Baltimore pike, but the darkness prevented their seeing or profiting by the advantage then within their reach. When Ruger's division returned from Round Top, and Geary's from Rock Creek,



EARLY'S CHARGE ON THE EVENING OF JULY 22 UPON EAST CEMETERY HILL.

they found Johnson in possession of their intrenchments, and immediately prepared to drive him out at daylight.

It had been ordered that when Johnson engaged Culp's Hill, Early and Rodes should assault Cemetery Hill. Early's attack was made with great spirit, by Hoke's and Avery's brigades, Gordon's being in reserve; the hill was ascended through the wide ravine between Cemetery and Culp's hills, a line of infantry on the slopes was broken, and Wiedrich's Eleventh Corps, and Ricketts's reserve batteries near the brow of the hill overrun; but the excellent position of Stevens's twelve-pounders at the head of the ravine, which enabled him to sweep it, the arrival of Carroll's brigade sent unasked by Hancock,—a happy inspiration, as this line had been weakened to send supports both to Greene and Sickles,—and the failure of Rodes to coöperate with

Early, caused the attack to miscarry. The cannoneers of the two batteries so summarily ousted rallied, and recovered their guns by a vigorous attack with pistols by those who had them, by others with handspikes, rammers, stones, and even fence-rails; the "Dutchmen" showing that they were in no way inferior to their "Yankee" comrades, who had been "running" them ever since Chancellorsville. After an hour's desperate fighting the two Confederate brigades were driven out with heavy loss, Avery being among the killed.

At the close of this second day a consultation of corps commanders was held at General Meade's headquarters. I was not present, although summoned, but was informed that the vote was unanimous to hold our lines, and to await an attack for at least one day before taking the offensive, and General Meade so decided.

Henry J. Hunt.

HAND-TO-HAND
FOR RICKETTS'S GUNS.



FARNSWORTH'S CHARGE.

"ROUND TOP" AND THE CONFEDERATE RIGHT AT GETTYSBURG.

MORE has been written concerning the battle of Gettysburg than any other "passage of arms" between the Federal and Confederate troops during the civil war. The engagement of the 1st of July, brought on by accident, on the part of the Confederates at least, in which two corps of the Federal army under General Reynolds were defeated and driven through Gettysburg by portions of Hill's and Ewell's corps, has been often and fully described by the officers on both sides. Ewell's attack on the Federal right in the vicinity of Culp's Hill on the 2d of July, and Longstreet's advance upon the Federal left on the same day, so far as relates to one division of the latter's command (McLaws's), have been detailed with equal minuteness by those engaged. The magnificent charge of Pickett's division on the Federal center on the third day has been the theme of a host of writers who deemed it an honor to have stood in the lines of blue by which that charge was repelled, and those who, on the other hand, thought it no less an honor to have shared the fortunes of the torn and shattered columns of gray which only failed to accomplish impossibilities.

But concerning the operations of Lee's extreme right wing, extending to the foot of "Round Top," little or nothing has been written on the Confederate side. This part of the line was held by Hood's division of Longstreet's corps, and was really the key to the whole position of Gettysburg. Here some of the most stubborn fighting of that desperate battle was done, and here a determined effort of the Federal cavalry to reach the right rear of the Confederate army on the 3d of July was

frustrated — an attempt which, if successful, must have resulted disastrously to that army.

The meagerness of the details of the operations referred to may be accounted for by the fact that General Longstreet personally superintended the left of his line, consisting of McLaws's division of his own corps, supported by R. H. Anderson's division of Hill's corps, and hence knew comparatively little from personal observation of the movements of Hood's division; and, also, that General Hood was wounded early in the engagement on the 2d of July, and relinquishing the command of the division, could not report its subsequent operations. As senior brigadier, I succeeded to the command of Hood's division, and directed its movements during the engagements of the 2d and 3d of July. But owing to the active and constant movements of our army for some weeks subsequent to the battle, I was only able to obtain the reports of brigade commanders a very short time previous to being ordered to the army of General Bragg at Chickamauga. This prevented me from making a report at the time, and it was afterwards neglected.

The facts stated in this paper are therefore many of them published for the first time. It remains for the impartial reader to decide whether they do not constitute an important part of the history of the most memorable battle of the war; for Gettysburg was the turning-point in the great struggle. Together with the fall of Vicksburg, which occurred simultaneously with the retreat of Lee's army towards the Potomac, it inspired the armies and people of the North with fresh courage and stimulated anew the hopes of ultimate success

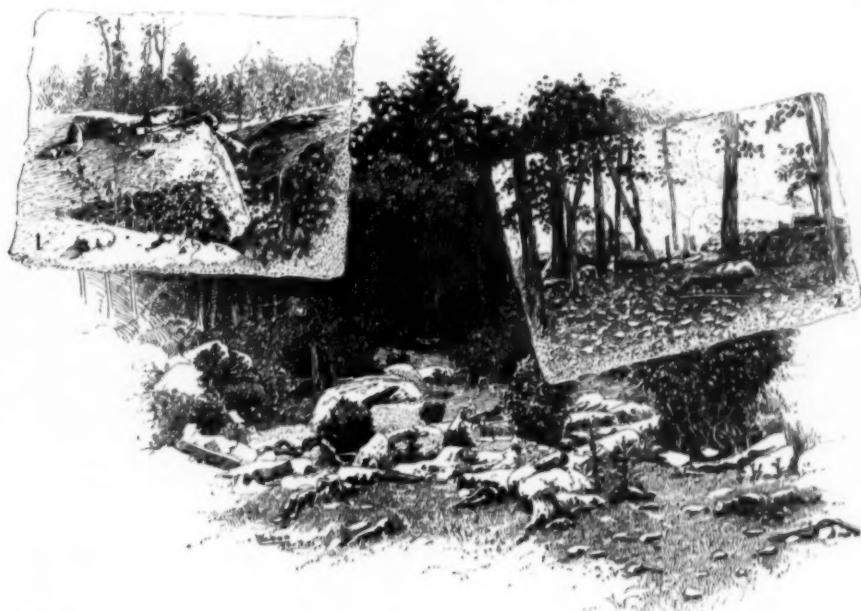
which were visibly flagging under an almost uninterrupted series of reverses to the Federal arms in Virginia, extending over a period of nearly two years. On the other hand, it was at Gettysburg that the right arm of the South was broken, and it must always stand out in Confederate annals like

"Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield,"

in the history of a brave and kindred people.
When the fight began at Gettysburg on the

Chambersburg and Emmettsburg roads, following McLaws, who was in advance. Pickett's division had not yet come up. We moved very slowly, with frequent halts and deflections from the direct course—the latter occasioned by the desire to conceal our movements from the Federal signal-station on Little Round Top.

At length, after many vexatious delays, Hood's division was pushed forward until it uncovered McLaws, and soon reached the Emmettsburg road in front of Round Top. Here our line of battle was formed at an acute



THE "SLAUGHTER PEN" AT THE BASE AND ON THE LEFT SLOPE OF LITTLE ROUND TOP. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

1st of July, three brigades of Hood's division were at Greenwood on the Chambersburg road and on the west side of South Mountain. My own brigade, with Bachman's battery, was at New Guilford, some miles south of Greenwood, watching our right flank. At three o'clock on the morning of the 2d I moved, under orders from General Longstreet, as rapidly as possible towards Gettysburg, and arrived there shortly before 12 M., having marched the intervening distance of twenty-four miles in that time. On my arrival I found the other brigades of Hood's division resting about a mile from the town, on the Chambersburg road. In a short time after my brigade came up, the division was moved to our right (south), traversing the angle between the

angle with the road, the right being in advance of it, between the road and the mountain, and the left extending across and in rear of the road. The formation was in two lines, Law's Alabama and Robertson's Texas brigades in front, supported, at a distance of about two hundred yards, by the Georgia brigades of Benning and G. T. Anderson. McLaws's division extended the line to our left, with a similar formation. The Artillery Battalion, composed of Reilly's, Latham's, Garden's, and Bachman's batteries, twenty guns in all, were disposed at advantageous points upon the ridge occupied by the line of infantry. There were no signs of Federal cavalry or troops of any kind on our right. As a precautionary measure, however, a regiment was detached

Peach Orchard
(background).

Wheat Field
(middle-ground).

Trestle's
(middle-ground), Rogers's
(background).

Cemetery Hill
(background).

Codori's
(background).



Devil's Den.

VIEW FROM THE POSITION OF HAZLETT'S BATTERY ON LITTLE ROUND TOP. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIFTON.)

The monument marks the position of the west Pennsylvania of Weed's brigade. The Emmetsburg road passes the Peach Orchard, Rogers's, and Codori's; the latter's buildings broke the corner of Pickett's lines as they charged upon the ridge between Cemetery Hill and Little Round Top — ELLIOTT.

from Anderson's brigade and stationed at Kern's house, half a mile down the road towards Emmettsburg.

It was now past four o'clock in the afternoon and our troops were in position for the attack. The flank movement by which they came into position is referred to in the following dispatch from the Federal signal-station on Little Round Top: "To General Meade—four

o'clock P. M. The only infantry of the enemy visible is on the extreme (Federal) left; it has been moving towards Emmettsburg." It will thus be seen that the movement, in spite of our precautions, was not unobserved.

The Confederate line of battle occupied a ridge, partially wooded, with a valley intervening between it and the heights held by the Federal troops in front. The position occupied by the Federal left wing in front of us was now fully disclosed to view, and it was certainly one of the most formidable it had ever been the fortune of any troops to confront. Round Top rose like a huge sentinel guarding the Federal left flank, while the spurs and ridges trending off to the north of it afforded unrivaled positions for the use of artillery. The puffs of smoke rising at intervals along the line of hills, as the Federal batteries fired upon such portions of our line as became exposed to view, clearly showed that these advantages had not been neglected. The thick woods which in great part covered the sides of Round Top and the adjacent hills concealed from view the rugged nature of the ground, which increased fourfold the difficulties of the attack.

How far up the slope of Round Top the Federal left extended we could not tell, as the woods effectually concealed from view everything in that quarter. In order to gain information upon this important point, I sent out a detail of six picked men as scouts, with instructions to move as rapidly as possible to the summit of Round Top, making a détour to their right, and "feeling" down from that point, to locate the left of the Federal line. The entire absence of Federal cavalry on our right, as well as other



THE STRUGGLE FOR DEVIL'S DEN. (BY A. N. WAUD, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

indications leading to the same conclusion, convinced me that the Federals, relying upon the protection of the mountain, considered their flank secure; that it was therefore their most vulnerable point. Impressed with this view, I further instructed the scouts when they reached the summit to observe carefully the state of affairs on the other side, and to send a "runner" back to me with such intelligence as they might be able to gain. They moved off at a trot. A few moments after they had



BRIGADIER-GENERAL STEPHEN H. WEED, COMMANDING THE THIRD BRIGADE OF AYRES'S DIVISION, KILLED JULY 23. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

General Weed was picked off by sharpshooters in Devil's Den soon after getting his brigade in position on Little Round Top.—EDITOR.

VIEW FROM THE POSITION OF WEED'S BRIGADE. THE EMMETTSBURG ROAD PASSES THE PEACH ORCHARD, ROGERS'S, AND COLORI'S; THE LATER'S BUILDINGS BROKE THE CENTER OF PICKETT'S LINES AS THEY CHARGED UPON THE RIDGE BETWEEN CEMETERY HILL AND LITTLE ROUND TOP.—EDITOR.



DEVIL'S DEN, FACING LITTLE ROUND TOP.

started I saw in the valley, some distance to our right, several dark figures moving across the fields from the rear of Round Top in the direction of the Emmetsburg road. These on being captured, proved to be Federal soldiers, who seemed surprised at our sudden appearance in that quarter, and who, on being questioned, stated that they had surgeon's certificates and were "going to the rear." They indicated "the rear" by pointing towards Emmetsburg, and in reply to the question where they came from, they said from the "medical train behind the mountain"—referring to Round Top. They also stated that the medical and ordnance trains "around the mountain" were insecurely guarded, no attack being expected at that point; and that the other side of the mountain could be easily reached by a good farm road, along which they had just traveled, the distance being little more than a mile. On my way to convey this information to General Hood, I met a messenger from my scouts, who had reached the crest of Round Top. He reported that there was no Federal force on the summit, and confirmed in every particular the statements of the prisoners I had just captured. If there had previously been any question in regard to the policy of a front attack, there now remained not a "shadow of doubt" that our true *point d'appui* was Round Top, from which the Confederate right wing could be extended to-

wards the Taneytown and Baltimore roads, on the Federal left and rear.

I found General Hood on the ridge where his line had been formed, communicated to him the information I had obtained, and pointed out the ease with which a movement by the right flank might be made. He coincided fully in my views, but said that his orders were positive to attack in front, as soon as the left of the corps should get into position. I therefore entered a formal protest against a direct attack, on the grounds: 1. That the great natural strength of the enemy's position in our front rendered the result of a direct assault extremely uncertain. 2. That, even if successful, the victory would be purchased at too great a sacrifice of life, and our troops would be in no condition to improve it. 3. That a front attack was unnecessary,—the



BETWEEN THE BOWLDERS OF DEVIL'S DEN—A DEAD CONFEDERATE SHARPSHOOTER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

occupation of Round Top during the night by moving upon it from the south, and the extension of our right wing from that point across the enemy's left and rear, being not only practicable, but easy. 4. That such a movement would compel a change of front on the part of the enemy, the abandonment of his strong position on the heights, and force him to attack us in position.

General Hood called up Captain Hamilton, of his staff, and requested me to repeat the protest to him, and the grounds on which it was made. He then directed Captain Hamilton to find General Longstreet as quickly as possible and deliver the protest, and to say to him that he (Hood) indorsed it fully. Hamilton rode off at once, but in about ten minutes returned, accompanied by a staff-officer of General Longstreet, who said to General Hood, in my hearing, "General Longstreet orders that you begin the attack at once." Hood turned to me and merely said, "You hear the order?" I at once moved my brigade to the assault. I do not know whether the protest ever reached General Lee. From the brief interval that elapsed between the time it was sent to General Longstreet and the receipt of the order to begin the attack, I am inclined to think it did not. General Longstreet has since said that he repeatedly advised against a front attack and suggested a movement by our right flank. He may have thought, after the rejection of this advice by General Lee, that it was useless to press the matter further.

Just here the battle of Gettysburg was lost to the Confederate arms. It is useless to speculate upon the turn affairs might have taken if the Confederate cavalry had been in communication with the rest of the army, and if General Stuart had kept General Lee informed, as he should have done, of the movements of the Federal army. In considering the causes of the Confederate failure on that particular field, we must take the situation just as we find it. And the situation was as follows: The advance of the two armies encountered each other on the 1st of July. An engagement ensued in which the Confederates were victorious. The Federal troops retired through Gettysburg and took position along the heights east of the town—a position which, if properly defended, was practically impregnable to a direct attack.

The whole matter then resolves itself into this: General Lee failed at Gettysburg on the 2d and 3d of July because he made his attack precisely where his enemy wanted him to make it and was most fully prepared to receive it. Even had he succeeded in driving the Federal army from its strong position by a general and simultaneous assault along the whole front (which was the only possible

chance of success in that direction), he would have found his army in very much the same condition that Pyrrhus found his when, after driving the Romans from the field of Asculum, he exclaimed, "Another such victory, and I am undone!"

The failure of General Ewell to seize "Cemetery Hill" and adjacent positions, on the evening of July 1st, has been frequently assigned as one of the causes of our losing the battle. It is very doubtful whether General Ewell could have occupied those heights had he made the attempt, for General Pleasanton has asserted very positively that, on the night of the 1st of July, "we (the Federals) had more troops in position than Lee." And General Lee qualified his instructions to General Ewell to seize the heights by the words "if practicable." Under the circumstances, the fact that General Ewell did not seize them is very strong presumptive evidence that it was not practicable.

The two armies being face to face on the 2d of July, and setting aside all question of a retreat by either, General Lee's alternative to a direct attack was a movement by his right flank to the Federal left and rear. The first promised nothing but desperate fighting, heavy loss, and probable failure. The second certainly promised nothing worse, with the probabilities all in favor of a "fair field and a free fight," and that was all his army asked. Referring to this suggested movement upon the Federal left flank, General Pleasanton, who commanded the Federal cavalry at that time, has expressed the opinion that it was impracticable, and has stated further that he "had two divisions of cavalry, one in rear of the Federal position and one on Lee's right flank," to prevent it. If the cavalry had been there, as he states, they would not have amounted to even a single "ounce of prevention," as far as the movements of our infantry were concerned. But if there *was* a division, or even a single picket-post of cavalry, either Federal or Confederate, on our right flank, at any time on the 2d of July, it was kept most persistently out of sight, as my scouts, who were sent out in all directions, failed to find it.

The order of attack, which was issued as soon as the two divisions of Longstreet's corps came into position on the line already described, was to begin the movement on the right, my brigade on that flank leading, the other commands taking it up successively towards the left. It was near five o'clock p. m. when we advanced to the attack. The artillery on both sides had been warmly engaged for about fifteen minutes, and continued to fire heavily until we became engaged with the Federal infantry, when the Confederate bat-

teries ceased firing to avoid injury to our own troops, who were then, for the most part, concealed by the woods about the base of Round Top and the spurs to the north of it. General Hood was severely wounded in the arm by the fire from the Federal artillery as we moved into action.

Advancing rapidly across the valley which separated the opposing lines,—all the time under a heavy fire from the batteries,—our front line struck the enemy's skirmishers posted along the further edge of the valley. Brushing these quickly away, we soon came upon their first line of battle, running along the lower slopes of the hills known as Devil's Den, to our left of Round Top, and separated from the latter by Plum Run valley. The fighting soon became close and severe. Exposed to the artillery fire from the heights in front and on our left, as well as to the musketry of the infantry, it required all the courage and steadiness of the veterans who composed the Army of Northern Virginia—whose spirit was never higher than then—to face the storm. Not one moment was lost. With rapidly thinning ranks the gray line swept on, until the blue line in front wavered, broke, and seemed to dissolve in the woods and rocks on the mountain side. The advance continued steadily, the center of the division moving directly upon the guns on the hill adjoining Devil's Den, on the north from which we had been suffering so severely. In order to secure my right flank, I extended it well up on the side of Round Top, and my brigade, in closing to the right, left a considerable interval between its left and the right of the Texas brigade of Robertson. Into this interval I threw Benning's Georgia brigade, which had up to that time occupied the second line. At the same time seeing a heavy Federal force on Robertson's left, and no Confederate troops having come up to extend our line in that direction, Anderson's Georgia brigade, till then also in the second line, was thrown out on that flank.

Thus disposed, the division continued to move forward, encountering, as it ascended to the battery on the spur and the heights to the right and left of it, a most determined resistance from the Federal troops, who seemed to be continually reinforced. The ground was rough and difficult, broken by rocks and boulders, which rendered an orderly advance impossible. Sometimes the Federals would hold one side of the huge boulders on the slope until the Confederates occupied the other. In some cases my men, with reckless daring, mounted to the top of the large rocks in order to get a better view and to deliver their fire with greater effect. One of these, Sergeant Barbee of the Texas brigade, having

reached a rock a little in advance of the line, stood erect on the top of it, loading and firing as coolly as if unconscious of danger, while the air around him was fairly swarming with bullets. He soon fell helpless from several wounds; but he held his rock, lying upon the top of it until the litter-bearers carried him off.

In less than an hour from the time we advanced to the attack, the hill by Devil's Den opposite our center was taken, with three pieces of the artillery that had occupied it. The remaining piece was run down the opposite slope by the gunners, and escaped capture.

In the mean time my brigade on the right, had swept over the northern slope of Round Top, cleared it of the enemy, and then, making a partial change of front to the left, advanced upon Little Round Top, which lay in rear of the spur on which the battery had been taken. This change of direction soon exposed it to a flank attack on the right by fresh Federal troops (Vincent's brigade), rendering it necessary to retire this flank and place it in the general direction of the rest of the line.

While our center and right wing were engaged as I have described, Anderson's brigade, on the left, was subjected to great annoyance and loss by movements of the enemy upon its left flank, being frequently compelled to change the front of the regiments on that flank to repel attacks from that direction.

Up to this time I had seen nothing of McLaws's division, which was to have extended our left and to have moved to the attack at the same time. I therefore halted my line, which had become broken and disorganized by the roughness of the ground over which it had been fighting, and placing it in as advantageous a position as possible for receiving any attack that the Federals might be disposed to make, I hurried back to the ridge from which we had originally advanced. I found McLaws still in position there, his troops suffering considerably from a severe fire of artillery from the opposite hills. I was informed by General Kershaw, who held the right of this division, that although he understood the general instructions that the forward movement was to be taken up from the right, he had not yet received the order to move, from his division commander. I pointed out the position of Hood's division, and urged the necessity of immediate support on its left. General Kershaw requested me to designate the point on which his right flank should be directed, and promptly moved to the attack, the movement being taken up by the whole division.

When Hood's division first attacked, General Meade, alarmed for the safety of his left wing, and doubtless fully alive to the importance of holding so vital a point as Round

Top and its adjacent spurs, commenced sending reinforcements to the threatened points. We encountered some of these in our first advance, and others were arriving as McLaws came up on our left. In its advance this division extended from the "Peach Orchard" near the Emmettsburg road, on its left, to the "Wheat-field" north of the hill on which we had captured the Federal battery, where its right wing connected with my left. As McLaws advanced, we again moved forward on his right, and the fighting continued in "see-saw" style — first one side and then the other gaining ground or losing it, with small advantage to either, until dark.

At the close of the engagement Hood's division held the hill where the battery had been taken and the ridge to its left—our right extending across Devil's Den and well up on the north-western slope of Round Top. During the night this line was strengthened by the construction of a breastwork of the loose stones that abounded all along the positions occupied by the troops, and the light of the next morning disclosed the fact that the Federal troops in front of us had improved their time in the same way. In fact, all through the night we could hear them at work as the rocks were dropped in place on the works, and no doubt they heard us just as distinctly while we were engaged in the same life-preserving operation.

Though the losses had been severe on both sides, comparatively few prisoners had been taken. But early in the night, in the confusion resulting from the fight over such rugged ground and the darkness of the wooded mountain side, men of both armies, in search of their commands, occasionally wandered into the opposing picket-lines and were captured. Many of the Federal wounded were left in our lines on the ground from which their troops had been forced back, and some of ours remained in their hands in the most advanced positions we had reached and had been compelled to abandon. Among these latter was Colonel Powell of the Fourth Texas regiment, who was shot through the body and afterwards died. Powell was a stout, portly man, with a full beard, in many respects resembling General Longstreet, which at first created the impression with his captors that they had taken that officer. Indeed it was asserted positively by some of the prisoners we picked up during the night that General Longstreet was badly wounded and a prisoner in their hands, and they obstinately refused to credit our statements to the contrary.

Early in the morning of the 3d two of my batteries, Latham's and Garden's, were sent to Colonel, afterward General, E. P. Alexander, who commanded our artillery in the center, to

assist in the cannonade of the Federal position south of Cemetery Hill, preparatory to the assault of Pickett's division at that point; and about nine o'clock A. M. General Longstreet came over to my position on the right, and instructed me to be ready to renew the attack on our front. Under the circumstances that then existed, such an attack would have been simply unadulterated madness. I have already described the difficult nature of the ground in our front. These difficulties were greatly increased by extemporized breastworks of rock all along the Federal line, which afforded good protection for their infantry and were fully manned by a force much superior to our own. On the other hand, we had been weakened in the desperate attack of the preceding evening by losses amounting to one-fourth of the whole force carried into action. More than two thousand officers and men of our division had been killed and wounded, among them Generals Anderson and Robertson, and about one-half of the field-officers of the various regiments. McLaws's division, on our left, had suffered nearly as severely, General Barksdale of that division being killed and General Semmes mortally wounded.

The cannonade in the center soon began, and presented one of the most magnificent battle-scenes witnessed during the war. Looking up the valley towards Gettysburg, the hills on either side were capped with crowns of flame and smoke, as three hundred guns, about equally divided between the two ridges, vomited their iron hail upon each other. Dense clouds of smoke settled over the valley, through which the shells went hissing and screaming on their errand of death. Numbers of these from opposite directions exploded midway over the valley, apparently with venomous impatience, as they met each other in mid-air, lighting up the clouds with snake-like flashes of lurid lightning.

While this grand artillery duel was progressing, and before our infantry had moved to the attack, a new danger threatened us on the right. This was the appearance of Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, which moved up on that flank and commenced massing in the body of timber which extended from the base of Round Top westward towards Kern's house, on the Emmettsburg road. Reilly's and Bachman's batteries were ordered to change front to the right so as to bear upon this position, and at once opened fire upon the cavalry, which retired beyond the wood and out of sight. In order to protect my flank more fully, I withdrew the First Texas regiment of Robertson's brigade from the main line, and placed it in position midway between Round Top and the Emmettsburg road, with

skirmishers extending from its left and connecting at right angles with the extreme right of the main line on the slope of the mountain. I also detached the Seventh and Eighth Georgia regiments of Anderson's brigade, and sent them to the support of the Ninth, which had been stationed at Kern's house. About the time these dispositions were completed, Colonel Black, of the First South Carolina Cavalry, reported to me with about one hundred men who had been gathered up from the medical trains, most of them partly disabled and only a part mounted, and with three guns of Hart's battery of horse artillery. Hart's guns were stationed on the Emmettsburg road, and the cavalry extended the right flank beyond that road. This new flanking line was formed at right angles to the main line, and crossed the Emmettsburg road near Kern's house.

One brigade of the Federal cavalry (Merritt's) moved across the road and deployed a strong line of dismounted skirmishers in front of Colonel Black's command, which was too weak to offer any effectual resistance. Hart's guns, however, were well handled, and did good service as long as the enemy remained in reach of them. To meet this flanking movement, I had to extend the Seventh and Eighth Georgia regiments to the right, and heavy skirmishing continued as the lines developed, with occasional efforts of the Federals to break through, until about half-past three o'clock P. M., when my two regiments were stretched out to a bare line of skirmishers.

It is not an easy task to operate against cavalry with infantry alone, on an extended line and in an open country where the former, capable of moving much more rapidly, can choose its own points of attack and can elude the blows of its necessarily more tardy adversary. But Merritt's brigade was now dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, and I lost no time in taking advantage of this temporary equality as to the means of locomotion. Detaching the two remaining regiments of Anderson's brigade (Eleventh and Fifty-ninth Georgia) from the main line, I moved them rapidly to our extreme right, now about a mile from Kern's house, attacked Merritt's reserve, and then, changing front to the left, struck his skirmish-line "on its end" and "doubled it up" as far as the Emmettsburg road. This reduced my front to manageable dimensions and left some force at my disposal to meet any concentrated attack that the cavalry might make.

I had just returned to the position occupied by our artillery, which was in the angle formed by the main and flanking lines, when Farnsworth's cavalry brigade charged the line held by the First Texas regiment. It was impossible to use our artillery to any advantage owing

to the "close quarters" of the attacking cavalry with our own men—the leading squadrons forcing their horses up to the very muzzle of the rifles of our infantry. That portion of the cavalry which covered the front of the First Texas regiment was handsomely repulsed; but the First Vermont regiment, forming the Federal right wing, overlapped the First Texas on its left, and, striking the skirmish-line only, rode through it into the open valley in rear of our main line on the spurs of Round Top. When I first became satisfied, through information from the Texas skirmishers, that Farnsworth's brigade was massing in their front, the Ninth Georgia regiment was ordered from Kern's house to the support of the batteries, the former position being now safe, as the other four regiments of Anderson's brigade were concentrated near that point. Hearing the firing and knowing its cause, the Ninth Georgia came up at a run, just as the First Vermont Cavalry rode through our skirmish-line, led by General Farnsworth in person. Instead of moving directly upon our batteries, the cavalry directed its course up the valley towards Gettysburg, passing between the position of our artillery and our main line. Watching the direction they had taken, I sent Lieutenant Wade, of my staff, rapidly across the valley in advance of them, with orders to detach the first regiment he should come to, on the main line, and send it down on a run to "head them off" in that direction. He was also ordered to follow the line to the extreme right and direct Colonel Oates (Fifteenth Alabama) to strengthen his flanking skirmish-line and to close up the gap on the left of the First Texas where the cavalry had broken in.

Farnsworth and his cavalry, in the mean time, were riding in gallant style, with drawn sabers and unopposed, up the valley. As they approached Snyder's house, and as I stood intently watching them, I saw a ragged Confederate battle-flag fluttering among the trees at the foot of the opposite ridge, and the men with it soon after appeared, running out into the open ground on the further side of the valley. It was the Fourth Alabama regiment, Law's brigade, which had been taken from the main line and sent down by Lieutenant Wade. The men opened fire as they ran. The course of the cavalry was abruptly checked and saddles were rapidly emptied. Recoiling from this fire, they turned to their left and rear, and directed their course up the hill towards the position occupied by our batteries. Bachman's battery promptly changed front to its left, so as to face the approaching cavalry, and, together with its infantry supports, opened a withering fire at close range. Turning again to their left, Farnsworth and

the few of his men who remained in their saddles directed their course towards the point where they had originally broken in, having described by this time almost a complete circle. But the gap where they had entered was now closed, and receiving another fire from that point, they again turned to the left and took refuge in the woods near the base of Round Top. When the last turn to the left was made, about half a dozen of their number separated from the main body and escaped by "running the gauntlet" to the right of the First Texas regiment.

While these movements were in progress I could plainly distinguish General Farnsworth, who led the charge, and whom I then supposed to be Kilpatrick. He wore a linen havelock over his military cap, and was evidently wounded at the time he entered the woods. Here, with his little handful of gallant followers, he rode upon the skirmish-line of the Fifteenth Alabama regiment, and, pistol in hand, called upon Lieutenant Adrian, who commanded the line, to surrender. The skirmishers in return fired upon him, killing his horse and wounding General Farnsworth in several places. As he fell to the ground, Adrian approached him and demanded his surrender. He curtly refused to surrender, at the same time killing himself with the pistol which he still held in his hand. During the afternoon the pickets of the First Texas regiment had been so near the point where the Federal cavalry were preparing for the attack as to hear their voices distinctly when raised at all above the ordinary tone. Just before the charge was made they heard some one say, in an excited, angry tone, "Colonel, if you are afraid to attack, by —, I will lead the charge myself." I afterwards learned that the speaker was General Kilpatrick, and that the words were addressed to General Farnsworth, who was aware of the difficulties of the movement and would not have made it if the matter had been left to his own judgment. However this may have been, he certainly bore himself with the most conspicuous gallantry throughout that fatal charge.*

General Longstreet, aware of the danger that threatened our right from the attack of Kilpatrick's division, came over to my position late in the afternoon and expressed his satisfaction at the result and the promptness and good conduct of the troops engaged. We had all day held our front line, gained the

evening before, ready and able to repel any attack from the superior force in our front, and with troops drawn from that line had given to General Kilpatrick his congé on our right flank. It seemed to us on the Confederate right that there was at least one little spot of "silver lining" in the cloud that hung so darkly over the field of Gettysburg after the disastrous charge of Pickett.

Late in the afternoon of July 3d, I was ordered to withdraw the division from the lines it had held since the evening of the 2d to the ridge near the Emmettsburg road, from which it had advanced to the attack on that day. McLaws's division, which had held the line to our left during the day, retired first, and I ordered my brigade commanders to take up the movement from left to right. The courier who delivered the order to General Benning holding the left of the division, in designating the position to which he was to retire, pointed to the line McLaws had just abandoned. Benning, supposing that McLaws had been moved for the purpose of reinforcing our line on some other part of the field, dispatched Colonel DuBose with the Fifteenth Georgia Regiment in that direction. McCandless's Federal brigade had, in the mean time, advanced to the ground previously held by McLaws, and attacked the Fifteenth Georgia when it attempted to take up that position. Colonel DuBose made a gallant but fruitless attempt to hold his ground, expecting support from the other regiments of his brigade. Being attacked in front and on both flanks by McCandless's brigade, reinforced by Bartlett's, he was driven back with considerable loss. He retired from one position to another, fighting as he retreated, and finally succeeded in extricating his regiment and rejoining his brigade. The loss of the Fifteenth Georgia in this affair was very heavy, including one hundred and one prisoners, beside the killed and wounded. In the mean time General Benning, having received a second order to retire, withdrew the remainder of his brigade without loss. The other brigades of the division were quietly withdrawn, the Federals in their front making no advance. We remained quietly in our new position across the Emmettsburg road until near daylight on the morning of the 5th, when we took up the line of march with the rest of the army towards Fairfield Gap and the Potomac.

E. M. Law.

* Major Clifford Thomson, of General Pleasanton's staff, writes that when General Kilpatrick ordered General Farnsworth to charge, the latter, referring to the two or three stone fences between his command and the enemy, replied that in view of the obstacles it would be simply a slaughter of men. Kilpatrick answered, in effect, that if Farnsworth was afraid to make the charge he would lead it himself, and Farnsworth replied: "General Kilpatrick, you can't lead men anywhere that I cannot go. If you give

me the order to charge I will do so, but you take the responsibility." Just before the battle Custer, Merritt, and Farnsworth were recommended to be brigadier generals and were given such commands. Farnsworth's commission was dated June 29th, five days before his death. As he had been on detached service, it had not reached him, being carried among Pleasanton's headquarters' papers until after the battle. His previous rank had been captain in the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.—*Editor.*

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Capitulation of Harper's Ferry.



ARMY WATER-CART.

RECENT contributions from distinguished officers of the Confederate army, relative to the battle of Antietam and the capitulation of Harper's Ferry, although substantially correct so far as they go, are necessarily incomplete, and do not present the situation and circumstances under which the last-named event took place from

the stand-point of the other side.

On the 8th of September, 1862,—being then in command of the Union forces at Martinsburg, Virginia, about two thousand five hundred of all arms,—I reported to General Wool at Baltimore, commanding the Department, that the enemy was approaching from the north in a force estimated at 15,000 to 20,000, and asked for instructions. General Wool replied:

"If 20,000 men should attack you, you will of course fall back. Harper's Ferry would be the best position I could recommend." * * *

After reconnoissance, and some skirmishing with the enemy's advance, demonstrating that his force was too large to successfully oppose, especially as there were no defenses at Martinsburg, the post was, in accordance with General Wool's views, evacuated, and Harper's Ferry reached on the 12th.

Upon reporting to Colonel Miles, the officer in command, he showed me the following dispatch:

"WASHINGTON, D.C., Sept. 7, 1862. COLONEL MILES, Harper's Ferry: Our army [McClellan's] is in motion; it is important that Harper's Ferry be held to the latest moment. The Government has the utmost confidence in you, and is ready to give you full credit for the defense it expects you to make. H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief."

In view of the foregoing dispatch, and of the fact that I had been ordered from Harper's Ferry to the command at Martinsburg a few days previously by General Wool, it was manifest that the authorities intended to retain Miles in command—very properly so, as he was an officer of forty years' experience.

The defenses of Harper's Ferry, if worthy of the name, consisted of a small work on the crest of Maryland Heights called Stone Fort; another well down the western slope, where a battery of heavy naval guns was established. There was also down the western slope from the Stone Fort a line of intrenchments terminating at a work near the Potomac called Fort

Duncan, but this line was not occupied except at the upper end.

On Bolivar Heights a line of rifle-pits extended from near the Potomac southward to the Charlestown road, where a small work for the protection of artillery was situated.

In the rear of this line eastward, and in the upper part of the town, was an earthwork known as Camp Hill. Loudoun Heights (east of the Shenandoah) were not occupied by our troops.

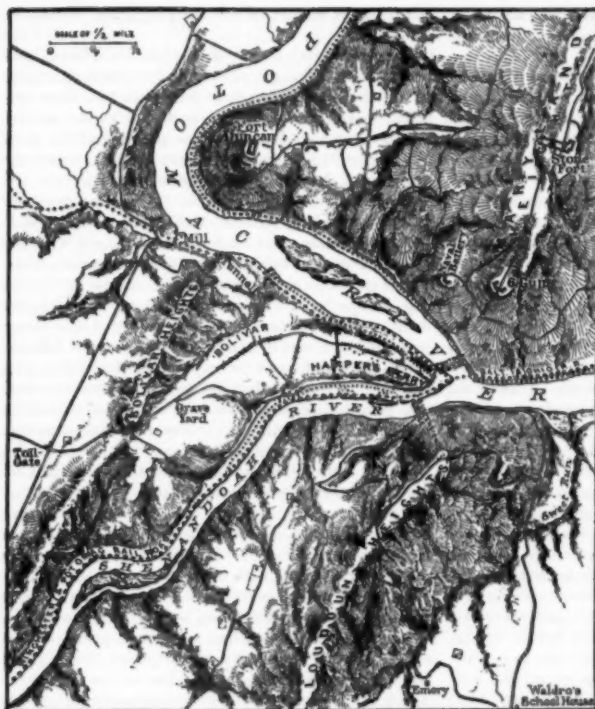
The troops constituting the garrison were disposed by Colonel Miles as follows: on Maryland Heights, about two thousand; on Bolivar Heights, from the Potomac to the Charlestown road, thence at a right angle to the Shenandoah, a distance in all of at least a mile and a half, seven thousand men; in the work at Camp Hill, about eight hundred; and the remainder, about one thousand, guarded the bridges and other points on the rivers.

The distance from Maryland Heights to the nearest point on Bolivar Heights, by way of the pontoon bridge, was two and a quarter miles; to the intersection of the Charlestown road, three miles. Thus the principal points to be defended were not within supporting distance of each other in case of assault, nor was either of them properly fortified.

On the 13th the divisions of Generals McLaws and R. H. Anderson, by order of General Lee, reached Maryland Heights, and attacked the force stationed there, under Colonel Ford, who after some fighting abandoned the position—as he stated, by order of Colonel Miles, but the latter denied having given such an order. Be this as it may, it is certain that the enemy could have easily taken it with the force at his command, whenever he chose to do so.

It has generally been considered that Colonel Miles should have tried to hold that position, even if it became necessary to mass his whole force there. The reasons given by him to the writer for not doing so were: (1) That his orders required him to hold Harper's Ferry, and this would be a violation of such orders; (2) that water would be inaccessible. Moreover, it was manifest that if Harper's Ferry were evacuated, the enemy would close in from beyond Bolivar Heights, and from Loudoun Heights, and cross to the north side of the Potomac, thus wholly enveloping our small force with Lee's entire army, and virtually concentrating the latter in front of McClellan, with the river-crossing at Harper's Ferry, the principal object of its occupation, given up to the enemy.

Whether this view was correct or not, it is a fact that the maintenance of the line on Bolivar Heights till the morning of September 15th prevented the presence of the divisions of Generals A. P. Hill, McLaws, and Anderson with Lee, until the 17th, the day of Antietam, being four full days after General McClellan had received a copy of General Lee's orders directing the movement against Harper's Ferry, and



MAP OF THE DEFENSES AND APPROACHES OF HARPER'S FERRY.

disclosing the fact that fully one-third of his army was south of the Potomac, and much more than that, including the force under McLaws and Anderson, engaged in the movement against Harper's Ferry.

Officers of the Confederate army, before alluded to, writing for the June CENTURY (1886), have described the situation of that part of Lee's army north of the Potomac during the 14th, 15th, and 16th as one of "imminent peril," "very serious," etc., etc., virtually admitting that it might have then been defeated. Thus it will be seen that there were two sides to the question whether Maryland Heights was the "Key to Harper's Ferry" under the then existing circumstances, and that the detention of the Confederate forces around that place was prolonged, instead of abbreviated, by the continued occupation of Bolivar Heights, instead of the abandonment of the position for that on Maryland Heights.

During the afternoon of the 14th General Jackson, who had completed the investment of the place by his arrival on the 13th, moved forward with a view to occupy the ridge which is a prolongation of Bolivar Heights south of the Charlestown road and descends toward the Shenandoah River. To oppose this movement troops were advanced, but after a spirited engagement it was manifest that we could not prevent his establishment in the position sought, and at night our force was withdrawn within the lines of defense.

During the evening a consultation took place at which it was determined to send out all the cavalry,

as it was of very little use in the defense of the place, and in case of the capture or surrender of the post, the horses and equipments would be valuable to the enemy. Colonel Arno Voss, Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, ranking cavalry officer, commanded the force which thus escaped. The question whether the infantry could not also escape was discussed and given up, because it was deemed impossible to march it fast enough. Moreover, Colonel Miles considered that he had no right to evacuate Harper's Ferry. The testimony of the cavalry officers, given subsequently, was, with one exception, to the effect that the road was impracticable for artillery, difficult for infantry, and that they could not have escaped.

Soon after daylight on the morning of the 15th fire was opened by the enemy's artillery, comprising probably nearly or quite fifty pieces; those established at the southern extremity of Bolivar Heights completely enfilading that part of our line extending from the Charlestown road northward to the Potomac; those placed on the south-western slope of Loudoun Heights, and on the west side of the Shen-

andoah near by, delivering their fire at an acute angle to our line, being half enfilade; those at or near the crest of Loudoun Heights taking us in rear; and still others in the valley beyond Bolivar Heights firing directly at our front.

The fire was chiefly converged upon the batteries we had established at and near the intersection of Bolivar Heights and the Charlestown road, that being the point upon which it was manifest General Jackson would deliver the expected assault.

The writer, being in command of the forces in this quarter, ordered the massing of the artillery there and the movement of the regiment holding Camp Hill to the front. These orders, as I afterward learned, were countermanded by Colonel Miles, who deemed it necessary to retain a force near the river-crossing; at all events, the order was not executed.

The artillery fight continued until half-past eight in the morning, when it was apparent the assault might be expected immediately. At this time Colonel Miles visited the work at the Charlestown road and said to the writer that the situation seemed hopeless, and that the place might as well be surrendered without farther sacrifice of life. It was replied that such a step should only be taken upon the judgment of a council of war, whereupon Colonel Miles called the commanders of brigades together, who, after consultation, and with great reluctance on the part of some, voted unanimously for capitulation if honorable terms could be obtained, for the following reasons:

First. The officer commanding had lost all confidence in his ability further to defend the place, and was the first to advise surrender.

Second. There was no reason to hope that the attenuated line on Bolivar Heights could be maintained, even for half an hour, against the greatly superior force massed for the assault, supported if necessary by an attack on our rear by Generals Walker and McLaws.

Third. Great as was the disparity in numbers, the disparity in position was greater. Harper's Ferry and Bolivar Heights were dominated by Maryland and Loudoun Heights, and the other positions held by the enemy's artillery. The crest of Maryland Heights is at an elevation of one thousand and sixty feet; the southern point, nearest Harper's Ferry, six hundred and forty-nine feet; Loudoun Heights, nine hundred and fifty-four feet. The south-western slope of the latter and the grounds near by, west of the Shenandoah, where batteries of the enemy were placed, were three hundred to six hundred feet high. The elevation of Bolivar Heights is about three hundred feet, while Camp Hill and the town of Harper's Ferry are still lower. Thus all our movements of men or guns during the engagements of the 14th and 15th, as well as the effect of their own plunging fire, were plainly visible from the enemy's signal-station on Loudoun Heights. No effective reply could be made to the fire from these elevated positions, no suitable defenses existed from which to resist the assault, and there was no opportunity on the morning of the 15th to change our position, if there had been a better one to occupy.

Fourth. Awaiting the assault, then impending, with no hope of even a temporary successful resistance, did not seem to justify the sacrifice of life consequent upon such a course—the situation being regarded as one of the unfortunate chances of war, unavoidable under existing circumstances.

The writer was appointed by Colonel Miles commissioner to arrange the terms of capitulation, and at the urgent request of other officers I accepted the unwelcome duty, in the hope of obtaining honorable conditions. Immediately after the council broke up, Colonel Miles was mortally wounded; he died the next day.

As commissioner I was received very courteously by the Confederate officers, and the terms of capitulation agreed upon with General A. P. Hill provided that all private property of individuals and the side-arms of officers should be retained by them. Refugees, of whom there were a considerable number, were not to be treated as prisoners, except such, if any, as were deserters from the Confederate army. There were none of this class. All the Union troops were immediately paroled, and were not to serve again until regularly exchanged. A number of the prominent officers of the Confederate army spoke of our situation as hopeless from the hour when the investment was completed.

This paper has been prepared for the sole purpose of presenting the salient facts in the case, with no purpose of condemning or vindicating any one connected with it, directly or indirectly, and all incidents not actually necessary to show the causes of the event have been omitted by reason of the limited space which a magazine article allows.

But it is believed that the following facts are estab-

lished by the history of this campaign, and should be presented.

Harper's Ferry is not defensible by a force inferior to that attacking it, unless the surrounding heights be well fortified, and each of them held by a force sufficient to maintain itself unsupported by the others. It was this which doubtless prompted the advice given by General McClellan to General Halleck before the investment, that the garrison be withdrawn.

Had the hard-fought battle of the 17th at Antietam been delivered by General McClellan on the 14th at South Mountain, with as large a force, and with the same energy, and followed by a prompt advance down Pleasant Valley, there seems good reason to believe that Harper's Ferry would have been relieved, the river-crossing secured, the reunion of Lee's army, separated as it was by the Potomac, rendered difficult, if not impossible, and the capture or dispersion of a large part of it probable. But there may have been reasons governing General McClellan which to him seemed to demand the adoption of the course he took in moving against the enemy's left at Antietam. This, however, delayed the battle till the 17th, in face of the fact that Colonel Miles had informed him through Major Russell of the First Maryland Cavalry, who left Harper's Ferry on the 13th, that he could not hold that place more than forty-eight hours—viz., till the 15th. Thus the opportunities of the 14th, 15th, and 16th were lost.

Of course after General McClellan decided to postpone the battle, it would have been of immense advantage if Harper's Ferry had been held a day or two longer; but of those who have claimed that it could have been longer held, no one has yet, so far as the writer is informed, stated *how* a garrison mostly of recruits, under fire for the first time, could have successfully defended an area of three square miles, assailed from all sides by veterans three times their number, posted, with artillery, in positions commanding the whole field. The writer with due deference expresses the opinion that the force under Jackson could have carried the place by assault, within an hour after his arrival before it, or at any time thereafter prior to the surrender, in spite of any resistance which under the circumstances could have been made.

Julius White.

The report of the Military Commission censured Colonels Miles and Ford and Major Baird. It affirmed that there was nothing in the conduct of Colonels D'Utassy and Trimble to call for censure; and that General Julius White merited the approbation of the Commission, adding, "He appears from the evidence to have acted with decided capability and courage."—EDITOR.

Ripley's Brigade at South Mountain.

I FIND that some persons construe the article of General D. H. Hill, in the *JUNE CENTURY*, as reflecting upon the troops composing the brigade of General R. S. Ripley, at the battle of Boonsboro' or South Mountain. General Hill disclaims any such intention on his part, and the facts are these:

He correctly states Ripley's manoeuvres at Boonsboro' until we reached a position at the foot of the mountain,—on the west side,—when General Ripley said to me (colonel of the Third North Carolina Infantry) that we were entirely cut off from the rest of the army, except G. B. Anderson's brigade, which was on our right, and that he assumed the command

of the two brigades, directing me to take command of the three regiments (Colonel Doles, with his Fourth Georgia, having been detached and sent to a position on the north of the Pike) and that he would remain near me; directing me, at the same time, to advance slowly up the mountain with a strong line of skirmishers in front. Upon reaching the summit, after toiling through the dense undergrowth of laurel, Captain Thruston, in command of the skirmish line, reported troops in his front, a few minutes later confirming his first impression that they were G. B. Anderson's brigade, presenting their left flank and advancing towards his left.

This was promptly reported, through my adjutant, to General Ripley, who directed me to withdraw to my original position; which having been accomplished, I was directed to hold my then position until further orders. After nightfall I moved forward, changing front to left, a short distance, to the support of General Drayton, remaining there without "drawing trigger" until we took up the line of march for Sharpsburg, about ten to twelve at night. While, therefore, we accomplished nothing tangible, we were in position to do any duty for which we might be called.

At Sharpsburg the command made a record of which any troops might well feel proud. General Ripley, for the first time, went to the front with his command, and was wounded before the action became general. This placed Colonel Doles in command as senior colonel. In speaking of the troops here, I can do so only for the Fourth Georgia and Third North Carolina, and no soldiers ever did duty more faithfully or more cheerfully than did they.

I carried into action, the morning of the 17th of September, 520 men, and the loss on that and the following day was 330 men, and 23 out of 27 officers, of which latter 7 were killed or died from their wounds within a few days. Most of the loss was sustained in less than two hours of fighting on the first day. We were in position near the "East Wood," having gone into action through the yard of the Mumma house (which was set fire to by my orders), and for an hour were fighting three lines of Federals, when a division, in column of battalion, came up, and, halting within one hundred yards of my right company, the right of the brigade, opened fire, enfilading my command and causing the heavy loss sustained in so short a time. This necessitated a prompt change of front on my part, and while this was being done I was disabled and carried off the field, not, however, before I had the satisfaction of seeing my brave men held well in hand by my senior captain, S. D. Thruston, who was soon after promoted.

The following circumstances, though not coming under my own observation, are well authenticated.

Captain Thruston sent a message to General Longstreet — "Captain Thruston sends his compliments to General Longstreet and requests reinforcements, as he has only one man to every panel of fence, and the enemy are strong and very active in his front."

To which General Longstreet replied — "Tell Captain Thruston he must hold his position if he has only one man to every sixteen panels of fence. I have no assistance to send him." This order was strictly obeyed. The regiment remained on that hill and under that fence — with the rails of which the enemy's guns were playing "battledoor and shuttlecock" — from midday of the 17th to ten A. M. of the 18th, with not so much as one drop of water.

While Captain Thruston was riding with General D. H. Hill, on the morning of the 18th, to obtain a regiment to relieve his from the position at that fence, General Hill remarked, "My dear sir, we have too many cowards in our army." To which Captain Thruston replied, "General, you cannot apply that epithet to my regiment, as their fighting yesterday showed for itself." "No, sir," said General Hill; "your regiment fought nobly yesterday" — a well-deserved compliment, and valued more highly as coming from one competent to give, but not profuse in giving, compliments of the kind.

I have never doubted that the remarkable tenacity and bull-dog courage with which that brigade held its position, in the face of odds of ten to one, had much to do with preventing the enemy from penetrating our lines, both on the 17th and 18th.

The inaction of the brigade at Boonsboro' was not of their own choosing, and the fault lay not with them!

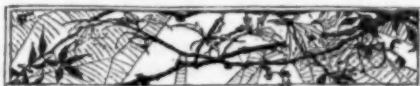
William L. De Rosset.

WILMINGTON, N. C., September 24, 1886.

General Lee Trusting in Providence at Antietam.

I HAVE read everything I have ever seen in print in regard to the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and one incident that may or may not be of importance I have never seen mentioned. About 4 P. M. on the day of the battle, a full brigade of Federal troops — five regiments, I think — forded the Antietam at an obscure ford about half-way between Sharpsburg and the mouth of the Antietam, or, as I remember, about one mile below Sharpsburg, and, being entirely in the rear of the Confederate army, formed line facing Sharpsburg, at right angles with the Antietam, and advanced nearly half a mile. I believed then and believe now that had they made ever so faint an attack, or indeed had their presence been known to the Confederates, nothing could have prevented an entire change of result. I went in person — under orders — to General Lee, and communicated this fact, and was informed that he could do nothing; "that every man was engaged, and he was compelled to trust to Providence." I was gone from my post about three-fourths of an hour, and upon my return found the brigade hastily recrossing the river, and I have never learned what troops they were; nor have I ever heard any mention of this fact!

Frank A. Bond.



Rev. viii. 13.—And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven,
WITH A LOUD VOICE,



WOE!

TO THE INHABITERS OF THE EARTH, BY REASON OF THE

FROM "THE MIDNIGHT CRY,"

A LITTLE MILLERITE.



EVERYBODY in those parts called it the "Holler." It was X—in the Postal Gazetteer, and X—Mills on the letters and papers addressed to its post-office. The mail-bag thrown off there from the stage running between what in the local dialect was called "Fonder" and the Fish House was a heavy one for so remote a clearing in the north woods of eastern New York.

That stage route, in the summer-time, was largely patronized by fishermen—gentlemen from New York and Albany chiefly—off for a Waltonian holiday along the trout streams of Sir William Johnson's old domain. Another class of passengers, going up and down the road in all seasons, were the preachers of the sect called Christians (pronounced *Christ-yans* by their Trinitarian contemporaries), grave-visaged men, to whom the X—post-office was a kind of Mecca. The rambling building in which it was located was the publication house of the sect. There its weekly magazine was edited and printed, and much of its distinctive literature. The "White Pilgrim" was not unknown to the passengers on that stage route, a "Christian" preacher, whose white apparel and simple eloquence made him famous on his missionary circuit.

The quarterly committee meetings at the X—office and the frequent conferences of the preachers gave the place a peculiar individuality. That was forty years ago, when postal rates were a considerable item to such a publication "Concern," and therein lay the secret of its location at the "Holler." Its editor and superintendent was the post-master. He was also the pastor of the only congregation in the place, a large one, made up of a few rich farmers, farm laborers, mill hands, and the employees of the "Concern." He was indisputably a man of affairs—a kind of Sir William Johnson in miniature, remembering the difference in the religious and moral character of the two men.

A low, wide dwelling-house, under great locusts, the woods behind the orchard crowding the apple-trees close to the door. Where else under the sun of the State of New York was it ever the fashion to paint window-sashes black, and outside doors all the colors of the rainbow? The house was a melancholy, bilious yellow; but such a glory of flowering vines as it was decked out with, such a smooth-shaven lawn all around it, and beds of pinks and double poppies and cock's-feather and the rest! The great stumps serving for fence-posts were hillocks of bouncing-bets and morning-glories.

Back of the pretty dwelling-house, in full sight from the road, was the "office." Its piazza had an appearance of holding fast to the top of the steep hill over which the building extended in the rear. A steep woody bank—a stream at the foot—little or nothing about the exterior of the building to indicate that it was a printing-office, book-bindery, editorial room, pastor's study, and district-school library.

It is there these reminiscences of a little Millerite properly begin. That house was my childhood's home. My father was the post-master, etc., of the "Holler."

As I remember X—(and I have not seen it for more than forty years), it was far more prosaic than picturesque, with its dreary common on one side of the main street and a fire-blackened chimney standing in the midst of ruins and brambles on the other. The one discouraged store was usually closed. The roar of the saw-mill dam and the drowsy buzz of its saws kept up a certain atmosphere of activity; but the summers were short and the winters long—the knotty russets hardly gathered before the fences were under the snow.

The beauty of the "Holler" was in the "crik," a tributary of the little Sacondaga of Sir William Johnson's time,—vagrant of the forest that it was,—creeping stealthily out of the thicket as if to see what the mill was scolding about; never meaning to be entrapped into doing a bit of the world's work; rebelling at its moment's slavery to leap the dam for

WOE!!

WOE!!

OTHER VOICES OF THE TRUMPET OF THE THREE ANGELS, WHICH ARE YET TO SOUND.

PUBLISHED IN BOSTON, 1843.

freedom; scurrying away in a foaming rage; shooting under the bridge of the main street straight into the meshes of the paper-mill, from whose black raceway it made a mad rush for the forest again; muttering, as one child interpreted its sullen roar, that it would never, never be heard from again. Then there was the belt of hoary pines watching the clearing from over the inner wall of beeches and maples—forever watching, it seemed to me, for some one to whom they could beckon, so melancholy were they with being left out there alone in the wind and the storm. It had been sweet waking some morning and finding them gone, if one had never known who cut them down. But the view of a spur of the Adirondacks from a near hill top was an important part of my life in X—; those far-off heights I dreamed of climbing some day.

Never a spire or turret in the place, nothing but the chimney in ruins for an architectural aspiration. The meeting-house, a mile or less through the woods from the corners, was one of those weather-palsied representations of Zion happily disappearing from the land. The school-house, a poor, lonesome, little red school-house, was a half mile away from the corners in another direction. To have concentrated the religious and educational institutions of X— nearer the post-office would have caused heartburning in the country round about, no doubt. The "Holler" could not expect to monopolize everything.

A commonplace picture, but a happy home, nevertheless. My father's good people were devoted to him, and he had no higher ambition than spending his days where he had found prosperity and honor. We children used to receive many presents, I remember, nor did we fall short of expecting gifts as a matter of course. Will anything ever bring the joy that came with a red flannel rabbit one old lady gave me when the story of the loss of my pet in a neighbor's trap caused so much feeling in the parish? These glimpses of the picture of my childhood are so closely related to what came to pass, they may hardly be spared from reminiscences of the fanaticism sweeping over that home like a withering blast.

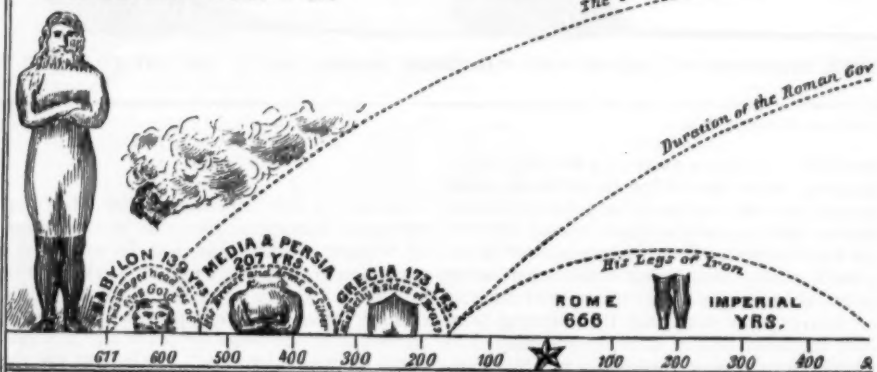
II.

It was in the early summer of 1843 that my father became a convert to the doctrines of William Miller. He was in attendance upon Anniversary Week in New York when he heard the lectures upon the prophecies concerning the second coming, which led him to announce his decision to "leave all" and proclaim the "midnight cry." Leaving all for him meant severing his connection with the publication house, giving up his pastorate, burning his ships behind him, in short. But what need had he of ships if the world was to come to its end that year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three?

My first remembrance of the "tidings" is hearing the doctrine ridiculed. Everybody was laughing at my father's believing what he did, calling him a Millerite, and asking to see our ascension robes. I can remember a consciousness that we had become *peculiar*—a thrust-out feeling which was very painful, a conviction that my father was unjustly and wickedly treated, and that by those he had believed to be his friends. If the world was to be burned up very soon, why should he not make it known? If he did not know the truth of the matter, who did? It was terrible to hear the subject laughed about. Father had taken us children into his study directly upon his return from New York, and, having prayed with us, had told us very clearly what was coming to pass, and that speedily. If we were good children, we would be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, when that terrible trumpet sounded and the mountains were falling and the dead coming out of their graves. We believed every word he said, and the end of one world came to us while he spake.

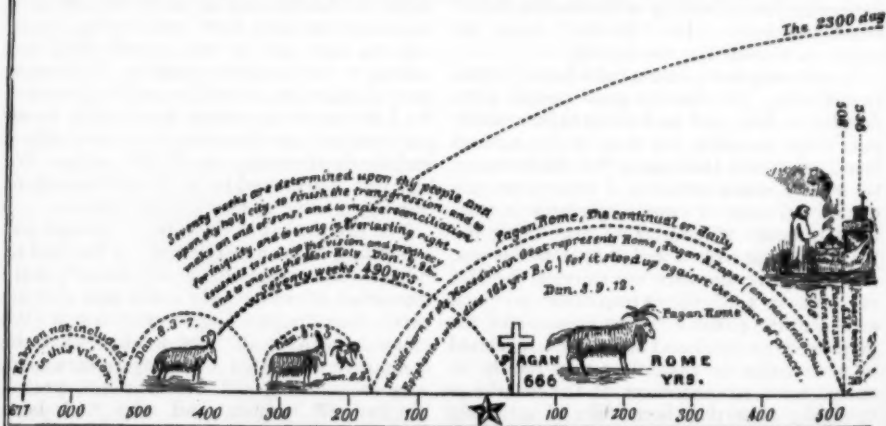
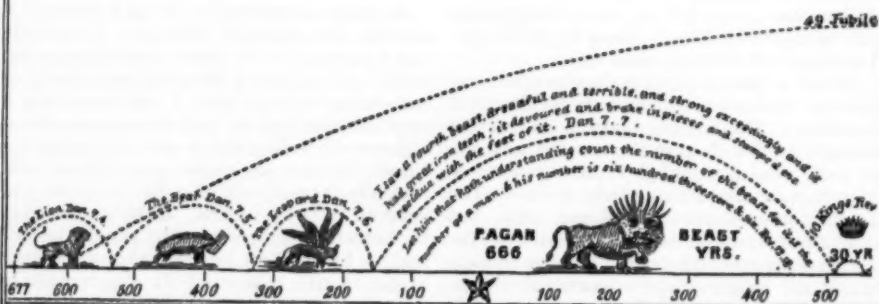
The excitement in the little settlement was something to be remembered. In the hail of ridicule and persecution my father's faith intensified of course. He could bear ridicule better than the pleading of near friends. We children heard it all, lived it all—what the committee said, what the congregation said, why so-and-so would not hear him preach his farewell sermon, and who had been converted to his new gospel, with all the

"Then O king, sawest and behold a great image. This great image whose brightness was excellent stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. Dan. 2 31,



A PICTORIAL CHART

Arranged and Published by J.V.



Region not included
in this vision

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Figure 1

CONCLUSIONS

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10

ernment from its connection with the people of God 150 yrs. B. C.

$$\begin{array}{r} 2520 \\ 677 \\ \hline 1843 \end{array}$$

Here the ten kings rise & continue until the stone shall smite the Image on the feet & grind it to powder.

His Feet part of Iron, and part of Clay

A stone was cut out without hands, which smote the Image upon his feet, that were of iron and clay and brake them to pieces; Then was the iron, the clay the gold broken to pieces; and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floor; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them, and the stone, that smote the Image, became a great mountain, & filled the whole earth.

ROME KINGLY
1335 YAB.

Dan 2:34-35. "Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the Image upon his feet, that were of iron and clay and brake them to pieces; and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floor; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them, and the stone, that smote the Image, became a great mountain, & filled the whole earth."

And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces & consume all these kingdoms & it shall stand forever. Dan 2:44

HIMES, 14 Devonshire St. Boston.

	538	3 1/2 times more
	1260	<u>12</u>
	45	42
	<u>1843</u>	30
		<u>1260</u>

Time, times and the dividing of time, or 1260 years

[illegible]
$$\begin{array}{r} 508 \\ 1335 \\ \hline 1843 \end{array}$$
[illegible]

worldly gossip about the struggle for the post-office and the editorship. Our going away from X—— to live in a great city, the little while longer that time should last, was a merciful diversion for us who saw a martyr's halo around our father's head.

Can any of my readers imagine, unless their early religious experience has something in common with mine, what it was for a child truly to believe all the little Millerite did: that at any moment, terribly near at the latest, there would come that fearful upheaval of the earth, that fiery rending apart of the heavens, and in the indescribable confusion of angelic trumpets, and the shrieking of the damned, God himself would descend with a great shout to burn up the world, the sea, and the dry land?

That was a faith sapping the well-springs of a child's joy—making its life like a path through a jungle; the wild beast, ready to spring, was surely in the thicket, and some day there would be an end of the dread of him. It was something that made waking in the still night a painful experience, and a thunder-storm a fearful ordeal, while every sunset brought the inner voice, "The morning may never come." When I think of the years I repeated in my child's prayer every night, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, if you come before morning," I see how much in common I had with the little Hindoos; but they were never snatched from their beds at midnight to see a sign of Siva, the destroyer, coming down in his wrath.

There were notable saints among those Millerite children. "Millerite! Millerite! when are you going up?" was shouted at us from the market-place. We were, in a sense, isolated—not considered safe comrades for children whose parents were on the rock of respectable orthodoxy. We looked at the doomed world with wistful regret, and envied those children who did not go to a Millerite hall or a tent upon Sunday, but to a fine church with an organ. But then we were not permitted to forget that the "churches" were "Babylon," and that by and by Babylon would fall, and then would come our reward.

It was in the office at X—— that I remember seeing Father Miller, a gentle old man, shaking with palsy. That was the album and acrostic age. An old lady has shown me what Father Miller wrote in her album one day while he sat there in the office, surrounded by converts and opponents:

"Say, Maria, say, hath Christ thy soul redeemed,
And is thy Saviour by thy soul esteemed?
Religion's blessed spirit, doth this abound,
And grace and mercy scatter light around?
How stands thy reckoning with thy Lord and Friend,

'Midst wreck of matter when this world shall end?
Most Holy Father grant thee wisdom's power,
Amid the storm of wrath in that dread hour.
Rouse up the slumbering mind to watch and pray—
Salvation's coming, he will not delay—
Haste thee and meet him while he's on his way."
"WM. MILLER."

February, 1844, saw us moving away from X——, some of my father's old parishioners, converts to Millerism, carrying us and our goods in their big sleighs as far as Utica—a long journey, the weather bitter cold, the roads blocked with snow. It was a "shovel-brigade," and to cheer our hearts, father and the brethren would sing of "the coming" when they could. They left leaflets at many of the houses we passed,—warnings and expositions of prophecy,—and father preached at the inns where we stopped at night; but the converts were few, if any.

I remember looking back at the old house as we drove by the red pickets which seemed trying to get a good-bye glimpse of us over the drifts, thinking how soon everything would pass away with a great noise. But then my new bonnet was becoming, and I had a smart white muff—a stumbling-block to the good Millerite sister who could not see how father could have bought it, and the last winter so nearly over. But another good soul, a dim-eyed old lady who said she never expected to see me again until the grand "rizin'," had slipped a package of molasses-candy inside my muff. So, taking all in all, farewell to the "Holler" was not so depressing as it might have been.

I can hear my father answering in his calm, measured voice, when asked by the landlord how long we would want the house we had taken in R——, "Until the Lord comes." "If time lasts" was the condition of every anticipation and promise. Father brought little furniture for the new home, only what was needed for the free hospitality of a "Pilgrims' Hotel." The walls were covered with charts illustrating apocalyptic and prophetic visions—those realistic conceptions of the supernatural, bewildering one uninitiated in their mysteries. There was a difficulty in keeping a servant in the house, of course, which, with the unreliability and undesirability of the sisters as helpers in domestic affairs, gave my mother little time for attending the meetings—something she did not mourn over. Once, when rebuked for her absorption in the things of this life, she replied that the ascension of saints from her outlook depended entirely upon the stepping-stones they found in sinners.

That was the summer before the tenth day of the seventh month, the 24th of October,

the date fixed upon as the one clearly designated by the prophets of old as the time when all things of earth should be consummated.

It is needless reviewing the argument here. The leaders in Millerism were not illiterate men, but Bible students, who, as a rule, had filled pulpits of comparative eminence before "going into Millerism." The greatest accession was from the Baptists and the Methodists.

The fixing upon the tenth day of the seventh month, "and probably at the hour of even," was the full fruition of the literal interpretation of prophecy—of following the system as far as a literal interpretation could go. The literature of this phase of the fanaticism is abundant and creditable to the writers. The open followers of Father Miller that summer of 1844, the time "the tenth day doctrine" was received by them, exceeded fifty thousand in the United States. The declaration, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man,"—an obstacle in the way of many who admitted the theory in detail,—was removed by the explanation that by searching the Scriptures the believer was to *know*, could not help knowing, when the Lord was nigh. "When ye see these things, *know* —." Could they help knowing what they saw, what they could work out like a mathematical problem?

The few weeks remaining before the consummation of all things were devoted to assembling themselves together for watching and prayer, for combined effort in snatching brands from the burning. At the head centers of the fanaticism daily and nightly meetings were held in some large public hall, while the "big tent" traveled about the country with a force of preachers. The expectancy of the believers grew more and more ecstatic as the time drew near, and the lawlessness of the scoffer in deriding him increased. That the public generally was interested in the subject is proved by an examination of the newspapers of the day, several of them having a special column for "Signs and Wonders" and explanation of singular phenomena. Men's hearts seemed failing them for fear, lest Father Miller might be right after all.

There was no going to school for the children of the consistent Millerite that summer. Sending children to school was counting upon a future, was a denial of faith in the speedy coming. Considering what we had to contend with at school, there was little rebellion on our part. I for one have always felt indebted to the political demonstrations of that summer for saving diversion from prayer-meetings, baptisms, and solemn fast-days. It was the Polk-Clay canvass, and many and great were the processions with coons and cabins, and uproarious songs. The fast-days became

almost continuous as time hastened on, and to us children, at least, the milk and honey of the new dispensation seemed unreasonably postponed. I used to think it very hard that we were not permitted to go to the evening meetings, when the "scoffers" behaved unseemly; but mother would never consent to that, eager as we were to see what the papers described the next morning for the amusement of a wicked world.

How well grounded we children were in the prophecies! The book of Daniel was our story-book. We could play at "meeting," when the pranks of the scoffers were an outlet for our spirits; we could give for a sermon a fair version of Nebuchadnezzar's dream and the interpretation thereof, piling up books and boxes to represent the great wooden image on the preacher's stand at the hall, taking away kingdom after kingdom until nothing was left but "these last days," awaiting the stone cut out without hands. We liked to make pictures on our slates like those on the chart, and to work the mathematical problems of the 2300 days, the 70 weeks, the 1290 and 1335 days. We thought we knew something about "vials" and "woes" and "trumpets," and many things we must have grown grewsome in discussing.

The standard chart never pleased me half so well as that of a Canadian traveling preacher, representing the fulfillment of the signs of "the coming" according to his crude ideas of art as well as prophecy. For the darkening of the sun, there was a woman with a candle, looking up into a tree where what was meant to represent fowls were roosting at what we were told was midday. It was the spectacular display of the falling of the stars from heaven that delighted me most. They were coming down in a brisk shower, children running to pick them up and carry them away by armfuls. Under the picture was this verse:

"Do you remember what you see
In eighteen hundred thirty-three,
When you out of your bed did rise
And see the stars fall from the skies?"

It was a great trial to this brother that he was not encouraged to travel with his chart.

But the meetings as a rule were most wearisome to the little Millerites. Private judgment acknowledging no authority contended with private judgment that would be infallible authority. Naturally on the fast-days the saints even lost their tempers over disputed interpretations. That was the time we children would steal to the rear of the great hall, quite a company of us, and fall to chattering about worldly things, watching the great spiders in

their webs across the windows; or, if the discussion proved a long one, we would slip down the stairs and go rambling off among the mills of the neighborhood, down to the river's edge, and under the first arch of the aqueduct, hopping from one flat stone to another in the low, swift current, not far above the high falls. Only for Millerism, what had we ever known of the interior of those mills, or learned how far out we dare go on the water-table of the aqueduct?

Now, if the Millerites had ascension robes, how is it I never saw one? I well remember hearing them talked about. My ascension robe was something I was quite used to hearing inquired after. Father Miller took great pains to find one, but never succeeded. But the world is never going to give up its belief that the Millerites had long white garments in which they clothed themselves preparatory for "going up." The ascension robe has a place in history in spite of every effort to prove it a myth.

I remember that last day, but not as vividly as I should think I would. Perhaps its terrors had become so familiar to us children that, had they been realized we had met them with stolid composure. In my steadfast faith in my father's love for me I had found comparative peace. I knew he would never shake me from his arms into the fire, and I meant to have a firm hold on him when the crisis arrived. If anybody was saved he would be, and he would never be saved without his family. I kept very close to him as the time drew near, and so was not sorry that the dawning of "the tenth day" found him too ill to rise from his pillow. The strain upon his strength had been beyond his iron endurance. He called us to his bedside, and after a short prayer he sang:

"The last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting—
He now will appear."

That is my only memory of that day. I have no recollection of the high wind at night which snapped off the big Whig pole not far from our house—a terrible storm, frightening many into believing that the end of the world had truly come. Among the interesting incidents of that day, however, was the testimony given by a leading hatter in our city, to his faith in the end of the world before the morrow. Throwing open the doors of his place of business, he invited the crowd to come in and help themselves to hats, umbrellas, etc., which they naturally did. A baker in an adjoining town distributed his bread, cakes, and pies in the same way.

"This is the last issue of this sheet" was the beginning of a leading editorial in one

of the Millerite papers that week. "Before another week has passed, the Lord will have descended from heaven and the judgment of this world will have been consummated." The faith that put that into type was in earnest. One naturally looks for the next week's editorial: "We are yet on the shores of mortality, but He is at the door. He has given a few days more for the trial of our faith. All is in accordance with the parable of the Ten Virgins. When they had arisen and trimmed their lamps there was still to be a season when the lamps of the virgins would be going out. How could that be without a passing by of the tenth day? Until that time the lamps would burn. There must be a season wherein the foolish may give up their faith. The tarrying time is given to show us how exact the Lord is in fulfilling the letter of his promises."

And the days went on and on. The seventh month was followed by the eighth, the year went out, and another came in. And still He did not come after the manner the Millerite had foretold.

The ranks of the believers were thinned by the disappointment. There was a falling away from the faith with many, a going back to Babylon. But the backsliders were the passive minds as a rule, not the bone and sinew of the movement. The hymn sung by the steadfast during that "tarrying time" floats mournfully down from the past:

"How long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
With thy so long delay."

They turned to their well-worn Bibles and found abundant consolation in hitherto unnoted missing links of prophecy, chronological chasms, mistaken renderings of the Greek text, miscalculations evolved from the difference between Jewish time and Roman time, etc., etc. They did not slumber, nor suffer their lamps to go out.

Hundreds of the believers who had given their all for the sounding of the "midnight cry" were homeless and penniless when the winter of 1844 came upon them. The scoffers they had warned of sure-coming destruction were merry with full barns, while the ungarnished harvests of the prophets were rotting under the snow. Jonah watching the sky above Nineveh is the type of the disappointed Millerite. Oh, how different had it been with Noah had he builded in vain!

Yea, verily, all things continued as they were, and there was a persistence in that continuance which strangely had little effect upon the confident expectancy of the remnant of the believers—a remnant represented in one of the important sects of Christendom to-day,



Wm. Miller

FROM A PAINTING BY W. M. PRIOR.

a body whose members see in every important political event a fulfillment of prophecy, who read their newspapers Apocalypse in hand, and will tell you just how the future map of Europe is laid out by the prophets, and where the battle of Armageddon will be fought. They have lost the name of Millerite. Their fundamental doctrine is the old one of fanaticism, the literal interpretation of Holy Scripture according to private judgment.

The effect of Millerism upon the religious sentiment of to-day, the trend of the world's thought, is not so insignificant as might be supposed. Its effect upon the aggregate is the evolution of its effect upon the individual, upon the children of the followers of William Miller in particular. The Christ of my childhood was not the loving Christ of my later years. He was an offended judge, coming to burn up the world, and how I wished he might be driven out of the heavens, his throne taken by one who would let the world go on as it was! Not until I was a girl in my teens, and one of a merry set at boarding-school, did I lose that sickening dread with which for years I had fallen asleep.

It was at that time I almost ceased saying my prayers, glad when I could forget their omission. Then came the Sahara of Skepticism; how else had been reached the path to a certain faith?

The children of the Millerites are indebted

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to their early experience for a quickening of their inner life, which, forced and unnatural as it was, proved their after-salvation from formal acceptance of religious teaching without questioning or doubt. They are to be found, as a rule, identified with orthodoxy, and are characterized by a healthy independence of thought, a tendency to probe for the fundamentals of doctrine. I think it may be said of them that they have a wholesome aversion to the literal interpretation of Scripture, the letter that killeth, as it killed much of the joy of their childhood. "According to that system," they say, "the world would have come to an end in 1843 or 1844. There would have been no help for it." To them Millerism was a spiritual cyclone, clearing away the thick fog of naturalism.

"We cannot understand," wrote Theodore Parker, "the mental and religious state of men who saw the divine in a serpent, a cat, or an enchanted ring; yet each religious doctrine has some time stood for a truth. It was devised to help pious hearts, and has imperfectly accomplished its purpose. It could not have been but as it was. Religious history is a tale of confusion. But, looking deeper, we see it is a series of developments, all tending towards one great and beautiful end, the harmonious perfection of man. Each form may perish, but its truth never dies."

Jane Marsh Parker.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

To our Readers — In Confidence.

THE larger magazines of our day are evidently made up with a view of presenting such a variety of contents that every intelligent reader can, in each number, find something especially adapted to his or her taste. This is the reason a modern editor so easily comforts himself upon the advent of any one of those numerous advisory or obsequatory epistles which he is sure to receive in the course of a twelvemonth. Bless you, my dear sir, or madam, he says,—at least to himself,—the essay, or story, or poem you have put yourself to the trouble of reading was never meant for you at all! Turn over a few pages and you will find your own special part of the magazine; doubtless, in fact, you actually did so five minutes after dispatching that scathing criticism to the editor of your "favorite magazine." If you see nothing in Stockton, and want more of Cable and Harris and the rest, remember a letter has just been sent by your next-door neighbor, perhaps indeed by the member of your family who sits opposite to you at the breakfast-table, saying he or she really cannot read Cable, and does not know what Harris was made for, but will take all of Stockton that the new patent steam printing-and-folding Hoe press can supply!

Perhaps no series of articles ever published in a magazine has been followed by so large, so eager, and so persistent an audience as the War Series of THE CENTURY; and yet we are aware that there are some who have found certain of these valuable, and to very many readers intensely interesting, contributions too disconnected, or too technical, or even too warlike (!) for pleasurable reading.

But there are in every number of every magazine articles which are intended to interest, not one class of readers, but all classes. We wish, therefore, to take our friends into the editorial confidence and to say that both the readers of the War Series and those who have not been interested in them will find no difficulty in following with complete understanding the Life of Lincoln begun in the November CENTURY. Here is a connected, logical, historical story, which can be read chapter by chapter for the interest or charm of narrative contained in every separate sub-division of the work; and which can also be followed continuously from month to month for the serial interest of the narrative, which has from beginning to end the sequence and logical progress of a great drama.

In point of fact, even were this Life of Lincoln less lucidly and persuasively written than it is, there would be a sort of patriotic duty in its perusal. This is the book that Lincoln himself helped to make and would wish to be judged by. But it is more than this; for we believe that no other book yet written will be found to contain a clearer and more authentic statement, from the national point of view, of the political origin of the military struggle of 1861-1865. The American who neglects the present opportunity to make himself acquainted with this vital epoch in the history of his country will be less intelligent in his patriotism than the faithful reader of the authorized Life of the great

President. English and other distant readers of THE CENTURY, not a few of whom have found the War Series difficult to master, will be able to follow the Life without confusion, and with a surety of obtaining, as a consequence, a thorough understanding of the man and of his times, of the war itself and of the reasons for it.

But it is, of course, especially to the American reader that the Life of Lincoln has an interest. Both its letter-press and illustrations will be studied by him with something more than ordinary curiosity. Among other things, he will find that Abraham Lincoln, as President of the United States, was no accident of politics; that it was almost as a matter of course that he came to be the standard-bearer of the party of liberty in America. In this sense there was no accident and no miracle about Lincoln, as many have supposed. But there was indeed a miracle, and one which grows greater the more it is looked into: namely, the old miracle of individual genius! Why did the boy that fished little Abe out of Knob Creek remain the simple, worthy, but, save for this one act, unknown personage that he still is, while the boy that was fished out became a man fit for the companionship of King Solomon and of Shakspeare? Not a President merely, not a martyr merely,—accidents may create either,—and not merely a Liberator; but a man of such surpassing character and sagacity as to dominate by native right in one of the most terrific conflicts recorded in human annals!

The Eight-hour Working-day.

THE argument for a decrease of the daily hours of labor to eight has taken two forms. One of these asserts that there are now more workmen than are required for effective production, and that a decrease of the daily hours of labor in the case of the employed would bring about a demand for the services of those who are now unemployed, and so "make room" for the latter. This line of argument, though often used in our popular American reviews, may be dismissed as ridiculous. If there were anything in it, its object could be attained as easily by requiring each employed workman to work with one arm tied behind him. "Room" for unemployed workmen is not made by decreasing, but by legitimately increasing production. The introduction of a single new process, such as nickel-plating, is a greater "relief" to unemployed labor than all that trade-unions or statutes could offer. The other line of argument is far more respectable. It holds that the proposed reduction would not operate practically to decrease the amount of production, thus ignoring the problem of "making room" for the unemployed; but that the workman's cheerfulness, hopefulness, and increased efficiency would make good the decrease in working-time, leaving the saved time for rest, recreation, and mental improvement. Those who advance this argument offer in evidence, as they have a fair right to do, the historical results of previous reductions of working-hours; and the evidence is well worthy of consideration, provided

we bear in mind the essential distinction between the natural and unforced decrease and the attempt to decrease working-hours by statute.

Under early conditions, there may be said to have been two classes of labor, agricultural and artisan. Whether the agricultural laborer were working for an employer or on a corvee, his daily hours of labor were practically equivalent to his waking-hours; and he is probably little better off yet on the greater part of the earth's surface. It seems to be the artisan who has gained most largely. The strongest authority to the contrary is Professor Thorold Rogers. He gives little space in his "Work and Wages" to the subject of hours of labor; but he takes several opportunities to insist that the normal working-day in England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was one of eight hours, so that "the artisan who is demanding at this time an eight-hours' day in the building trades is simply striving to recover what his ancestor worked by four or five centuries ago." And yet, in almost the only two items directly referring to the question, his own evidence states the normal working-days of the past as fourteen and a half hours for agricultural laborers and twelve for artisans. He believes that two and a half hours are to be deducted from these figures for meals; but even then the remainder would be much short of an eight-hour day.

It is most likely that the conditions of early artisan labor, at any rate, were such as to make any comparison or estimate very difficult. The guild system was patriarchal. The master fixed his own hours of labor; his apprentices, like the children of his family, worked according to his estimate of their strength; and his journeymen, or adult employees, though paid by the day or year, evidently worked by conventional piece-estimates; the sawing of a hundred boards, for example, being taken as a day's work. Under such a system, it would not be easy to say what was the normal day's work. The guild statutes, indeed, always ordain that no one "shall work longer than from the beginning of the day until curfew"; but this limit is so generous as to be practically useless. The Statute of Apprentices (5 Eliz., c. 4) provides that daily hours of labor for apprentices should be limited to twelve; and this would seem to point to fourteen or fifteen hours as the outside limit for the stronger journeymen, who answer to our modern workmen.

The industrial change from the domestic to the factory system, toward the end of the last century, consisted in the disappearance of the old guild-master and his family inmate the apprentice, the substitution of the modern individual master or employer, emancipated from guild or other control, and the confusion of the apprentice, the journeyman, and the female employee into one class, the operative or workman. The result was the modern factory. A long struggle followed to transfer the provisions of the Statute of Apprentices to the new order of things; but the masters succeeded in wiping out this last remnant of the old system in 1814. All the new class of workmen were now thrown on self-defense, but burdened by the tyrannical acts against combinations, which gave a criminal character to attempts by workmen to unite to begin or maintain strikes. These were abolished after 1824 in England, though it is but a few years since some of our American States have repealed what had long been a dead letter.

We have now had, for half a century at least, two classes, master and workmen, settling hours of labor by treaty, instead of three, master, apprentice, and journeyman, all bound by guild rules or their survivals; and any decrease has been mainly natural.

Under the new factory system, the masters at first had every advantage over their men; and the hours were for a time increased, sometimes to an inhuman degree. In the long run, the advantage was on the side of the workmen. Collected in great establishments, they felt a new confidence in the presence of their own numbers; and their larger numbers brought public attention more directly upon their complaints and grievances. The daily hours of labor have certainly been decreasing for fifty years in England and America, until they now shift around what may be considered the normal amount of about sixty hours per week.

The decrease has not been accompanied by any falling off in quantity or quality of production. On the contrary, the general rule has been that the working-day has decreased as the labor has become more efficient and has produced more largely. The silk factories of northern Italy are open from five A.M. until ten P.M., the operatives making ninety-four and one-half hours per week, or fifteen and three-fourths hours per day. The contrast between this and the fifty-two hours per week, or eight and two-thirds hours per day, of an operative in an English machine factory, is the extreme; but the superior efficiency of the English laborer makes the shorter hours in the comparison really the longer, measured in results. The same tendency shows itself even within a country. When we leave the localities of the more efficient labor in England, the hours of labor invariably increase. In international comparisons, the English consular reports are a most convenient authority. The following table, cited by Mr. J. S. Jeans, giving the normal hours of weekly labor in the factories of different countries, will show something of this relation of efficiency to contraction of hours of labor:

	Textile Factories.	Machine Factories.
Germany.....	72.	60
France.....	72.	60
Austria.....	66.	66
Russia.....	72 to 84.	72
Switzerland.....	66.	66
Belgium.....	72.	62
Italy.....	69 to 90.	72
Holland.....	72.	64
United States.....	60.	60
Great Britain.....	56.	52

If we consider the question only under the conditions which now affect labor, the general tendency to a decrease in hours of labor, together with the concentration of this tendency in countries of well-known efficiency, as shown in the table above, seems to confirm the historical argument for the eight-hour day. But it seems to show also (1) that, *as things now are*, this tendency has a limit somewhere between nine and ten hours a day; (2) that a decrease to this limit is not made so easily as to the limit of forty or fifty years ago, but meets a resistance more pronounced as the limit is approached; (3) that only a careful organization of labor, having an unusually intelligent consideration for the necessities of the employer, and that in a few very efficient trades and countries, such as the machine factories of

Great Britain, can carry the limit below nine hours; and (4) the statistics of special trades show that a reduction below nine hours regularly represents the imperative influence of winter weather on certain outdoor occupations, accompanied by the unpleasant result of reduction of wages, and in any event foreign to the special subject under consideration.

However strongly such conclusions may support the argument that decrease of hours of labor does not result of necessity in a decrease of production, it must be remembered that they lend no countenance to the notion that a *statutory* decrease of hours of labor can have any good effect: on the contrary, all the indications go to show that it would have a very bad effect in losing the decrease which efficiency has thus far gained, in banishing capital and business from the place where statutory decrease had been attempted, and in compelling the renewal of the decreasing process in another place and probably under more unfavorable conditions. If capital and labor, under healthy conditions, have carried efficiency of production to its highest present limit, and consequent decrease of hours of labor to its lowest present natural limit, the state of affairs has become exceptionally delicate of adjustment, and any interference can only throw it out of balance, decrease efficiency, and either decrease wages or increase hours of labor in order to make successful competition possible with more favorably situated labor and capital. The desired decrease must be natural rather than merely statutory.

Every indication points us to the belief that such a further reduction in hours of labor, even below the eight-hour limit, is not only possible, but exceedingly probable, if it is allowed to come naturally, not artificially; that the progress of art and science is constantly tending, where it is unchecked, to make less labor necessary for man's subsistence. Nothing could be so certain to check or destroy this tendency as an organized effort by labor to gain a forced, artificial, and unfair advantage over its employers. When hours of labor are far above the limit possible at the time, statutory interference can do comparatively little harm; the nearer they approach the natural limit, the more does statutory interference tend to drive them up again. Labor organizations can do very little by striving for a *legal* eight-hour day; they can do very much by striving to sweep away passion and prejudice, by upholding peace, order, and security, the conditions of efficient production, and by inculcating an intelligent consideration of facts by their members. Only in this way can they gain or approach an eight-hour working-day.

Appropriations and the Veto.

It would not be surprising if, when Congress meets again, the President's annual message should renew the request that Congress approve an amendment to the Constitution, giving to the President the power to veto particular items of appropriation bills while approving the rest of them. Every President of late years has urged this step upon the attention of Congress, and Congress has persistently ignored it, with the exception of a committee report in flat opposition to it. Yet the argument in its favor only gathers strength as the years pass.

The growth of the country in wealth and resources

brings with it an unavoidable change in the nature of its system. A large part of its government tends to take on the character of a machine, and of a machine with which it is dangerous to meddle. Experience, if it has been properly utilized, comes to show about the amount necessary for the annual support of great departments of the Government, and the arrangement of the items of the appropriation bills for them becomes largely a perfunctory office. The annual amount of the great appropriation bills can be guessed in advance within comparatively small limits. To give the State Department, for example, less than a certain amount would only cripple its efficiency for the year, and the normal amount is not difficult to get at. The result is that a percentage of the annual appropriations tends steadily to become a matter of routine.

Such a tendency, if judiciously guarded, would not be at all bad in its nature. It ought, on the contrary, to act in the direction of economy of effort by the appropriating body, by making it certain of part of its work in advance, and by enabling it to give more of its time and effort to the rest of its work. When it does not so act, the fault is regularly in the appropriating body, through its determination to make use of these routine appropriations for the purpose of grasping an illegitimate increase of power over the other departments of government. The knowledge that some of the appropriations have become fixed only moves the legislative body to make these fixed appropriations the vehicle to carry new appropriations by means never designed in the foundation of the political system. The new items are presented to the possessor of the veto power as a part of the routine appropriations, and he must approve all or veto all. The message sent by the Legislature to the Executive runs in reality thus: "We are aware that you have a constitutional voice in the adoption of new appropriations through your possession of the veto power. But we know, also, that some of these appropriations have become fixed through process of time, and that their delay would throw the Government into temporary confusion. We intend to make use of that knowledge to make you approve appropriations of which you really disapprove, and thus to balk a part of your constitutional functions. We send you the routine appropriations, with just as many new appropriations as we dare introduce without absolutely forcing a veto. You must approve or veto the whole mass. If we have calculated correctly, the percentage of new matter is not large enough for you to go to the country with a *prima facie* case for a general veto. In any event, the people will be apt to hold you, rather than us, to be the responsible party for any confusion in the Government, so that you had better quietly sign the whole." If such a message were really sent *ipsis simis verbis*, what self-respecting Executive could do anything else than accept the challenge and impose the veto? And yet, how else can the action of the legislative body be interpreted?

The political organization of the States is so closely similar to that of the Federal Government, that the pressure of this evil has naturally been felt in the States as well. As constitutional change is easier in their case, the remedy has been applied by some of them in the form of a modification of the veto power, allowing the Governor to veto detached items of an

appropriation bill while approving the rest. The change was introduced by Georgia in 1865, and was followed by Texas in 1866, by West Virginia in 1872, by Pennsylvania in 1873, by Arkansas and New York in 1874, by Alabama, Florida, Missouri, Nebraska, and New Jersey in 1875, by Colorado in 1876, by California and Louisiana in 1879, and by Illinois in 1884. There are thus fifteen of our States which have adopted this provision. If we deduct from the remainder the four States which give their Governors no veto power, and class as doubtful the States in which the veto may be overridden by a mere majority vote of each House, we shall find that the list given comprises a remarkably large proportion of the States in which it would be effective. Another point which deserves notice is the fact that the list includes so large a proportion of the States which have great expenditures and business interests to care for, and are therefore more likely to feel the pressure of the evil and to seek for a remedy. Whatever other remedy may be suggested, that which has been approved and adopted by California, Georgia, Louisiana, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania is fairly entitled to respectful consideration.

The amendment, as adopted by Georgia, was brief, providing that the Governor "may approve any appropriation and disapprove any other appropriation in the same bill; and the latter shall not be effectual unless passed by two-thirds of each House." The forms adopted by other States have shown a tendency to become more complicated, in order to avoid possible misunderstandings. That of New York, probably the most complete which has been devised thus far, is as follows:

"If any bill presented to the Governor contain several items of appropriation of money, he may object to one or more of such items while approving of the other portion of the bill. In such case, he shall append to the bill, at the time of signing it, a statement of the items to which he objects; and the appropriation so objected to shall not take effect. If the Legislature be in session, he shall transmit to the House in which the bill originated a copy of such statement, and the items objected to shall be separately reconsidered. If on reconsideration one or more of such items be approved by two-thirds of the members elected to each House, the same shall be part of the law, notwithstanding the objections of the Governor. All the provisions of this section in relation to bills not approved by the Governor, shall apply in cases in which he shall withhold his approval from any item or items contained in a bill appropriating money."

The New York amendment could easily be adapted to fit the Federal Constitution; and it is evident that it would at once remove the power of Congress to force new appropriations upon the President through the medium of the routine appropriations. Another evil, almost peculiar to Congress, would still remain. Congress would still have the power to insert new legislation, what are known as "riders," in the routine appropriation bills, and thus attempt to evade the President's legitimate veto power. The bill might still be made to state that "none of the appropriations herein contained shall take effect unless" something is done which Congress wishes and the President is known to oppose. The use of the word "paragraph" instead of "item" might perhaps put an end to both mischiefs at one blow.

There is but one argument against the proposed amendment which there is any difficulty in meeting,

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and the opposition will undoubtedly turn upon it. It will be argued that the change would so diminish the power of Congress, and so increase that of the President, as to make the latter absolute over the appropriations. The argument ignores many essential features of the case. In the first place, the proposed change is no more than a definite separation of the routine from the temporary appropriations, leaving each to be dealt with in its appropriate fashion. Congress may still make the routine appropriations what it will, and the President will have no power to increase them; it may introduce what new appropriations it will, and the President will have no more than his constitutional voice in the matter. The only effect of the change will be to preserve to the Executive his constitutional function, which circumstances tend strongly to diminish. The framers of the Government could not have foreseen that so large a part of the appropriations would come to be settled in practice, so as to need comparatively little discussion and to be merely a weapon in the hands of Congress for the coercion of the Executive. The proposed change will only restore the balance to what it was originally meant to be.

Again, the argument ignores the fact that the change has already been tried in practice, and that none of the States which have adopted it show any disposition to abandon it. Are we then to conclude that fifteen of our States, including some of the wealthiest, have given their Governors absolute power over the appropriations? Has the change made Governor Hill any more a despot in New York than was Governor Dix? The States are the very best of fields on which to try such experiments; but when this field has been used, are the results to be altogether ignored?

Finally, the argument ignores the fact that it is really the Legislature which has secured almost absolute power over the appropriations, through the natural growth of routine appropriations and the possibility of inserting temporary appropriations therein. This is the evil which the States have guarded against, and the Federal Government is only asked to profit by their experience. To assume that the evil is itself good, and that any proposed remedy is itself an evil, is hardly sound logic. It is true that Congress hardly ever attempts to use its power to the full limits, for fear of exposing the evil to plain view by forcing a veto of good and bad appropriations alike; but this means no more than that the firmness of the President is the measure of the modesty of Congress. Congress lays claim to an arbitrary power which was never meant for it; and the results can hardly be better stated than in the quaint words of Franklin in 1769:

"The arbitrary government of a single person is more eligible than the arbitrary government of a body of men. A single man may be afraid or ashamed of doing injustice; a body is never either one or the other, if it is strong enough. It cannot apprehend assassination; and, by dividing the shame among them, it is so little apiece that no one minds it."

It is much to be desired that, at this session of Congress, some organized effort shall be made to bring about a consideration of the proposed amendment, as a remedy for a growing evil, which has more than once thrown the government into at least temporary confusion, and which may yet threaten worse consequences, when it shall be too late to remedy them.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Union of the American Churches.

FROM A METHODIST EPISCOPAL POINT OF VIEW.

THE discussion in *THE CENTURY* of the feasibility of a more perfect union of the American churches has taken a wide range, and included a great variety of topics. It is not clear that the writers of the articles already printed are aiming at the same object. Doctor Shields* is asking, or at least hoping, for an organic unity of our churches, to be effected hereafter by common consent. He defines organic unity to be "such unity as inheres in their internal organization." Is there not here a confusion of ideas? The unity of the churches is an established, a divine fact, and that unity is necessarily organic. The church is already one by virtue of the life which pertains to all its members, as members of Christ. Paul's account of this unity is very clear. "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? . . . Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular (severally members thereof)." If such opposites as Jews and Gentiles could in the Pauline period be one body, much more can the Christian opposites of the modern period enter, through the life-giving Spirit, into the composition of one body. Paul's idea is then of a divinely created unity of the church, which subsists in all ages, which remains the same, whether Christians recognize it or not. As the human race is one, being of one blood, notwithstanding the wars which nations wage with each other, so the church is one, notwithstanding the conflicts, spiritual and carnal, which Christians are waging with one another. As in the one case the conduct of men, so in the other the conduct of Christians, is out of harmony with divinely established relations. And that this unity, created by the Spirit, is organic, Paul additionally shows when he says to the Ephesians: "[That we] may grow up into him in all things which is the head, even Christ: From whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

There is small hope of profit from a discussion which begins with a confusion of terms; which sets out to create by human means a condition already established by divine means, and which asks men to do what it is not in the power of all men, however combined, to accomplish. The Christian Church is not a dead but a living body; and its unity consists, as already stated, in the life which it has derived from its head, through the ministration of the Holy Spirit.

Dr. Shields, looking for organic unity by human means, proposes to find it for the United States in the

combination of the American churches, Protestant and Catholic, under one government or confederacy. They would then be the united Christian churches of America. He proposes as a means to this end an agreement either in doctrine, or in polity, or in liturgy; the first two are, however, dismissed as being, for the present, unattainable. The respected representatives of the Protestant Episcopal Church concur in this suggestion of a visible organic unity, and offer, as the readiest means of attaining it, the acceptance by the American churches of Apostolic succession. We cannot doubt that this offer is made in all sincerity. But it involves several difficulties. First, it makes the unity of the church consist in an external organization. If this be so, the church has been without organic unity ever since the Greeks and Latins separated from each other; and has been much worse off since the Protestants broke away from the Latin Church. Again, only one of the three successional churches, Greek, Latin, and Anglican, can be the true church; for there is only one body of Christ, and if unity consists in an external organization, it rests in one only of the three. Which shall it be? But a third and more important difficulty is found in the fact that the majority of the Protestant Christians of the United States attach no value to an Apostolic succession derived through bishops. They do not see how the bestowal of it can effect the unity of Christ's Church.

We might well pause here to ask the question, "Suppose all the churches of our country to be under one government, what would be the good of it?" Would we really be better off? Would we not have in place of our present elastic ecclesiastical mechanism one so cumbersome that much movement would be well-nigh impossible? Does not the gain which we derive under our system of the separate action of churches more than balance the supposable loss from the lack of administrative unity? The progress of Christianity in the United States during this century has been one of the most amazing facts in the history of the century; and is not this largely due to the independence of action enjoyed by each group or family of churches? Must all this abounding energy be tamed down under the pressure of a dull, dreary uniformity? For my part, I should dread the effect, conceiving the thing possible, of bringing the American churches under a single administrative unity. Where would Methodism have been, if, before proceeding upon its career of evangelism, it had had to wait for orders from some central power? That system which leaves most room for spontaneity of action is far the best, at least for Protestantism. For myself, I have a dread of over-much ecclesiasticism; the trouble we had to get clear of Rome ought to be a reminder to us Protestants that a concentrated ecclesiastical unity is sure to be a concentrated ecclesiastical tyranny.

I confess that I rubbed my eyes when I read Dr.

* Cyprian holds that salvation is possible in *one* external organization only, which alone is the church.

* In *THE CENTURY* for November, 1885.

Shields's proposal to unite American Catholics and Protestants in one ecclesiastical government, as though it were conceivable that Catholics would recognize any other authority than that which is seated at Rome. But I was still more astonished when I found him calling Protestantism one extreme, and Roman Catholicism another, and asking if we may not "look somewhere between these extremes for the path of wisdom and safety." Has he fully weighed the import of these words? Let us see what they really mean. There are, and for the purposes of this discussion it may be said that there can be, only three forms of Christianity. First, that which recognizes one mediator only between God and man; second, that which recognizes human mediators, as necessary to salvation; and third, that which denies the need of any mediator. The third of these forms, known in America as liberal Christianity, may be dismissed from present consideration; the questions of modern life pertain to the other two. Now I think that the essence of Protestantism consists in our deliverance from dependence upon human mediators and human mediation. In other words, Protestantism has taught us that every Christian is his own priest, and can go directly to God through Jesus Christ, for the blessings of forgiveness of sin and a new life. He does not depend for pardon on the judicial act of a human priest. This may seem to the secular mind a small distinction, but it has most important consequences in the civil, social, and political life of the world. The doctrine that all Christians, as priests, are equal before God has as its corollary the doctrine that all citizens are equal before the law. The church governed by the universal priesthood, all whose members are thus equal, precedes in modern history the state governed by the body of equalized citizens. The divine republic is the parent of the political republic. Under the sacerdotal system of a limited human priesthood, the believer remains morally a child; under Protestantism, he grows to manhood, being educated in a sense of his direct responsibility to God. Under the one system he is taught that he must give answer for his conduct to God and his conscience; under the other, that he must give answer for conduct to a human priest, who can bind or loose the soul at pleasure. All that the modern world has gained of progress has been achieved by the overthrow of sacerdotal Christianity. We but state a truism when we say that but for such overthrow there would have been no modern world. Modern civilization has been made possible solely by the denial of the right of the human priest to absolve man from sin. Politically, as well as spiritually, we are the children of the Reformation. Not only is this true of Protestant states, but Catholic states, in order to enter upon the path of progress, have begun by the overthrow of sacerdotal Christianity. Italy, as a state, breaks with the church in order to recover her autonomy; Mexico does the same; united Germany the same; France did the same in the revolution of the last century. The sacerdotal principle is, in these cases, denied as far as the state is concerned; for sacerdotal Christianity claims supremacy over the state as well as over the individual. All modern progress has, therefore, been conditioned upon the rejection of a human priesthood.

What Doctor Shields asks of us is to look somewhere "between the extremes of Protestantism and

Catholicism for the path of wisdom and safety." Safety in what? In religion? Surely not. In morals? Again surely not. In politics? Shall we forsake the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and again be subject to bondage? We maintain that in the matter of progress Protestantism has the right of way, and that to it alone we must look for the solution of the spiritual and political problems of the age. There is no middle ground between Protestantism and Rome, because there is no middle ground between the principle of one only divine mediator and the principle of a body of human mediators reconciling man to God.

It is startling to hear a Presbyterian speaking of Protestantism as an "extreme." I have always read that Protestantism is the recovery of New Testament Christianity; and if it is extreme, it is only so as the New Testament is extreme. Its formal principle is the rejection of the coördinate authority (with Scripture) of human tradition in matters of faith and practice, and a very precious principle it is. How is it possible to bring into the unity of one administration systems of such opposite ideas as are the Protestant and the Roman? It may be asked, Is, then, our outlook for the future an outlook upon a never-ending series of theological and ecclesiastical conflicts? My own opinion is that as the states have overthrown the sacerdotal principle in order to recover their autonomy, so will the individuals composing the states follow in the same line of direction. The states have taken the first step, the individual members of Catholic nations will follow. I cannot believe, therefore, that the drift of American Christianity, or, for that matter, of the churches of Europe, has been towards a middle position between the extremes of Romanism and Protestantism. As for the American churches, their drift has been more and more towards Evangelicalism, which we may call Protestant radicalism, inasmuch as it includes a most positive denial of the sacerdotal principle. Statistics prove beyond question that evangelical, as distinct from sacerdotal, Christianity is the faith of the vast majority of the American people.

We come next to the means proposed by Dr. Shields for the organic unity of the American churches, to wit, the adoption by them of the English Prayer-book. We can safely leave the Roman Catholic—for he is included in this scheme—to make his own answer. But we can fancy him saying: "My prayer-book has a central idea, the offering up of the body and blood of Christ for the sins of the people; but yours is a thing of shreds and patches, without any principle of unity whatever. It has borrowed so much from every quarter that its meaning is the perpetual puzzle of the Protestant ages." This would be irreverent, but I fear expresses substantially the Catholic estimate of the English Liturgy. As to the power of this book to become a bond of union among American Protestants, one fact completely overthrows all of Dr. Shields's hopes. The Methodists have inherited the English Liturgy; a revision of it was provided for them by Mr. Wesley when he organized them into a church in 1784. Most of this service-book has been retained, the chief exceptions being the forms for morning and evening prayer. The baptismal, the marriage, the communion, and the burial services, the forms of ordination, have been, with important excisions, in use among the Methodists for a century; but dur-

ing all this period they have been moving farther and farther away from the Church of England and its representative in this country. The Church of England has seen since 1833 a great revival of what are called Church principles; Methodism has been diverging more and more from Church principles. The prospect of a union of Methodists with Anglicans, on the ground of a common liturgy, is *nil*; meanwhile, aggregate Methodism has grown to be as large a body as the total of Anglicanism, yet with each succeeding year Methodists are more resolved to maintain their independent position. The truth is, the two bodies are, in their practical work, moving on different lines, and could not coalesce without injury to both.

Is there, however, no way out of the present merely formally fraternal relations of the Protestant churches with one another? Can we not come to a closer union? It seems to me that we should

I. Recognize the organic unity of the churches as a divinely established fact, and seek not to create that unity, which is impossible for us to do, but to find for it a better expression in our church life;

II. Enter into a closer coöperative union as a means (1) of thereby declaring our essential unity, (2) of cultivating spiritual fellowship, (3) of better maintaining Christian morals as against practical ungodliness, and Christian faith as against unbelief;

III. Recognize for decency's sake, if no more, one another's churchly standing, so that the efforts to obtain a more perfect union may not carry upon their face an aspect of insincerity.

The limits assigned to this article will not permit any elaboration of the second and third propositions.

George R. Crooks.

George Bancroft on the Legal-Tender Decisions.

UNDER the above head, "Topics of the Time" for May contains an article in criticism of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States of March 3, 1884, in the case of *Jaillard v. Greenman*. Of this decision it speaks as "the worst possible decision that the subject admits of"; of its "monstrous doctrine"; of it as evincing ability to prove "that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse"; and as one readily lending itself to sarcastic treatment.

Beside this, it summarizes, with approval, Mr. Bancroft's effort, in which one is to find justification of the above characterizations. Of this summary the first point is that Mr. Bancroft "shows that when the framers of the Constitution came to that branch of the instrument which treats of the public finances, they solemnly, and by the vote of nine States against two, cast out of it the power to 'emit bills of credit.'"

Passing directly to the consideration which might connect this historical fact with the subject in hand, the very pertinent question is stated: "What were bills of credit?" Then this answer is given: "Mr. Bancroft shows by a careful turning of the colonial records that bills of credit were nothing else than Government legal-tender notes."

This statement it then follows into two distinctions, with a carefulness which would have been highly commendable had the statement itself been correct. But

it is not correct. It is a misstatement, substantial and fundamental, to the matter under consideration—one which turns awry the main argument. It is here, where good standing was absolutely essential to Mr. Bancroft's success, that the ground fails him.

Bills of credit are something else than Government legal-tender notes. They are Government notes. There is the difference. They are Government notes, whether they are legal tender or not. A Government note which is not legal tender is a bill of credit. It is a bill of credit as fully—a bill of credit to all intents and purposes as known to the Constitution—as though it were legal tender. The ordinary treasury note, issued long before our late war, was a bill of credit as much as is the present legal-tender greenback. Every bill of our present National Banks which is now in circulation and serving the wants of our community is a bill of credit.

The pertinent question, which this summary states, has been put to the Supreme Court, and has been answered. The answers are now ancient: given in 1837 and 1830, one by Chief Justice Marshall himself,—answers apparently unknown to Mr. Bancroft and the writer who summarizes his pamphlet. The term "bills of credit," as then judicially defined, comprehended all Government notes issued to serve as currency. No difference was recognized between such paper which was, and such paper which was not, legal tender. It was, all alike, bills of credit. (*Craig v. Missouri*, 4 Peters, 410; *Briscoe v. The Bank*, 11 Id., 257.)

The court did not leave this point to be matter of implication. They expressly decided it. It was urged upon them that the paper then at bar was not a bill of credit, because it was not (as, in fact, it was not) legal tender; and the court declined to sustain the point thus taken. They decided the paper in question to be a bill of credit, when it was not impressed with the quality of legal tender. (*Craig v. Missouri*, before cited.)

Thirty years and more later, the court again considered this subject; and they then definitely declared that the bills issued (as now) by our National Banks were bills of credit. They were bills of credit of the United States, because the United States was responsible for their redemption: that is, ultimately. (It is well known that these bills are not legal tender.) (*Veazie Bank v. Fenno*, 8 Wall., 548.)

Such Government paper—that is, paper issued to serve as currency, resting on the pledged faith of the Government—had been issued by the United States, on occasion required, for more than fifty years.

And now the court declared, on the authority of this repeated practice of the Government and of uniform previous decisions, that the United States was authorized to emit bills of credit.

This decision was announced by the late Chief Justice Chase, who afterwards gave the opinion against the constitutionality of the legal-tender laws; and to the point here stated it was the opinion of a unanimous court. Mr. Bancroft and the writer in the *MAY CENTURY* both see what escaped the attention of the learned Chief Justice—to wit, that that decision carried with it the constitutionality of the legal-tender laws. They rest their case against those laws on the want of power in Congress to emit bills of credit; and Chief Justice Chase, as the mouthpiece of the court, affirmed that power.

Congress does possess and has long exercised the constitutional authority to emit bills of credit. And this authority includes the authority to make such bills legal tender. Congress, being authorized to emit them, may make them legal tender or not, at its discretion.

Beyond this brief consideration of this strongest point made by Mr. Bancroft, your magazine cannot afford me space.

Thomas H. Talbot.

THE three decisions or declarations referred to by Mr. Talbot in the order of their dates are:

1. That certificates of indebtedness issued by a State (Missouri), bearing interest and intended to circulate as money, are "bills of credit" within the prohibition of the Constitution, and therefore void.

2. That the notes of a bank, the capital of which is owned wholly by a State (Kentucky), and the officers of which bank are appointed by the Legislature, are not "bills of credit" within the meaning of the Constitution.

3. That the notes of a National Bank, no part of the capital of which is owned by the National Government, are "bills of credit" within the meaning of the Constitution.

It would be easy to show that the second of these opinions is inconsistent with the first, and the third with the second, but this is not now important, since all three agree upon the point that the legal-tender character is not essential to "bills of credit" within the meaning of the Constitution. Mr. Talbot is so far right in his contention. But Mr. Bancroft is not wrong. He does not affirm that legal tender is or was an essential feature of "bills of credit" anterior to the adoption of the Constitution. The mistake of quoting him to that purpose was our own. How far this error was fundamental to the purposes of the article in the May number of *THE CENTURY* might be made the subject of a separate discussion, but such discussion would neither invalidate Mr. Bancroft's argument nor advance the interests of legal or monetary science. In order to recast the article upon Mr. Bancroft's lines, it would be necessary to say that, the right to issue a Government paper currency being prohibited, still more is the right to make such currency legal tender between private individuals prohibited. The fact that treasury notes were issued by the Federal Government, which passed into circulation (and were probably intended to) prior to the year 1861, does not carry overwhelming presumptions in favor of their constitutionality, since the right to issue them was always challenged. As late as 1844, the Secretary of the Treasury, having put out a few treasury notes bearing only a nominal rate of interest, the Committee of Ways and Means of the House, in a very able report rebuking this operation, drew the line of demarcation between treasury notes and bills of credit, holding that the former, being in the nature of temporary loans, payable at a definite time with interest, were allowable, while the latter, being intended for a paper circulation payable on demand, were prohibited, the power to issue them having been not merely not granted to the Congress but expressly refused. (See Knox's "United States Notes," pp. 53-61.)

Mr. Knox (p. 20) summarizes the note issues of the Government as follows:

"No notes were issued from 1789 to 1812, a period of 23 years. Notes bearing interest were issued in the years 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815, and at various dates from 1837 to 1847. They were again issued in 1857, and subsequently in the years 1860, 1861, and thereafter. The periods for the issue of these notes may be summarized as follows: first, the war of 1812; second, the financial crisis of 1837; third, the Mexican war; fourth, the financial crisis of 1857 or during the Buchanan administration; and fifth, the war of the rebellion. It will thus be seen that there have been *four* emergencies in which Congress has seen fit to authorize interest-bearing notes, and only *one* in which it has authorized *bills of credit*, or circulating notes payable on demand in lawful money."

The Writer of the Article.

Practical Help for Ireland.

[AT our request, Mrs. Ernest Hart of London has prepared the following description of an interesting experiment which has attracted much attention in England and, we are informed, is to be undertaken in America, viz., the systematic revival of cottage industries.—EDITOR C. M.]

In the spring of 1883—a period of great distress in Ireland, and especially in the congested villages of Donegal—my husband and I visited that region in order to re-study the Irish question and the causes of Irish misery. Here we found, separated from the more prosperous parts of Ulster by vast bog-lands, thirty to forty miles in extent, crowded colonies of Celts, a primitive Catholic people, speaking but little English, the descendants of the "mire Irish," who were driven out of the "fat lands" of Ulster in the settlement of James I. These "idle Irish" have by a most laborious process reclaimed every inch of soil from the ungenerous bog-land, built their own cottages, and drained and trenched and flanked their farms entirely by spade labor; but during that and previous bad years they would have starved but for money sent from America, and for relief given in seed-potatoes by their old and constant friends the Quakers. Yet everywhere in these crowded and famine-stricken villages we heard but one demand, and that was for work. A brave, simple, independent, and penurious people are these Donegal peasantry, and work we determined to give them; but how? Could poor, far-away Donegal compete with the thousand mills of Bradford and Manchester? Reflection on the peculiar conditions and capabilities of a peasantry rooted in the soil, but willing to work at home industries, bade me hope; and in spite of wise political economists who told me I could not put back the clock, that I was attempting the impossible, I determined to try to revive, with the aid of the modern influences of art and science, the old cottage industries which once flourished among these people. A Donegal "farm" consists of from five to ten acres of bog-land that has to be reclaimed, and the "farmer" migrates in the summer to England or Scotland as a farm-laborer; if during the long winter months of enforced agricultural idleness he and his family could be employed at some industry that could be pursued at home, it would, I thought, be sufficient to lift the family out of destitution, and the recurrent spring famines would be forestalled. What could the people do? They could spin, weave, knit, embroider, sew, and make lace. Spinning was and is still done on the primitive large wheel, the wheel being turned with one hand, while the thread is manipulated with the other. The carding was careless and the thread

uneven; the weaving was slovenly done in narrow looms which have not even the flying shuttle, and the rough gray cloth made had no sale in the large towns. There were, however, many excellent knitters, as the knitting industry, owing to the cheapness of labor, had survived; but embroidery or "sprigging" had been killed outright by Swiss machine competition. To make a long story short, I set to work to remedy these defects and then to find a market for the goods. I sent yarn and wool and patterns, with careful and minute instructions, into the mountain villages; I established agencies in the most remote districts; I insisted on the exact fulfillment of orders, and gave technical information about dyeing, washing, weaving, etc., and now, after nearly three years' steady cultivation of these industries, homespun, made entirely by hand, are turned out of these village looms, which compete with the Scotch in texture, quality, and price, and which are bought by Poole and other fashionable tailors, as well as patronized and worn by Mr. Parnell. The peasants also produce hand-knitted hosiery and gloves, which have taken the highest awards; delicate hand-sewn under-linen for trousseaux and outfits, and needle-point laces fit for bridal dresses. The benefit to the people is not only in the money which now comes into these poverty-stricken villages, but also in the impetus thus given to Irish home industries and the encouragement to good work. These forgotten peasant folk have been brought into communication with the outside world; they have been lifted out of their despair, and have been taught that by intelligent industry they also can claim a position as workers in the world.

I have left it to the last to speak of the "Kells Art Embroideries," of which an exhibition will be opened in New York at the rooms of the Associated Artists in December. In the need which I felt to find employment for the skilled embroidery workers of Ireland, I chanced to hit on a happy idea, consisting in the use of polished flax threads of beautiful tints, worked in a broad and effective manner on flaxen materials in designs suggested by the Irish illuminated MSS. of the seventh and eighth centuries. This, primarily, is the "Kells Flax-on-Flax Art Embroidery"; but other fabrics and designs are now included under the designation, and much of the work

shown in New York will consist of silk embroideries in Celtic designs on cloth spun, woven, or dyed by the Donegal peasants. These embroideries won the gold medal at the International Inventions Exhibition of 1885; nearly all the members of the royal family have purchased specimens of them, and the Queen recently gave us an order for a pair of "Kells" embroidered curtains. In this industry not only peasant girls, but destitute ladies—the innocent victims of the present crisis—are employed. Altogether the Donegal Industrial Fund employs in Ireland nearly one hundred embroiderers, one hundred and twenty spinners and weavers, four hundred knitters, and numerous other workers. Springing but three years ago from the smallest beginnings, a few pounds of money and a few pounds of yarn, the Donegal Industrial Fund, for which my husband and a few private friends have subscribed the necessary capital,—still all too small,—has now a growing business, a handsome depot in London at Donegal House, 43 Wigmore street, and agencies in most of the large cities in England, in Melbourne, New York, etc. The basis of the undertaking is the sharing of profits with the workers.* We and those who act with us desire no recompense but to see the artistic success of the enterprise and the benefit of the Irish peasants. If larger funds were available other industries, such as basket-making, wood-carving, toy-making, etc., could be developed, the present success placed on a firmer footing, the methods of working improved, and the means of finding markets increased. Why should not the silent and lonely valleys of Black Donegal, through which numerous rivers run to waste, be made as merry with water-mills as the uplands of Bohemia, Saxony, and Bavaria? In these countries the steady and intelligent cultivation of small industries is beginning to make one factor in German competition with even the great industrial forces of Birmingham and Manchester. At the bottom of the political question in Ireland is the agricultural question, and at the bottom of the agricultural question is the economic question. To treat the symptoms only is not sound medicine.

Alice M. Hart.

* I may mention that our accounts are audited twice a year by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

A GOOD memory is no evidence of superior intelligence.

THOSE who have a great deal to say, say it in a few words.

WE cannot spare any of the passions, for what are the virtues but the passions subdued?

ALL simple people are not great, but all great people are simple.

I BELIEVE in the immortality of the soul, not because I can prove it, but because I can't.

Uncle Esek.

A Rhyme of the Corn-field.

UP at early morn,
A-plowin' out corn
In the ten-acre lot.

I foller the row,
Whistlin' as I go.
Goodness, ain't it hot!

Sun two hours high—
Suds, but I'm dry!
Guess'll go'n' git a drink.

Been't the house most'n hour,
An' now't's goin' to shower.
Have to stop, I kinder think.



An hour's noonin' past,
Back to work at last—
Didn't rain, after all.

Plowed five rows more;
Now't's half-past four—
Wish the hired girl'd call.

Down goes the sun;
Only ten rows done,
Not two hours' stiddy work.

D'ye reely want to know
Why I've been s'awful slow?—
'Taint because I'm a shirk.

I kinder hate ter tell,
But I guess I might as well—
No, it ain't no hoax.

Won't wonder I worked slow,
I guess, when you know—
She's a-vis'tin' our folks.

Maurice Perkins.

In a note to the Editor Mr. Perkins says:

"I have been a farmer boy, and I give, in my crude way, a suggestion of the action of 'plowin' out corn' in the measure of the rhyme. That which I have accomplished, however, is a perpetuation of the peculiar rural Wolverine dialect used in southern Michigan. My friend, James Whitcomb Riley, has given us to perfection the Hoosier dialect, but the Wolverine differs from it in some particulars, notably the frequent use of 'guess,' etc.
"If one has ever followed a hop-skip-and-jump shovel-plow through a corn-field on a hot day, with his sweetheart visiting at the house so 'aggravating' near, he will see something in the rhyme that suggests those glorious days when love made him commit the sin of shirking his duty."

Lines to a Very Shy Young Woman.

FALSE Violet! I sought for thee,
That I might know
If thou didst bend so low
Prompted by tender modesty,
— Or show!

I will disclose thy subtlety:
Looks that are shy,
Thou know'st, do win mine eye—
(This truth, fair maid, I challenge thee,
Deny!)

And so, since it becometh thee
And charms my heart,
Thou dost affect this part!
Thus, all thy sweet simplicity
Is art.

Margaret Deland.

Uncle Gabe at the Party.

DE twangin' ob de banjo an'
De scrapin' ob de fiddle;
Tak' my arm, Mis' Dinah, an'
We'll sashay down de middle.
Dinah's jis' as fin' a gal as eber you did see,
I'se sumpin' ole, Mis' Dinah, wid a twitchin' in de knee,
But keep a-goin'!

Swing ya pardners, gen'lemen,
An' don't ya stop to t'ink.
Run aroun', Mis' Dinah, lik'
De turkey 'fore de mink;
Cæsar's aifah Dinah, an' 'e tryin' to ketch her sho';
I'd keep up wid 'em bettah, but I ain't so peert no mo',
But keep a-goin'!

'Pears to me de dancin' am
A-gittin' mighty fas';
Dinah's skitin' up de front,
An' I is mos' de las'.
Gosh! ole nigga, hurry up, dey'll leab' ya 'way behin';
An' dere's dat Cæsar grinnin' lik' his teef was melon-
rin'!

But keep a-goin'!

De yaller moon's a-shinin' on
Ole Farmah Taylah's patch;
Wait until we'se 'gwine hom',
We'll take a leetle snatch.
Dese awful red, dese awful green, de seeds is black as
Satan;
Jis' jump aroun' heah, chillern, fur de watermelon's
waitin'!

Ur! he! he!

Durva Morgan Smith.

Momentous Words.

WHAT spiteful chance steals unawares
Wherever lovers come,
And trips the nimblest brain and scares
The bravest feeling dumb?

We had one minute at the gate,
Before the others came;
To-morrow it would be too late,
And whose would be the blame!

I gazed at her, she glanced at me;
Alas! the time sped by:
"How warm it is to-day," said she;
"It looks like rain," said I.

Anthony Morehead.

The Perils of a Poet.

LORINDA was a poet born,
And at the age of twenty,
With life and fame in peachy bloom,
Of lovers she had plenty.

It happened just about this time
Appeared her masterpieces;
Soon after which, lo! one by one,
Her lovers' list decreases.

"What does it mean," Lorinda thinks,
"That lovers thus forsake me?
With doubled fame, I am as fair
As Nature well can make me.

"Yet Paul Divine glanced right away,
When at him I was gazing,
Indifferent, proud, when once his look
Set both my cheeks ablazing.

"And Gabriel withdrew his hand
As mine went forth to meet it;
When only just a week ago
He would have knelt to greet it."

Ah! ah! the light is breaking in:
The maid at last discovers
That verse which has attracted fame
Has been repelling lovers.

Let me not quote the poems now,
But only give their titles:
Their *face*, I'm very sure, will be
The index of their *vitals*!

"While glows my eye, my heart is dead.
That one came out on Monday;
And though the tides of love had run
As high as those of Fundy,

In just a week they ebbed so fast
That when her second sonnet,
"Lay not my hand in thine again,"
Had praises heaped upon it,

Lorinda proved all suitors slack,
Her eyes they all were blind to;
As to detention of her hand,
That no one seemed inclined to.

With sore regret and wonderment,
Lorinda now rehearses
Those telling lines she lately sang—
The key to love's reverses:

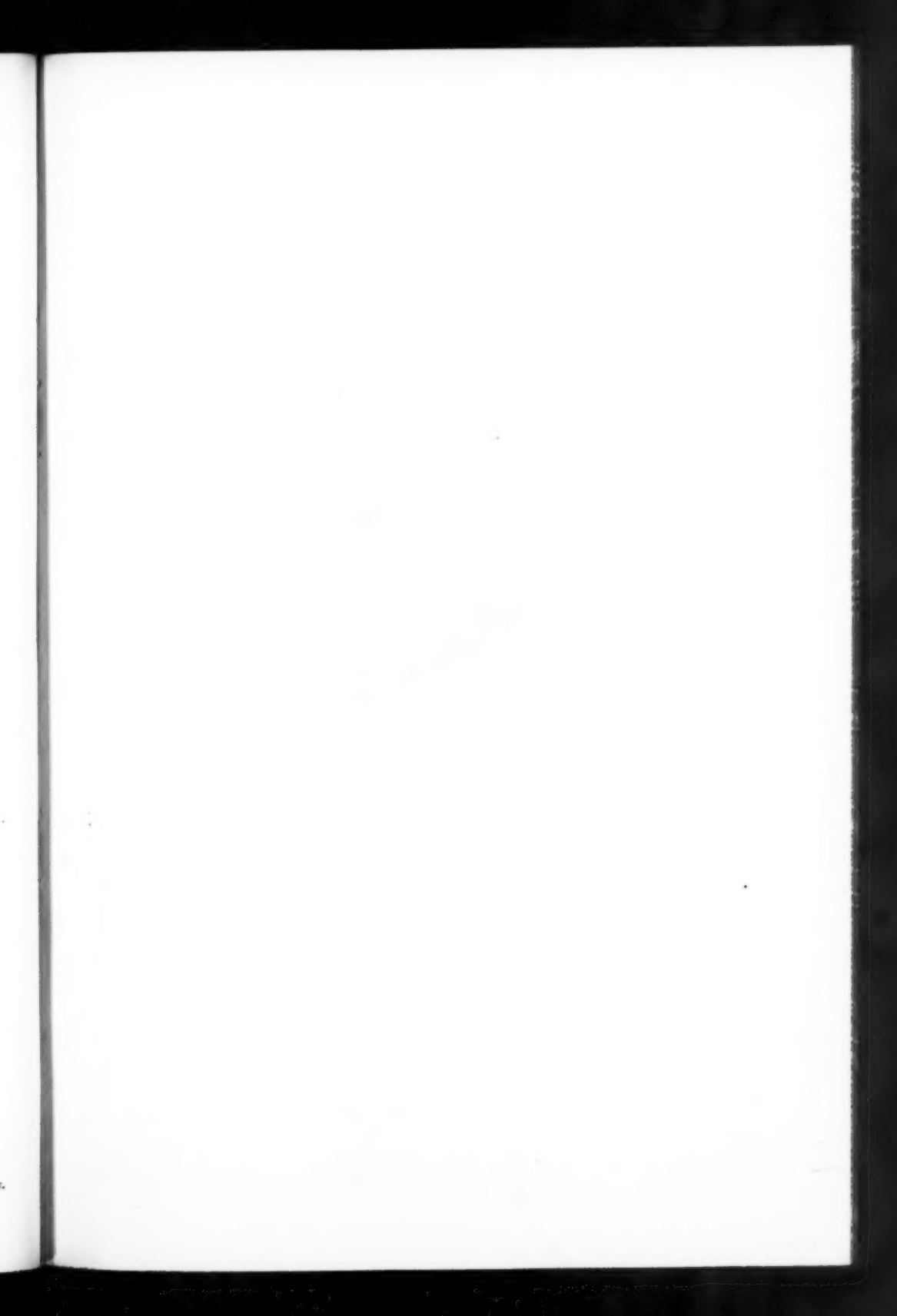
"O specious Fancy! how you lie
For sake of being famous!
You've made my lovers think you fact,
And lost me even Amos!"

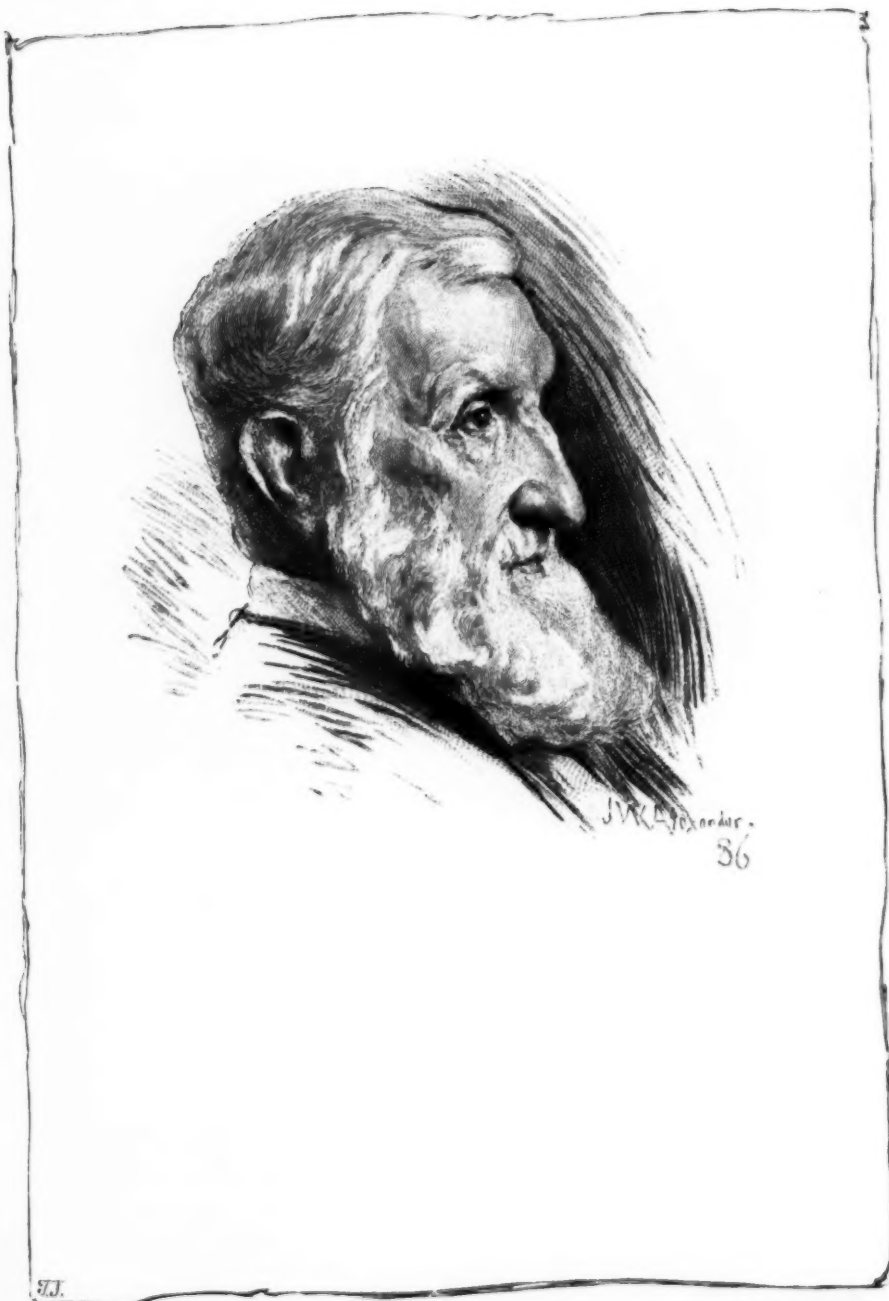
The maid wrote chiefly after this
Of battles, heroes, minsters,
Until the hour of thirty struck
Her name among the spinsters.

Now she begins of love again,
And sings alone from feeling;
Those rhythmic edicts of her youth
That Fancy gave repealing.

So that her latest poems are,
—And critics say, much *stronger*,—
"The heart, though dead, can live again,"
And "Clasp my hand yet longer!"

Charlotte Fiske Bates.





DRAWN BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Geo. Bancroft.